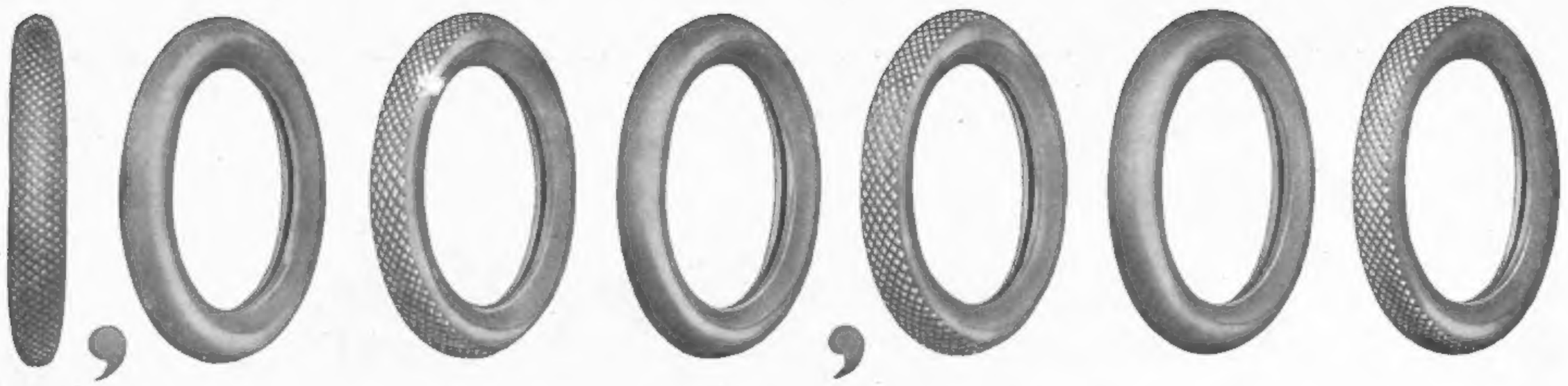
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible]ekly
Founded [illegible]j. Franklin

MARCH 30, 1912 5c. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize Touch the Million Mark

This month we celebrate. A million Goodyear Auto Tires have now gone into use.

Over half that million have been sold within the past 12 months. Yet this is our 13th year.

Think what that means. More sold in this last year alone than in 12 years put together.

Just because No-Rim-Cut tires—our patented type—suddenly became the sensation.

A few men proved them out. Then thousands proved them—then tens of thousands more.

Now a million tires. Now a trebled demand over last year. Now a larger sale than any other tire commands.

All this occurs after these tires have been tested on some 200,000 cars.

The Reign of the New-Type Tire

Now comes the reign of a new-type tire—a tire that cuts tire bills in two.

A tire that can't rim-cut—an oversize tire, to save the blowouts due to overloading.

A hookless tire—one that needs no tire bolts, nor hooking to the rim.

And a tire which embodies the final results of our 13 years spent in perfecting tires.

All these features combined in a tire which costs no more than other standard tires.

That will explain this overwhelming demand for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Old-Type Tires Must Go

Old-type tires—clincher tires—rim-cut when partly deflated. When they run flat, because of a puncture, a minute's time may wreck them.

Statistics show that 23% of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut.

Now comes a type which makes rim-cutting impossible. And all of you motorists are sometime bound to adopt them.

These same tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—are made 10% oversize. The hookless base permits that.

That means 10% more air—10% greater carrying capacity—without any extra cost.

It means support for your extras, and for passengers who overweigh. It reduces the danger of blow-outs.

That 10% oversize, under average conditions, adds 25% to the tire mileage.

All those advantages at the price of tires which lack them. How long will any man cling, in your estimation, to old-type, skimpy tires?

The Secret

The secret of this new-type tire lies in three flat bands of 126 braided wires.

These braided wires are vulcanized into the tire base. Thus the tire base is made unstretchable.

This tire needs no beads to hook into the rim flange, because nothing can force the tire over the flange.

But, unlock the flange and the tire slips off like any quick-detachable tire. It slips off much easier, because no beads can get "frozen" into the rim flange.

With this hookless tire, your removable rim flanges are slipped to the opposite sides. Then they curve outward instead of inward.

Instead of a curved flange digging into the tire there is a rounded edge on which the tire rests if deflated.

There is no changing of rims if your rims are standard. Nearly all rims are now made to fit these tires.

We Control It

This braided wire feature forms the only way to make a practical tire of this type. The reasons are explained in our Tire Book.

Competition, of course, has forced other makers to attempt this hookless tire. But the essential feature is controlled by our patents. And substitute features have proved unsatisfactory. Many have been abandoned.

This new-type tire, if you want it right, means the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. That is why the demand, in a flood-like way, has centered on this tire.

Get the proved-out tire when you get this type. Get the tire which outsells all the rest after a million have gone into use.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years spent in tire-making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(512)

The illustration herewith represents the new style in clothes for young men—shorter coat, soft-roll lapels, narrower shoulders and sleeves; trousers also narrower.

The more advanced dressers everywhere will seek this fashion this year.

If you want to be abreast of the times and wear correct clothes, ask your clothier to show you the following Society Brand suit styles: The "Ritz-Carlton," the "Master," the "Student," the "Poole."

Every suit contains twenty-five practical features.

Society Brand Clothes are the clothes for the young man whose good taste rebels against frills and fancies on the one hand, and the too conservative effects on the other. He likes the style of Society Brand Clothes because it is smart and dressy—because it is "different, yet dignified."

The making of clothes is to us more than just a business. It is our life's work.

We take just as much pride in designing clothes as an artist takes in painting a masterpiece.

And it is because of this that Society Brand Clothes look a little better, fit a little better and *are* a little better than ordinary clothes.

Sold by the best clothiers.

Society Brand Clothes

Ready-to-Wear For Young Men And Men Who Stay Young *$20 to $40*

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Copyright, 1912, Alfred Decker & Cohn

SPRING FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS

Flower Stand in San Francisco

YOUNG men who are most critical about the style of the clothes they wear will find in our goods style that stays stylish; the quality is back of it.

Look for our mark; small thing to look for,
big thing to find. See the Spring Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

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TRUST FALLACIES DISPELLED

Senator Clapp Discusses Efficiency and Dynamic Power

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A STANDPATTER, so 'tis said, is a man who has stopped and can't get started; an Insurgent, a man who has got started and can't stop! Applying this test to Senator Clapp we move that line two be amended to read: A man who has got started and can't be stopped! Moses E. Clapp is six feet two inches tall and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds, which are mostly muscle, bone and hard common-sense. It would take a mighty able man to stop the senator from Minnesota. He is the least emotional of the Republican Progressives. He isn't a word-painter; and when he speaks in the Senate, which he does not do too often, he talks to the point—and concludes when he reaches it.

In seeking an estimate of a public man at the Capitol, one turns first to the Congressional Directory, for in the statesman's autobiography there is usually an index to his vanities. We learn from the piece contributed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for example, that he loves to dwell on the historical fact that "for twenty-two years [he] held the record for being the youngest college president in the United States." For almost a quarter century, therefore, Champ Clark could lay claim to the novice record in pedagogy.

Nothing so deftly contrived to stir the imagination is to be found in Senator Clapp's autobiography. A common-school education in Indiana and Wisconsin, a graduate of the Wisconsin Law School, attorney-general of Minnesota for six years and three elections to the United States Senate—that's about all. If one tries to fill in the sketch the Senator proves to be the most unsatisfactory subject of inquiry in or near Congress.

No Rest for the Weary When Clapp Goes Ajunketing

HE BECAME the state's official lawyer when Minnesota's first rate law went into effect, and he fought in the courts to uphold that statute. After he retired he was retained by the railroad and warehouse commission as chief counsel. So, for ten years before he came to Washington, he was the people's lawyer. Upon his election to the United States Senate he was named a member of the Interstate Commerce Committee; and in 1906, when the Hepburn Bill was received from the House, with Senator Dolliver he voted to report it, though Aldrich, Elkins and the other Republicans of the committee urged adverse action. The fight for railroad rate legislation on the floor of the Senate was led by Clapp and Dolliver, and to their credit was the victory. Ever since that time Senator Clapp has been a militant Progressive. He voted against the tariff bill of 1909 as a matter of course, and in a public address expressed regret that he could not "fitly characterize" the Payne-Aldrich law—"because there are ladies and gentlemen present." In his private conversation full justice is done.

His attitude toward the public business was shown in an investigation of the Indians of Wisconsin, conducted in the fall of 1909 by the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which he was then chairman—being known to the wards of the nation as Chief White Vest. Such investigations are popularly termed "junkets"; but this particular junket was far from being a lazy, carefree vacation jaunt, with all the comforts of home and many of the luxuries of the idle rich. If there is doubt on this point ask Norris Brown, senator from Nebraska, who escaped being labeled an Insurgent by so narrow a margin that it makes his regular teeth chatter to think of it now. On the trip Senator Brown was continually begging Senator Clapp for a spell of rest. He had a family dependent on him—to say nothing of a dwindling constituency—and he owed it to others, he insisted, to conserve his natural resources. Senator Clapp, however, knew no pity.

The Pros of the Promoter and the Cons of the Consumer

ONE chill autumn night, when the private car was cozily sidetracked in a dead little town, Senator Brown was rudely awakened by the suffocating odor of smoke. For once in his official life he sprang from his berth and discovered that the roller caravansary was afire! In deference to the chairman of the committee he awakened Senator Clapp—and let "Mose" put out the fire. The danger averted, Senator Clapp said to Senator Brown: "Get everybody up! There's no sense going back to bed—it's too near breakfast-time." It was three-thirty A. M.

Two nights later some witnesses, who had been summoned by telegraph from a town twenty miles distant, and who had been detained by bad roads, pounded on the door of the car. The hour was long past midnight. Senator Clapp put on his trousers, an overcoat and a black "campaign" hat, routed a majority of the senators out of bed—there being no fire under his berth, Norris Brown refused to stir—reconvened the committee, and swore the witnesses to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"—which they must have done under circumstances as funereal as a drumhead court-martial.

In the same way Senator Clapp now conducts the business of the Interstate Commerce Committee, of which he became chairman in the present Congress by virtue of seniority. He is not content when members of his important committee have been duly notified of the hour of the trust hearings. He takes a truant member gently but firmly by the arm, leads him out of the Senate chamber, and personally conducts the senator to the room where cures for the trust evils are daily advertised. The only member who is nimble enough to elude the chairman is the junior senator from Massachusetts.

"Put into your report," said Senator Clapp to the official stenographer, "that Senator Crane flitted in and out today." Next morning Murray Crane was in his seat at the hour the committee began its hearings.

Senator Clapp has given ear to about one million words of testimony on the trust question. He has interrogated witness after witness in a desire to get at the truth. He knows by heart the pros of the promoter and the cons of the consumer. And out of the fullness of his knowledge he gave me the following interview:

"Lack of correct information is of two kinds," said Senator Clapp—"negative, or the absence of knowledge; affirmative, or the presence of an erroneous belief. The latter,

of course, is the more dangerous, because every effort to correct a situation from the standpoint of erroneous belief becomes more deeply involved in error. These reflections are suggested by what has come out before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate in the pending hearings upon the trust problem. With the notable exception of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, and perhaps one or two others, almost every discussion of the question has, it seems to me, involved certain fallacies, which fallacies ought to be dispelled before attempting to solve the problem.

"These fallacies are: first, that vast combinations are essential to the development of efficiency; second, that vast combinations are necessary as a medium for the dynamic power, as it is termed, of American activities; and third, that today we face the alternative of a continuation of vast combination or a return to so-called 'ruinous' competition.

"The claim that vast combination is essential to efficiency is based upon the assertion that a great combination can avail itself of economies; that it develops an *esprit de corps* and is able to spend money upon experimental work.

"It would be easy to refute this general claim with the history of the failure of those trusts which were unable to secure a monopoly, and of the partially successful competition of independent concerns against the efforts of other trusts which, though the latter did not have a monopoly as to all lines of their production, were able practically to monopolize as to some important lines of their production, because they were powerful enough to dictate to the consumers of such production as to whom they should purchase from. However, in this interview, for obvious reasons, I shall not deal with individual illustrations, as I prefer to rest the argument upon certain principles that I believe will be universally recognized as discussed.

"Human nature is governed by general laws. It is true there is always an element prone to reverence power; so it may be conceded that a certain element associated with a great combination may feel a certain pride in the bigness of the employer. Yet it is doubtful whether this is real loyalty of interest so much as it is a pride of importance; in fact, it applies to those who place importance first.

"Let us analyze the counterforce. The public does not love the great combination. There must be a cause for this. The cause is found in the fact of a knowledge on the part of the public of the vast power of the combination and a belief, based upon human experience and a knowledge of human nature, that such power is always liable to be used in an unfair way, even though the individual units which compose the public may not be able to trace an application of such misuse of power to themselves.

"How much more certain it is, then, that those associated with a great combination, recognizing this power and this tendency of human nature to misuse power, believe that in some way it is being misused to the detriment of those to whom such misuse can be directly applied and by whom it can be personally recognized.

"The fact that those who are associated with great combinations share in the general public feeling toward such combinations is based upon the same principle in both cases—namely, a knowledge of the existence of a great power and the proneness of those having power to use it for their own gain; and, though some of those thus associated may feel a certain pride akin to a sense of importance in the fact that they are attached to something big, that there should be any real loyalty is foreign to human nature.

"Genuine loyalty depends more upon the personal equation, which, as a universal rule, is lessened in proportion as the size of the corporation is increased. That the efficiency resulting from an *esprit de corps* is increased in proportion to the increased size of the employing corporation runs counter to human nature; that it is lessened in such case is natural, and serves to account in part for the failure of those trusts which were unable to meet the competition of the independents, and could not monopolize all or a part of their products, as has already been stated. Where an employee considers at all the relation between himself and his employer it is not true that he is inspired with a sense of coördinate interest in proportion to the power of the employer; but, recognizing the power and believing it is used against him and in favor of those possessing it, the very reverse is the effect. Those who do not recognize this fact are blind to the operations of a natural law.

"Aside from the counterbalancing of forces, it is said that a great combination can more freely spend money for experimental work. That it can spend more money than a smaller concern is true; but does it do so as a matter of fact? Necessity is said to be the 'mother of invention.' Competition is the motive power of development. Combination lessens competition; and as it lessens competition it lessens the incentive born of competition.

"The testimony of the inventor is that his invention encounters the objection of cost—not only the cost of installation, but the still greater cost incident to a recasting of utilities adjusted to the new invention. Now a cost will never be incurred except with the thought of gain, and the cost of installation and adjustment will not be undertaken except from the same gainful motive; and in proportion as competition has been eliminated the motive of gain in such case is lessened.

"The claim that great combination leads to development runs counter to human nature to the extent that such development is rendered unnecessary by the elimination of competition.

"It is said that the dynamic force, as it has become the fashion to call the energy of America, must have a medium for its outlet. If possible there is involved in this suggestion a fallacy even greater than that involved in the suggestion that vast combination tends to efficiency. It may be a blunt way of putting it, but there is not a suggestion in the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which conflicts with the expansion or outlet of the dynamic force, so far as such force is applied strictly to production to meet the demand of home and foreign markets, independent of the methods and practices employed. If there were a demand for the triplication of the output of any product there is nothing in the law which prohibits such triplication. If capital today desired to construct a new productive agency there is nothing in the law which prohibits the establishment and operation of such agency. If a demand for some new adjunct of civilization should rise there is nothing in the law to interfere with the supplying of such demand to the fullest extent. Independent agencies have been established and developed, and can be established and developed, to meet any requirement of demand without challenge from the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. That law deals with the methods and practices employed in restraint of trade and the creation of monopolies, but leaves the establishment and development of independent agencies to any extent unchallenged. Nor has the Government at any step challenged production. It has only challenged practices and methods calculated to restrain trade or create monopoly. This cannot be overemphasized in view of the claim constantly made that the law and its enforcement tend to place a check upon American industrial activity.

"The Sherman Anti-Trust Law does not seek to limit the productive capacity of America's dynamic force, but it seeks the very reverse—to prevent the placing of a limitation upon its activity." *(Continued on Page 61)*

The Pearls of the Princess Patricia

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ON THE day before Christmas a man of middle age, middle height and middle weight, smooth-shaven, dressed in black and wearing black gloves, walked into the business office of the New York Herald. He approached the first "Advertisements" window, looked at the clerk a moment, opened his mouth and said several words—at least, so the clerk judged from the motion of the man's lips.

"I didn't hear that, Cap," said the clerk, Ralph Carroll.

The stranger thereupon made another effort.

"You'll have to come again," Carroll told him kindly, at the same time leaning over the counter and presenting his left ear to the voiceless talker. He heard.

"How much to print this ad under Male Help Wanted, in big type, so it will make about two inches?"

He handed a slip to the clerk, which the clerk read, counting the words from sheer force of habit:

> WANTED—A Man With St. Vitus' Dance and an Introspective Turn of Mind. High Wages to Right Party. Apply Saturday Morning, Room 888, St. Iago Building.

"Four sixty-four," said the clerk.

The man raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Four dollars and sixty-four cents," repeated Carroll.

The man took out a wallet and tried to pull out a banknote, but could not because of his gloved hands. He took off the right glove, fished out one five-dollar bill and gave it to the clerk, who handed him back thirty-six cents. As the man took the change the clerk distinctly noticed that he had a big ivory-colored scar which ran from the knuckles to the wrist and disappeared under the cuff. He remembered it by reason of the freak ad and the man's voice.

The advertisement appeared in the Herald the next day. Being Christmas, the one day of non-reading in America, few people saw it. Nevertheless, at nine on Saturday morning, ten men with spasmodically twitching necks or limbs waited for the advertiser to open the door of Room 888, on which they saw in gilt letters:

ACME VIBRATOR COMPANY
W. W. LOVELL, Manager

The elevator man was heard to tell an inquirer: "Here's Lovell!" And presently the voiceless man, dressed as usual in black, with black gloves, stepped from the elevator, nodded to the waiting men in the hall and opened the door of 888. At first they thought he was a mute, but realized later that he was merely saving his bronchial tubes, just as asking men to come Saturday forenoon—payday and payhours—would save effort by bringing only men without employment.

"It is Eleven-Eleven, Today the Eleventh. Give Me the Eleven Letters for W. W. Lowry"

Lovell and the afflicted entered. The outer office had half a dozen chairs and a table on which were some medical magazines. Lovell scrutinized the ten applicants keenly and finally beckoned to a tall, well-built chap with a blond mustache, whose unfortunate ailment was not so extreme as the others, to follow him into the inner office. The man did so. There were a desk, three chairs, a table and a dozen polished oak boxes that looked as though they might contain vibrators. Lovell closed the door, sat down at the desk, motioned to the blond man to approach and whispered:

"What's your name?"

"Lewis J. Wright."

"Age?"

"Thirty-six."

"Working?"

"Not steadily."

"Profession?"

"Cabinetmaker."

"Family?"

"No."

"Do you object to traveling?"

"No; like it."

"We pay sixty dollars a week, all traveling and living expenses. Will you go to London, England?"

"To do what?"

"Nothing!"

"What?"

"Nothing!" again whispered the manager very earnestly. He seemed anxious to convince Mr. Wright of his good intentions. "Nothing at all! Sixty a week and expenses!"

"I don't understand," said Mr. Lewis J. Wright with an uneasy smile. His excitement aggravated the malady and his neck jerked and twitched almost constantly.

"I want a man with St. Vitus' Dance."

"That's me," said L. J. Wright, and proved it.

"And with an introspective turn of mind. Understand?"

"Not quite," confessed the cabinetmaker.

"A man who likes to think about himself."

"I guess I can fill the bill all right," asserted L. J. Wright confidently. Sixty a week, all expenses and a trip to London began to look very attractive.

"Then you're engaged." The manager nodded.

"I don't know yet what I'm to do," ventured Wright.

"Nothing, I tell you."

"Well, I'll do it, then!" And L. J. Wright smiled tentatively; but the manager of the Acme Vibrator Company looked at him seriously—almost reprovingly—and whispered so hoarsely that Wright felt like going after cough lozenges for him:

"Listen, Wright. You will go to London with a letter to Dr. Cephas W. Atterbury, 23, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N. W. Every day you will sit down in a comfortable chair in the doctor's anteroom, where the patients wait, from nine to eleven A. M. and five to seven P. M. You will think of your St. Vitus' Dance.

"You will get sixty dollars a week from us and your hotel bill will be paid by the doctor. You may not have to sail for a month, but your salary begins on Monday. Come here every Saturday and get twenty-five dollars on account. When you sail you will get all that's owing to you besides four weeks' salary in advance and a round-trip ticket, first class."

"But if I get stranded in London ——"

"How can you, with three or four hundred dollars in your pocket, a return-trip ticket and no need to spend except for clothes, which are very cheap tu ere? Come next Saturday, but leave your name and address in case we need you. Can we depend on you?" He looked searchingly into the grayish-blue eyes of Lewis J. Wright, and seemed comforted when Lewis J. Wright answered:

"Yes. I'll go on a minute's notice." He wrote his name and address on a slip, gave it to the manager and went out. Lovell followed him to the outer office and, beckoning to the afflicted nine to draw near, whispered:

"I've hired a man, but I shall need more soon. Write your names and addresses and leave them here. Don't come unless I send for you," and he distributed printed blanks on which each applicant wrote out his name, address and answers to the questions:

1—Do you object to traveling alone?
2—Do you object to sitting in comfortable chairs?
3—Do you object to people making remarks about you?
4—Do you object to minding your own business or earning your wages?

One of the applicants spoke:

"Mr. Lovell, I'd like to know ——" Lovell, however, cut him short with a hoarse but peremptory "Don't talk! Can't answer!" pointed to his throat and disappeared in the inner office, the door of which he closed.

Whereupon the disappointed applicants, expressing their feelings in a series of heartrending jerks, twitches, tremors and grimaces, trooped out into the hall. There they cross-examined the lucky Wright and arrived at the conclusion that they were to be used as living advertisements for the Acme Vibrator. Doctors were employed to boom it and the company supplied dummies or "property" patients.

II

TO THE same clerk in the Herald office, a fortnight later, came the same man in black and whispered something. The clerk recognized him, leaned over and asked pleasantly:

"What is it this time?" He had a good memory. He afterward remembered thinking that the hoarseness was chronic.

"How much for one inch in Help Wanted, Male?"

"Pica caps?"

The man nodded eagerly half a dozen times.

"Two dollars and thirty-two cents."

The stranger, in trying to take the exact amount from his pocket, dropped a dime on the floor and had much difficulty in picking it up by reason of his black gloves. This naturally made the clerk remember about the scar, which the man evidently desired to conceal. Carroll, the clerk, alert-minded and imaginative—as are all American Celts—caught a glimpse of the scar between the end of the glove and the beginning of the cuff.

On the next day the unemployed males of New York read this in the Herald:

> WANTED—A Brave Man. Wages One Hundred Dollars a Day. No Questions Answered. Apply Room 888, St. Iago Building.

There are many brave men in New York. When W. W. Lovell stepped from the elevator at the eighth floor he had almost to force his way through a crowd of men of all kinds—brutes and dreamers; sturdy animals and boys with romance in their eyes; fierce-visaged, roughly dressed men and fashionably attired chaps with high-bred, impassive faces; young men seeking adventure and old men seeking bread. Lovell was darting keen glances at the men. He let his gaze linger on a man neither short nor tall, of about forty, who suggested determination rather than reckless courage. He was shabby with the shabbiness of a man who not only has worn the clothes a long time, but has slept in them. Lovell approached him and whispered:

Lovell Scrutinized the Ten Applicants Keenly

"Come about Herald ad?"

"Yes." Others drew near and listened.

"Are you really brave?" He looked anxiously into the man's face. The man, at the question and at the grins of his fellow applicants, turned a brick-red.

"Try me!" he answered defiantly.

"Before all these men?" There was a challenge in the hoarse whisper.

"If you want to," answered the man with quick anger. He clenched his fists and braced his body as for a shock.

"Come in!" and W. W. Lovell opened the door of 888.

"I'm braver than that guy!" interjected a youth, extremely broad-shouldered and thick-necked.

Mr. Lovell looked at him coldly, steadily, inquisitively, as though he would read the man's soul. He stared fully a minute and a half before the thick-set youngster dropped his gaze, whereupon Mr. Lovell pushed in the man he had picked out, followed him and slammed the door in the faces of the others. They tried the doorknob in vain. It was a spring lock.

Mr. Lovell sat down at his desk, motioned to the man to draw near and said sternly:

"No questions answered!"

"I'll ask none."

Lovell gazed at him intently. He nodded to himself with satisfaction and proceeded in a painful whisper:

"Your name is W. W. Lowry."

The man hesitated. Lovell frowned and, leaning forward, said:

"One hundred dollars a day!"

"My name," said the man determinedly, "is now W. W. Lowry."

"Do you know anything about travelers' checks used by the American Express Company?"

"Yes."

"Ever used any yourself?"

"No."

"Ever in Paris?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When I was—er—years ago."

"How many years?"

"Ten; no—eleven!" The man's face twitched. Remembrance was evidently not pleasant.

"I'll pay you one thousand dollars for eight days' work in Paris."

"I'll take it."

"Listen carefully."

"Go ahead." The man looked alert.

"You will get a first-class ticket from New York to Paris and return, and hotel coupons for ten days in the Hotel Beraud, in Paris. You will leave in all probability on February first, arrive on the eighth. On the ninth you will go to the American Express office and cash some of your checks. They will serve to identify you. Do it again on February tenth. At exactly eleven minutes past eleven on the eleventh you will whisper to the mail clerk: 'It is eleven-eleven, today the eleventh. Give me the eleven letters for W. W. Lowry.' If you do not receive eleven letters don't take any, but return the next day at precisely the same hour and say exactly the same words. What was it I said you should say to the correspondence clerk?"

"It is eleven-eleven, today the eleventh. Give me the eleven letters for W. W. Lowry," repeated the man.

"Right! When you get the eleven letters you will bring them unopened to me—here. Now go to Mrs. Brady's boarding-house, 299 East Seventy-third Street; tell her you are Mr. Lowry. Your room and board are paid for. Make it a point to be at the house every day at eleven in the morning until after luncheon and at six P. M. You must not go out evenings under any circumstances. I'll allow you eleven dollars a week for tobacco and will bring you some clothes. Come back Wednesday at eleven-thirty. Here's this week's eleven dollars. That will be all."

"That's all right, my friend; but ——" began the man.

Lovell frowned and interrupted sharply:

"No questions answered!"

"I wasn't going to ask; I was going to remark that you would have to show me that one thousand dollars for the week's work."

"Next Wednesday I'll take you to the American Express Company. I'll give you one thousand dollars and you will buy the checks yourself and sign them. I'll keep them until sailing day and I'll give them to you on the steamer. Forging," he went on with a sneer, "is signing another man's name with intent to defraud. You will sign your own name—your own signature!—on travelers' checks that you yourself have paid for. See? A thousand dollars for asking for eleven letters and bringing them to me, unopened, is good graft, friend. If you make good I'll keep you busy!"

"You are on!" said W. W. Lowry.

"No drinking. Above all things, no talking! I may be crazy, my friend; but what would you be if you gave up a job worth a thousand dollars a week and all expenses paid? Remember our motto: No questions answered!"

"Damned good rule!" agreed W. W. Lowry with conviction.

"Look out for reporters and for men who say they are reporters!" warned W. W. Lovell. "When you go out close the door quickly behind you and hang this sign on the doorknob. I don't want to see anybody."

W. W. Lowry obeyed. The sign said:

POSITION FILLED

III

A PARTICULARLY beautiful limousine stopped before the door of Welch, Boon & Shaw, the renowned jewelers, on Fifth Avenue. There alighted from it on this cold but bright January day a tall, well-built man, erect, square-shouldered, head held high. He wore a fur-lined overcoat with a beautiful mink collar, and a mink cap. He was one of those blond-mustached, ruddy-complexioned, daily-cold-plunge British officers you sometimes see in Ottawa. He walked quickly into the shop and spoke to the first clerk he saw.

"Where's the proprietor?"

"Who?"

"The proprietor of the shop!" He spoke with a pronounced English accent. His eyes were gray and cold. They looked a trifle close together, but that may have been

from the frown—said frown impressing even a casual observer as a chronic affair. His appearance, even without the frown, was aristocratic.

"Do you wish," said the clerk politely, "to see Mr. Boon or Mr. Shaw?"

"I wish to see the man who owns this shop; the—ah!—boss, I think you call it here."

"Well, Mr. Boon ——" began the clerk, about to explain.

"I don't care if it's Mr. Loon or Mr. Coon. Be quick, please!" he said peremptorily.

The clerk, now resenting the stranger's words, tone, manner, attitude, nationality and ancestry, turned to a floorwalker person and called:

"Mr. Smith, this—ahem!—gentleman wishes to see one of the firm."

Mr. Smith came forward, smiling suavely.

"You wish to see one of the firm, sir?" He bowed in advance.

"Yes. That's the third time I've said what I wish. I have no time to lose and not much patience either!" He twitched his neck and twisted his head as though his collar were too tight. It was a habit, and it became more pronounced with his annoyance. All the clerks noticed it.

Mr. Smith bit his lip and said very politely:

"Yes, sir. It happens that none of them is in at present. If you will tell me what you wish to see them about I may suggest ——"

The fur-coated man turned on his heel, his face dark red with annoyance, and started to leave the shop.

"Goodby, old Jerk-Neck!" muttered the offended clerk.

Mr. Boon entered at that very moment.

"Here's Mr. Boon, our senior partner," said Mr. Smith with an irritation in his voice that he could not conceal and which gave Mr. Boon his cue.

"You wish to see me?" Mr. Boon asked it very coldly, ready to say no.

"You have an annoying set of clerks here," said the fur-coated stranger. "I wished to see one of the firm and ——"

"You see him now," interrupted Mr. Boon, letting the words drop out with an effect of broken icicles. "I am Mr. Boon."

"My good man, I came after some pearl necklaces and a few rings and trinkets. Do make haste! I am Colonel Lowther."

"Indeed! Well, what if you are Colonel Lowther?"

In Mr. Boon's eyes was a look that made all the clerks in the store busy themselves with their own affairs. Explosions scatter dangerous fragments that may injure lookers-on. The fur-coated Englishman stared at the sizzling jeweler in amazement.

"Damme!" he sputtered. "Do you mean to say —— Oh!—I see! Yes! I am the secretary of the Duke of Connaught. The jewels are for His Royal Highness."

The change was instantaneous and magical. They all understood now and forgave. There wasn't a clerk in the store who did not stare with unchecked interest at the fur-coated member of the royal party, concerning which the newspapers were printing columns and columns.

"May This Gentleman Telephone for Me? My Throat is in Pretty Bad Shape"

The man opened his coat, took a card from a Russia-leather case, which he gave to Mr. Boon:

"Colonel the Honorable H. C. Lowther, K. C. B." it read, "Private Secretary to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught."

"Colonel Lowther," said Mr. Boon in a voice from which all the icicles had melted and turned into warm honey, "I regret exceedingly that you have had to wait. Had I known you were here, or if you had only mentioned who you were ——"

"Exactly so. Yes! And now I'll have a few words with you in private, Boon."

The colonel could not know that Mr. Boon was not a misterless Bond Street tradesman, but a millionaire expert in gems and human vanity. So Boon forgave the omission of "Mr." and magnanimously said: "This way, Colonel Lowther, please!"

In the office Mr. Boon opened a box of his good cigars—and they were very good indeed—and held it toward the colonel, who took one with his gloved hands, lit it at the flame of the match which Mr. Boon himself held for him, and puffed away, with never a "Thank you."

Again Mr. Boon was magnanimous.

Colonel Lowther wiggled his neck as if his collar were uncomfortably tight, and then shot his head forward with a motion that made the chin go up six inches—a nervous affliction that Mr. Boon politely ignored by looking exaggeratedly attentive.

"His Royal Highness wishes to leave some remembrances to gentlemen he has met, you know—chairmen of committees and presidents of clubs, and others who have been very nice to him. At home he would have given them snuffboxes or cigarette cases, with his arms on them; but there won't be time to engrave them, so he will give scarf-pins." He paused, puffed at his cigar, and cleared his neck of the constricting collar.

"I understand," Mr. Boon assured him deferentially.

"And the duchess will give rings and—ah!—lorgnette chains—trinkets—ah!—you know. Everybody in New York has been so kind to the party. 'Pon my honor, Boon, I really think Americans are keener for royalty than the British. I do! What?"

"Blood," observed Mr. Boon with the impressive sententiousness of a man inventing a proverb, "is thicker than water!"

"Eh? What? Oh! I see! Yes! Quite so!"

"Our people," pursued the encouraged Mr. Boon, "have always thought a great deal of the English—er—British royal family."

"Oh, indeed! Now, Boon, I didn't think you showed great affection for George III! What?"

Mr. Boon blushed to think of Bunker Hill. His daughter was a D. A. R. too! He hastened to change the subject.

"You mentioned," he said as though he were reading aloud from one of the Sacred Books, "some pearl necklaces. At least I think you did." He put on the tradesman's listening look in advance. It is the look that courtiers assume when they listen to His Majesty excitedly telling how once on a hunting trip he almost dressed himself.

"Oh, yes! The pearls are for the Princess Patricia. A necklace to cost not over ten thousand. You see, the duke is not one of your Pittsburgh millionaires. He's not what you'd call rich, in America!" He smiled democratically, as a man always does when he is pleased with his own wit. Mr. Boon smiled uncertainly.

"You can't, of course," he said regretfully, "do much with ten thousand dollars."

"Not dollars—pounds! Perhaps we may go up to fifteen thousand; but His Highness would prefer to keep at about ten thousand pounds. That's fifty thousand dollars."

"I am sure we can please His Highness," said Mr. Boon with impressive confidence. There fleeted across his mind the vision of the tremendous value of the advertisement which the royal patronage would give him. The papers were full of the doings of the distinguished visitors. He himself on his way to the office had been guilty of the pardonable curiosity which the lower classes call rubber-necking; and he had even discussed—in common with 89,999,999 fellow Americans—the personal pulchritude of the royal ladies. Usually democracy is enabled to apologize to itself for its undemocratic

"Now, Boon, Think Carefully—the Very Lowest Price," He Said Sternly

interest in feminine royalty by saying: "She isn't at all good-looking." That excuse, however, did not serve in this instance. The Princess Patricia was the most popular girl in New York—with the classes because she was the princess, and with the masses because she was so pretty! And to think of selling pearls to her!

He closed his eyes and ecstatically read what the papers would print about the sale! He heard himself saying to Mrs. Carmpick, of Pittsburgh: "This necklace is handsomer than the one we sold to Princess Patricia!" He heard the rattle in the throats of Johnson & Pierce, of J. Storrs' Sons, of the sixteen partners of Goffony's, dying from apoplexy superinduced by envy, or from starvation following the loss of all the swell customers!

"Ah, you realize, of course, Boon, that His Royal Highness' patronage is worth many thousands to your firm. What?"

The colonel's eyes, Mr. Boon thought, were cold and greedy, as befitted a common grafter. Mr. Boon resented this, having himself been caught red-handed getting something for nothing. If he had to pay a commission ——

"We appreciate the honor, of course, Colonel Lowther," he said deferentially—and non-committally.

"Quite so! You ought to, considering how the newspapers will mention your shop."

"I may suggest, Colonel Lowther, that our firm's reputation ——"

"I know its reputation. That's why I am here"—the colonel's voice seemed colder than a Canadian cold spell—"but it is no better than your competitors'—Goffony, Johnson & Pierce, or J. Storrs' Sons. I figured that the duke's patronage should be worth thousands to Welch, Boon & Shaw; so you must make me a special price."

"We have but one ——"

"I've heard all that, Boon," the colonel interrupted angrily. "If you are going to talk like a bally ass I'll waste no more time here. Bring in the pearls. I can't take over a half-hour to this."

Mr. Boon's hard sense and knowledge of advertising values triumphed over his injured dignity. He excused himself and presently returned with a tray full of pearl necklaces.

"I say, Boon, on second thought, you must not reduce your prices. It's a bad principle."

"Yes, it is," agreed Boon cordially.

"Therefore, my good fellow, name me one price—the lowest possible after considering how much the duke's patronage is worth to your house. The very lowest! Put it in plain figures on new price tags. The duke is accustomed to the prices across the pond, you know; so don't frighten him. Now that one?"

He picked up at once the most beautiful necklace—and also the most valuable, though by no means the most showy. Mr. Boon's respect jumped. He looked at the colonel, whose neck and head were twitching and twisting violently.

"This one ——" he began. The colonel interrupted him:

"Now, Boon, think carefully—the very lowest price," he said sternly. "If you name a really reasonable figure I'll pledge you my word to recommend its purchase and not visit the other shops. Take your time!"

Thus placed on the rack, Mr. Boon figured and cut and restored and reduced again until he was angry at the torturer and at the opportunity for a glorious advertisement. Finally he said vindictively:

"This I'll sell for sixty-five thousand dollars!" Immediately he regretted it. Perhaps he was overestimating the advertising value of the Princess Patricia's beautiful neck to exhibit his pearls on. The price was exactly thirty-five thousand dollars less than he had expected to get for it during the next steel boom.

"Oh, come now, I say," remonstrated Colonel Lowther impatiently. "That's thirteen thousand pounds. It's too much, you know."

"Colonel Lowther," said Boon, pale but determined, "I am losing considerable money on this, which I am charging to advertising account and may never get back.

If the price is not satisfactory I am sorry; and I can only suggest that you'd better go to the other firms you've mentioned. They are all," he finished quietly, "very good firms!"

Colonel Lowther, who had not taken his keen eyes off the jeweler's face during the speech, appeared impressed by Mr. Boon's earnestness. His neck jerked spasmodically half a dozen times before he said:

"I believe you. I'll take it. But first mark it—in pounds; thirteen thousand pounds." And he looked on, eagle-eyed, while Mr. Boon himself wrote out a new price tag. Evidently he would take no chances with sleight-of-hand substitutions. "Put it here," he said, "beside me."

It made Mr. Boon say, half angry, half amused:

"We won't change it for an imitation string. We are really a reputable firm, Colonel Lowther."

"Oh! Ah! Really, I—ah!" stammered the colonel, "I wasn't thinking of such a thing!" He looked so absurdly guilty, however, that Mr. Boon forgave him. "I think you'd better show me others—ah!—cheaper, you know, in case the duke should not wish to go above ten thousand pounds. Say, that one—and this!—and this!"

He had selected the three next best; but Boon figured very closely and in all instances named a price below cost: fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, fifty thousand dollars and forty-five thousand dollars.

"Put them here also with the first one," said Colonel Lowther.

"Don't you wish us to put them in boxes?" asked Mr. Boon.

"Ah!—ah!—I say, bring the boxes in and I'll put them in. We'll do it more quickly," he finished lamely.

There flashed across Mr. Boon's mind the possibility of crookedness. Colonel Lowther did not trust them—perhaps because he hoped to avert suspicions by that same attitude of distrust! Mr. Boon determined to watch closely. He asked a clerk to bring some cases for the necklaces.

"You fix them, Boon," said Colonel Lowther, who was watching the jeweler's hands as children watch the hands of a prestidigitator. It actually eased Boon's mind to be taken for a crook. He arranged the necklaces, each in its own Russia-leather case, and then gratefully helped Colonel Lowther to select two dozen scarfpins, amounting in value to eighteen thousand dollars; a score of rings worth in all a little over twenty-five thousand dollars, and a few lorgnette chains and other trinkets. Once all these were duly price-tagged, packed and placed beside the necklaces, Colonel Lowther, after a series of mild cervical convulsions, said calmly:

"Now, Boon, you and I must settle a personal matter. You know, of course, the royal party never pays cash."

"Then," said the impetuous Mr. Boon, "the deal is off!"

"Silly ass! The royal family of England always pays. You know very well that the jewels bought by King George for gifts for his coronation guests have not been paid for yet. It's all a matter of red tape. The money is as safe as the Bank of England! Any banker here would be glad to guarantee the account—only that would never do, of course. Now you know I can't take any commission. I've made you give me the lowest prices for the duke, haven't I? What?"

"Yes, you have; and therefore I can't ——"

"If I were a bally Russian I'd have made you name a price twice the usual figure and I'd have taken the difference as a commission. It's what you Americans call graft, I believe. What?"

"Of course," said Boon coldly, disgusted with the venal aristocracy, "we'd never have done such a ——"

"Tut, tut! It's done everywhere; but not to me!" Colonel Lowther said so sternly that Mr. Boon considered himself accused of unnamed crimes. He resented this, but, being unable to fix the exact accusation, contented himself with remarking diplomatically:

"Of course not! But at the same time ——"

"Yes, yes," rudely broke in the colonel with a silencing wave of his gloved hand. "Now I can myself pay you in cash for whatever the duke buys—say, up to twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand pounds. For advancing this money, which will not be paid to me for months, I ask you to allow me a half-year's interest. That," finished Colonel Lowther impressively, "is banking. What?"

"At what rate?"

"Oh, eight or ten per cent."

"Impossible!"

"Then, Mr. Welch, Boon, or whatever your name is, I wish you a very good morning!"

"But we'll allow you interest at the rate of six per cent a year."

"But I myself have to pay five for the use—ah!—that is—er ——" floundered the Englishman. Mr. Boon perceived instantly that the colonel borrowed the money from Canadian bankers at five per cent and got ten per cent. It was not a bad scheme for high-class aristocratic graft! Even a jeweler could philosophize about willful self-delusion, the point of view, custom, and so on. "Make it seven per cent. What?"

Mr. Boon could not help admiring the persistency of the Englishman in coating his graft-pills with the sugar of legitimacy. Doubtless the colonel had really convinced himself this was not graft!

"Very well," said Mr. Boon with a smile. "I'll take three and a half per cent off for cash."

"But we agreed on seven!" remonstrated the Englishman.

"Well, three and a half per cent of the whole is the same as six months at seven per cent."

"Oh!" The colonel began to figure in his mind. His cervical contortions, twitchings and jerkings were painful to behold. Mr. Boon thought it was a mild form of St. Vitus' Dance. It would enable him to recognize the colonel in a crowd of ten thousand.

"Quite so! Yes—three and a half per cent of the total bill. It will be at least twenty thousand pounds—that's one hundred thousand dollars. Not half bad! What?"

"Do you mean your commission will be one hundred thousand dollars? I'm delighted to hear it!" Mr. Boon was so pleased that he jested. He would play up the royal patronage to the limit.

"Oh, no! I meant the total amount, you know," corrected the colonel earnestly. He saw that Boon was smiling, and gradually it dawned on him that the jeweler was an American humorist. "Oh! Ah! Yes! Very funny! Quite so! I wish it were! How many millions would the bill have to be for the cash discount to be twenty thousand pounds? What? Right-O! Well, now bring the pearls and the other things to the motor. I shall show them to His Royal Highness at once. I can let you know in a half hour which he will keep." And he rose.

"I Can't Let You Kill the Beggars in Cold Blood"

"Ah!—er—colonel, you know we don't like to—ah!—there's over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, worth four hundred thousand dollars in any other place in New York; and if anything happened ——"

"Nothing will happen," said the colonel, with assurance.

"And then, it will take a long time to prepare the memorandum of ——"

"Why do you need a memorandum?" inquired the colonel coldly. He looked as if he began to suspect that Mr. Boon distrusted a member of the suite of His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, K. G., K. T., K. P., P. C., G. M. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O., Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Governor-General of Canada and potential customer of the world-renowned firm of Welch, Boon & Shaw.

Reading the emotions on the colonel's face and not desiring to offend, but at the same time determined not to deliver two hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods to a stranger, who might be the duke's secretary but might not be a reliable man financially for all that, Mr. Boon groped for an excuse.

"Why should you need a memorandum if you yourself will bring the jewels? Did you think I was a bally clerk to sell your jewels for you? You do the talking—and don't change the prices!"

So profoundly relieved as not to resent the last insult, Mr. Boon smiled pleasantly and said:

"I must take a man to carry them."

"Take a regiment if you wish; but there's room for only three in the motor," said the Englishman, his neck twitching and twisting and jerking quite violently. Anger seemed to aggravate his nervous malady. Wherefore Mr. Boon hastily gathered up the packages, put them into a jeweler's strong valise and followed the colonel, accompanied by Terry Donnelly, the store's private policeman, who carried the precious satchel in one hand, and in the other—in his overcoat pocket—an automatic pistol of the 1912 model.

One of the clerks must have told of the affair, for there was an eager crowd on the sidewalk. They had heard that the Duke of Connaught's secretary was in the store, buying diamonds. By the time it had passed seven mouths it was the duke himself. Mr. Boon heard: "There he comes!" and "Is the princess with him?" and "Which is the duke?" And he had pleasant visions of free reading-notices and renewed popularity among the ultra-fashionable. One of the traffic squad was trying to make the crowd move on—in vain.

The colonel good-naturedly forced his way through the mob to the motor, followed by the jeweler and the store policeman, who saw on the door of the limousine the letters:

W. R.

And both of them concluded that this stood for the well-known initials of the duke's host.

A short woman, with red hair and a self-assertive bust, stared boldly at the colonel and said: "He don't look like his pictures."

"Say, are you the duke?" asked a messenger boy. However, the colonel merely said "Home!" and entered the motor, followed by Mr. Boon and T. Donnelly. The store footman closed the door as if it were made of priceless cut glass. The traffic policeman touched his cap and the motor went up the avenue.

The colonel picked up a newspaper from the seat and turned to Mr. Boon.

"See!" he said, "our pictures. Your reporters are—ah!—very enterprising and clever. But the photographers are worse!" He laughed and went on: "The pictures don't look like me, d'ye think?"

"I recognize the coat and the fur cap," laughed Mr. Boon.

"Oh, do you?" said the colonel seriously. He looked at it and said: "But it might be my other fur cap, you know. What?" He looked challengingly at the jeweler.

"It might be," admitted Mr. Boon, diplomatically confessing his error.

"Quite so!" said the owner of the fur cap triumphantly.

Mr. Boon, finding himself nearer the house of the duke's host, began to feel more confident of putting through the epoch-making deal. It is not often that a New York jeweler sells pearls to an uncle of the King of England, to be used by the king's most beautiful cousin! He would have the princess' photograph in his window. It should show the famous necklace!

The motor took its place last in the long string of automobiles and carriages that were creeping toward the door of the house which His Royal Highness was honoring.

"Democracy meekly leaving its card at the house of royalty," laughed the colonel, pointing to the twoscore vehicles ahead of theirs.

"Americans paying their respects to an Englishman who is honored even in his own country," said Mr. Boon.

"Oh, now, I say, Boon, that's uncommonly neat, you know. What? But perhaps we'd better get out and walk; otherwise it may be a half-hour before ——"

A footman in livery came up to their motor, touched his hat with a respect that entitled him to a bank president's wages, and said to the colonel:

"I beg pardon, sir, but 'is Royal 'ighness 'as gone to Mr. Walton's, sir, at Number 899 Fifth Avenue. I was hinstructed to tell you to go there, sir."

(Continued on Page 32)

How to Start a Coöperative Store

The Woman Who Has Received a Quarterly Dividend Should Urge Her Friends to Do Likewise

By WALTER E. WEYL

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

IN GREAT BRITAIN and Ireland there are some fifteen hundred coöperative stores in which two and one-third million consumers buy from themselves and sell to themselves. The consumer is on both sides of the counter. When an English coöperator buys a shilling's worth of tea the profit is his. The man who gets the tea gets also the profit on the tea. The two and one-third million coöperators, representing eight millions of people, buy annually three hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of goods from themselves. Out of this transaction they save for themselves fifty-five million dollars. This is a considerable saving for poor people.

When we recross the Atlantic we find the coöperative store practically undeveloped. We have a few hundred such stores doing a business of ten or twenty millions; but if you were told by your wife to bring home a bag of salt from the nearest "coöp" you might find the task puzzling. The coöperative store is not an American institution. It may, however, become one; and the purpose of this article is to show how.

For a coöperative store to succeed two things are necessary—enthusiasm and knowledge. Without proper enthusiasm you cannot get the coöperative store going; without knowledge you cannot keep it going.

The reason why enthusiasm is so necessary is because a coöperative store is based on the common good rather than on private advantage. You cannot make your fortune in a coöperative store, for the profits go to all the consumers. There are stores called coöperative which are not coöperative in fact. To be truly coöperative a store must be owned, managed and controlled by the consumers alone, and all profits, or as much as the consumers want, must go to the consumers. A coöperative store is a consumers' store, owned and operated by and for the consumers.

The enthusiasm which is necessary is not a sudden flame, but a steady, quiet, long-continued loyalty. It is an enthusiasm that must survive mistakes, losses and the disaffection of other members. It is an enthusiasm that must attach itself not only to a particular coöperative store but to the coöperative principle in general.

We have had many coöperatives in America that were born of enthusiasm and died of disillusionment. From 1847 to 1859 hundreds of little "coöps" were started, but few of them lived through the Civil War. Again and again, during the seventies, eighties and nineties, coöperatives sprang up and disappeared. There was no lack of enthusiasm. All these ventures needed was a fuller knowledge of the difficult conditions requisite to success.

Shop and Savings Bank Combined

WHAT American coöperators for the most part have not realized is that our conditions in America are different from the conditions that existed in England when the great coöperative movement took its rise. Coöperation is a pennywise, poundwise policy. It is a combination of store and savings bank. For better or worse, however, we are not so pennywise as the English. We have always had a contempt for small coin and small savings. Again we have not been a stationary people. We have not stayed put. When in 1844 an English coöperative store was started by weavers in the town of Rochdale the members were fairly sure that they and most of their neighbors would remain in Rochdale for ten or twenty years; but where today are the people who lived a generation ago in Fall River or Shenandoah? The English are also more homogeneous. They speak the same language, believe approximately in the same religion, are bound by the same traditions. The very qualities that have made Americans what they are—initiative, elasticity, readiness to move and change—are facts which must be known and weighed if we are to transplant the coöperative store from England to America.

We must know other facts. We must study the causes of coöperative successes and failures in other countries. We must learn the lines of least resistance. For example, coöperation has not succeeded in the giant cities—London, Paris or Berlin—though successful in other places in England, France and Germany. There is a better chance in smaller places. There is a better chance where people know each other, where they are of the same race, in the same economic position and with the same traditions. The coöperative is built on neighborliness and mutual understanding.

Many of our coöperators did not know the rules of the game. They had enthusiasm but no special knowledge. They were as helpless as a lamb in Wall Street. They saw the goal, but not the road that led to it.

If you lived in England and wished to start a coöperative store all you would need to do would be to send a postal card to the Coöperative Union. The officers of that organization would tell you what to do and what to avoid. They would send you more Don'ts than you could find in a book on etiquette.

They would do more. They would give your new coöperative store a model constitution and bylaws. They would send you an experienced coöperator, who would start the ball rolling. They would advise you what business to engage in, what capital to collect, what stocks to buy. They would give you sixty years of coöperative experience in sixty hours.

We are not in England and we must stumble along as best we can. Certain information and advice can be obtained from such American coöperative societies as have succeeded, and more general information may perhaps be obtained from the Coöperative Union in England.

Before you ask advice, however, be absolutely sure you want to start a coöperative store. Be sure your neighbors want to. Remember that to be successful the store needs allegiance, attention, patience. You will not like all the people in your coöperative. You will not always have everything your own way. A coöperative store is not a thing which, once started, runs by itself. Coöperation is an ideal, but it is also steady, patient, humdrum work. Be sure you are in earnest before you seek to start a coöperative store and before you seek to interest your neighbors.

Begin with your neighbors. However vast the movement may eventually become remember that you are starting only one store. Your wife is not willing to walk ten blocks to buy soap or sugar and your neighbors' wives are no less unwilling. Your coöperators must live fairly near together and the store you establish should be "just round the corner."

After you have made up your own mind, test your neighbors. Get them together. A dozen will do. Have more than one meeting. The people who are not interested will drop out. You will be stronger without them. Then let each man and each woman who is interested draw up a list of people willing to subscribe a few dollars to the capital and willing to purchase at the coöperative store. See these people. Get their assurances in as positive a form as practicable. Then call a meeting, form a tentative organization and elect temporary officers.

At about this time it will be advisable to see a lawyer. In England it is easy to form a new coöperative society because the law is uniform for the whole country and is exceedingly wise and practical. In the United States each state has a different legal system, and on the whole the law is not nearly so favorable to the coöperative. It is discouraging to have to pay a lawyer twenty-five or fifty dollars before beginning operations. It is better, however, to do this than to organize on an insecure basis and become entangled in lawsuits.

When should the coöperative store actually begin business? How many members are necessary—and how much capital? It depends. It is impossible to make any general rule that will cover the whole country. If you are starting in the Kensington district of Philadelphia you will meet problems entirely different from those of a small village in Indiana or Tennessee. In the larger cities rents and wages are higher. The amount of your capital depends also on how small a store you intend to start and whether the store is to be open all day long or only in the evenings. If the store is to be open all day it would not be wise in large places to begin with less than about one hundred members or with less capital than about one thousand dollars. There should be in sight a probable business of about four hundred dollars a week. However, all these things depend upon location and the character of the enterprise. In some places and for some stores half or even a third of this capital and membership will suffice.

How to Accumulate Capital

THE capital should be raised by the members. It should not be borrowed. The coöperators must remember that stability is absolutely necessary, and if the members have a stake in the business they are more likely to be loyal to the store. Shares of stock should be five dollars each. Every member should be obliged to acquire one share. No member should be allowed to acquire more than two hundred shares. These shares should be transferable from member to member, but at the beginning it is perhaps wiser not to give the member the right to draw out his capital except by the special consent of the society. The shares should pay six per cent a year—or thirty cents a share—and this sum should be added to the dividend which the consumer receives on his purchases. Thus, if during the year you have purchased a hundred dollars' worth of goods and the profits are eight per cent, then your dividend on purchases is eight dollars. If you own two shares of stock—worth ten dollars—then your dividend on capital is sixty cents, making a total dividend of eight dollars and sixty cents.

It is not necessary to raise all the capital at once. It is not necessary to begin business at once. If the members cannot pay five dollars immediately let them pay fifty cents a month for ten months, and postpone beginning operations until the required capital is fully paid up. After you have begun business encourage the members to reinvest their dividends in the store. In the case mentioned the member may draw out his whole eight dollars and sixty cents, or he may draw out three dollars and sixty cents and take out a new share of stock. If he is very loyal he may add one dollar and forty cents to his eight dollars and sixty cents and take out two new shares. It is in this way that the capital of the British retail stores, aggregating about one hundred and fifty million dollars, has been accumulated. The British stores accumulate so much capital they hardly know what to do with it.

Your coöperative store must be open at the bottom. It must be free to all. It is not a social club in which men may be blackballed because some one does not like some one's religion or complexion. A man should not be admitted to the coöperative if he is known to be dishonorable or if he cannot get along with people; but apart from

this, membership should be as free as in a church. Foreigners who do not speak the language used in the coöperative should be advised to form coöperatives of their own. Especially must the coöperative be open to women. It is the women who do the marketing and the saving, and in England, Germany and elsewhere women have been the backbone of the coöperative movement. They should have all the rights, privileges and immunities of the men and should be eligible to all offices—even the highest.

Not only must the coöperative store welcome new members but it must welcome them on exactly the same terms as the old. If you buy your coöperative stock in 1912 and your neighbor buys his in 1920, he must get his at exactly the same price as you got yours—in other words at par. Whensoever the member joins—soon or late—he must get exactly the same rate of dividend as any other member. Equality of treatment is the first principle of the coöperative. It is because of this equality that the British coöperative movement has grown so rapidly and has been so transcendently successful.

When you have accumulated your thousand dollars—or whatever sum may be necessary to start—you may begin actual business. Here is the crux of the difficulty: Are you to sell pianos and Irish laces and jewelry and Paris models? Are you to try to compete with the great department stores? If you do—or if you do anything like this you are inevitably foredoomed to failure. You must begin on the smallest possible scale.

The Men Behind the Counter

THE men who founded the gigantic coöperative structure of Great Britain began modestly. On a rainy night in November, 1843, a dozen poor weavers met in a back room of a mean little English inn and constituted themselves the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers. They agreed to collect four cents a week per member, though several of the men present had not a farthing in their pockets. They bought a little tea and sugar at wholesale and sold it again to themselves, putting the profits into a joint fund. Their progress was at a snail's pace, but within a year they had grown to twenty-eight members and their capital had increased to one hundred and forty dollars. They were in no hurry. They made no splurge. They did not advertise. Out of this mustardseed beginning, however, sprang a stupendous coöperative movement that has powerfully influenced the conditions and thought of many nations.

The easiest beginning for an American coöperative store is like that of the Rochdale pioneers—the business of selling groceries and provisions. Even here it is wiser to start with staple articles—those for which there is a steady and predictable demand. Afterward you can increase the variety of your stock by adding hardware, tinware, crockery, and so on; but do not try too much at once. Seek to meet the normal demands of your present coöperators rather than to begin by attracting new trade. Above all do not embark upon businesses that require special knowledge, that are affected by the fluctuations of fashion or are in any way hazardous. In the beginning there are fewer difficulties with a small grocery than with a bakery, a butcher shop, a drygoods store, a shoe store, a millinery shop or a tailoring establishment. The other departments—some at least—may follow. At first, however—though conditions differ in different places—a small grocery located near the center of population of your coöperators and dealing conservatively in really staple goods is usually the best investment.

Select your grocery. Buy or rent it. If you rent it try to secure an option on a long-term lease. Remember always that you are dependent on locality. You must be near your coöperators. If you are able to buy out an existing grocery it may perhaps be better to do so, since there is small wisdom in duplicating plants. You cannot afford, however, to pay much for good-will, since you will primarily depend for your trade not on his patrons but on your own members.

At the beginning the store should be used as the place for the quarterly meetings of the members. At these meetings every member—man or woman—should have but one vote, whether he holds one share of stock or one hundred. In an ordinary corporation voting is by stock, in the coöperative it is by stockholders. One man may hold more shares than do fifty of his fellow-members, but he has only one vote.

The coöperators should select an executive committee of from seven to twelve members. Some of the members of this committee—perhaps one-fourth—should retire every quarter or year, and new elections should be held to reëlect them or to elect others in their stead. The executive committee should control the purchase of stock, should overlook the finances and other affairs of the society, and should select a storekeeper and his assistants. The storekeeper should be experienced and of unquestioned integrity, and should be a firm believer in the coöperative principle. He, like other employees, should be a member, buying at the store and thus receiving dividends on purchases and on capital as well as drawing weekly wages. The storekeeper should be responsible to the executive committee and the executive committee should be responsible to the coöperators.

It Is the Women Who Do the Marketing and the Saving

With a store purchased or rented and a storekeeper appointed the coöperative is ready for active business. Care should be exercised in the selection of store fittings. The store should begin modestly. The fittings should not be more elaborate or expensive than those of competing shops. The successful coöperative store has the advantage of a membership attracted more by loyalty than by competitive display. The stock should be simple and easily vendible. The store should not be overstocked. The turnover should be rapid. Here, too, a well-organized coöperative has the advantage, since with a permanent patronage it should be able to forecast closely the probable sales of each week or month.

The question of the prices to be charged is all-important. In the history of the coöperative store two alternative price policies have presented themselves. A store may either sell at cost plus a reasonable charge for expenses or it may sell at current prices and divide the profits among consumers in proportion to their respective purchases.

At first glance the policy of cost prices seems the more logical. If the consumer is to get the profit why not give it to him at once—at the time of making his purchase? This plan, however, involves difficulties and has worked badly. It is almost impossible to fix prices on this basis. How much of the rent and of the salary of the storekeeper should be charged to a lemon or a ball of twine? If there are occasional losses from unwise purchases, and so on—and there will always be such losses—how are they to be met if all sales are at cost? Moreover, though the saving of a cent on a package of oatmeal or on half a pound of butter may not always appeal to the housewife, a dividend of eight or ten dollars a quarter is a factor of greater moment. The saving bulks larger when it is accumulated. The money is also more likely to be wisely invested or wisely expended if it comes to the consumer in a quarterly lump sum than if it comes three or four cents every day. The British coöperative stores, by adopting the policy of current prices and quarterly dividends, have enormously stimulated saving and investment.

Though its prices should, on the whole, be those current in the neighborhood, the coöperative should not try to meet every little cut made by competitors. A neighboring grocer may make a "drive" on sugar or butter, selling these articles at cost in order to attract customers. The coöperative store cannot afford to follow. It should not lose money on some articles to make on others. It should cultivate the loyalty of its members and should rely upon that loyalty. If the loyalty does not exist—if the coöperators do not patronize the store both from self-interest and from a feeling of pride in the store—the society will dwindle and soon disappear. The coöperative store is based not upon a willingness to meet every cut in price but upon the mutual confidence of the coöperators.

Out of This Mustardseed Beginning Sprang a Stupendous Cooperative Movement

The Policy of Paying in Cash

THAT mutual confidence need not take the form of buying or selling on credit. The British coöperatives began on the basis of purely cash sales. They lost nothing through bad debts. They escaped the ill will and friction resulting from the necessity of dunning slow-paying members. They allowed a member to buy at a rival store rather than extend credit to him. Latterly the stores, being well established, have relaxed this rule, and today many extend credit more or less regularly to a number of their members. Such a policy, however, would probably be fatal in the beginning of the movement. If a coöperative cannot be built up on a purely cash basis it is not likely to be built up at all.

The mutual confidence that must be the basis of the coöperative shows itself in many ways. The storekeeper, acting as the agent of the coöperators, must sell good articles, must abjure adulteration and false measures and must refrain from all manner of misrepresentation. In the coöperative it is the consumer who is selling to himself, and for the consumer to defraud himself is as senseless as to cheat at solitaire. On the other hand the coöperators have their duties. They should buy their provisions, whenever possible, at their own store. They should attend meetings. They should, if elected, serve on the executive committee. They should make a propaganda among neighbors. The woman who has received a quarterly dividend should urge her friends to do likewise. The more members there are to divide the earnings the larger is the share of each, for the cost of doing business diminishes, at least to a certain point, with every increase in the total sales.

How are the dividends to be determined? How is a man to know on New Year's Day what he and his wife and children have bought since October the first?

There is a very simple way. Each coöperator should be given a certain number. Let us suppose that yours is 161. You go to the store today and buy forty-seven cents' worth of goods. You pay your money and the storekeeper hands you as a receipt a little pink slip with 161 written in one corner and forty-seven cents in another. Your wife and children, when they buy, also receive a slip with 161 on it and the amount of their purchases. At the end of the quarter you can add these slips together and find out

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BLUE BLOOD AND PIRATES

Three-Fingered Jack Spins a Yarn of the China Sea

"Oh, Tom! Tom, My Boy! Why Couldn't That Job Have Been Left to Somebody Else?"

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THERE had been a deal of discussion that night in Three-Fingered Jack's place in Steuart Street, and the talk was of buried treasure. It appeared that the Schooner Carrier Dove had towed out with the tide that morning, bound for Cocos Island, with a party of adventurers who purposed unearthing the treasure which the Peruvian government had intrusted to an American shipmaster whose crew murdered him and ran away with the treasure to Cocos Island, where tradition says they buried it. Hence the talk in Three-Fingered Jack's. Finally, from buried treasure, the conversation drifted to pirates; and Three-Fingered Jack unbosomed himself of the following tale.

You'll read a lot in books about old Captain Kidd, and I suppose that some of it's true. And you'll hear a lot of talk from old mossbacks about the doings of Bully Hayes, who flourished in the South Seas thirty-five or forty years ago; but when I tell you that Tom Devine was the peer of the pirates I'm stating gospel—and I ought to know. I sailed mate with the man that hanged Tom Devine to his own stuns'l boom and I was present at the hanging.

I was master of my own ship at twenty-one and stayed master until I was rising twenty-five; then I had a little trouble with my crew, the beggars mutinied on me, and—well, I lost my ticket and went mate with a fine State-of-Maine man by the name of Tod Beasley, in the Brig Star of Chile. Our first voyage was from San Francisco over to Singapore; thence to Callao. In Callao we got a charter to Amoy and for upward of three years we ran regular between the West Coast and China.

I'd sailed under a good many skippers in my day, but Tod Beasley was the fairest and squarest and the easiest to get along with that I ever met. He was a nice man—a long, big-boned, black-haired, black-eyed Puritan—and as proud as Lucifer of the blood in the tribe of Beasley. He was old Mayflower stock, or something just as far back; and really he was too kindly a man to be master of a ship. Yet he wasn't a bit narrow-minded. He'd take his grog like any sailor and he'd fight with a drop of the hat; but for all that he was a good, honest man, with a strict sense of justice. If a man did his work and did it fairly well he could get along with Tod Beasley; but let him shirk and grumble, and them kindly black eyes of Tod Beasley would light up and you could see the devil in the man coming to the surface. He had a lot of old pictures of his ancestors in his cabin, with the coat-of-arms of the Beasley family engraved on an old set of silver, which he was very fond of getting out when he invited other shipmasters to dinner aboard the Star of Chile. He was a bit religious, too, and always said grace before meals; that was the only grudge I had against Tod Beasley. A seafaring man can get along without that. But he was a good man and stood for a square deal; and when I tell you he kept the same crew by him three and four voyages handrunning—and the China coast in them days wasn't no German beer garden—you can see he was a good man and a sailor, every inch of him.

Them were the lively days on the China coast! There was pirates there aplenty. Around the southern end of Formosa and off the mouth of the Canton River they were as thick as fleas on a chow-dog, and every sailing vessel went armed. The Star of Chile was no exception to the rule. We carried a long six forward, two six-pound howitzers amidships, and two quarter Gatlings. We had a mixed crew, but strapping fine lads, all of them; and we had a Yankee gunner and bo's'n that we'd picked up on the beach at Wang-Foo-Chow on our second voyage out. He was a deserter from the United States navy, and when he told Tod Beasley that he was a first-class gunner the old man signed him on. We tried him out first on the long six and he was a ripping good shot. Tod made him bo's'n and chief gunner.

I could tell you stories of pirate fights and pursuits from now until closing-up time; but I started out to tell you about Tom Devine and I'll keep right on my course. Homeward-bound from China, we used to cruise around the southern end of Formosa and right straight across the Pacific before the sou'west monsoon; and, by the time we were halfway across and out of the track of the monsoon, we'd most generally strike fair winds the rest of the voyage. When the monsoon wasn't blowing Tod Beasley was fond of running down through the Malay Archipelago and then swinging for the West Coast, with a piping west wind on our tail all the way across. Nine times out of ten you can make the run quicker that way; and, in spite of the Malay pirates, Tod Beasley did it more than once in the three years I sailed with him. Fact of the matter was, we'd just as soon run into a Malay proa filled with heathen murderers as wash down decks. It kept our chief gunner in practice and afforded us all a little gentle relaxation and something to talk about besides the weather. When I say "us" I mean me and the second mate and the gunner, for the old man wouldn't no more mention the word pirate than he'd steal a watch. He had a hatred for the breed that amounted to a religion, and though he never ran from a pirate he thought he could sink—and, in fact, would go out of his way to tackle one—his puritanical conscience wouldn't let him talk about it afterward.

Yes, Tod Beasley was a peculiar man. I think it hurt him to kill a man, even when that man was a howling, bloodthirsty Malay or Chinaman; but it was just nuts to the rest of us, because we were all young and liked the excitement. Tom Devine had come up out of the South Seas about this time, also, and was cruising in Chinese and Malay waters, and we were forever hoping to bump into him.

Who was Tom Devine? Well, nobody appeared to know anything very definite about him. He'd run away to sea, I guess, when he was about fifteen, and that was the last heard of him until he turned up in the Fijis about five years later. He was mate of the Schooner Barbara Mack and Jock Wilson was the skipper. Wilson was a blackbirder, running from the Fijis and the Gilberts to Queensland. He was a hard red devil of a man; and what Tom Devine didn't know about villainy Jock Wilson taught him. They traded and blackbirded around together for several years, and Tom Devine developed into the brawniest, handiest big brute of his inches to be found anywhere. Finally Jock Wilson killed a white man and Tom Devine blackmailed him into a half interest in the Barbara Mack on account of it. Labor brought all the way from a hundred to five hundred pounds sterling each in the Colonies in them days, and young Tom was soon well fixed.

Of course you couldn't expect two men to get along for a great while under such conditions, each suspicious of the other. Finally they come to close quarters one day, and Tom Devine knifed Jock Wilson until his own Maori wife couldn't have told it was Jock. That was in Auckland; and, of course, Tom Devine had to skip out, which he did—and the next heard of him was six years later.

That was in the early seventies. A German trader owned the Schooner Hebe; and on a night when she was lying at anchor in a cove off one of the Gilberts, Tom Devine and half a dozen renegades like himself pulled off to her in a canoe, climbed aboard, killed all hands, up with the hook and sailed away.

That was the real beginning of Tom Devine's pirate life. For upward of ten years he cruised around in the South Seas, raiding trading stations, stealing schooners and transferring their cargoes to the Hebe—he'd changed her name and rigging a dozen times—poaching on pearl fisheries, and all the time killing a few people—just to keep his hand in. There wasn't much law in them days and British gunboats was scarcer than they are now. It'd make the gooseflesh come out on you just to hear a quarter of all the cruel things Tom Devine did. He was a monster of a man—and yet I've heard it said that it would have been hard to meet a pleasanter or more affable man out of business hours. He was a tall scoundrel, with black hair and black eyes, and a very winning way about him when he chose to appear respectable. He was the last man you'd take for the bloody-handed pirate that he was.

Finally things got too hot for Tom Devine in the Islands, so he sold the Hebe and cleared out for Valparaiso. What with the money he'd made and stolen he was worth upward of a hundred thousand dollars, and could have retired and lived a gentleman's life, but he was still on the sunny side of the forties and he liked the game; so he outfitted a fast brig, armed her like a frigate, gathered a crew of thieves and blackguards and sailed away for the Malay Archipelago and the China Sea, where he did a nice business among the vessels running contraband to the West Coast.

That brings us up to June of '87; but before that time Tod Beasley had tired of making all his money by sailing the Star of Chile. One bright day he put his puritanical conscience in his pocket, and when he took it out again it looked like two thousand dollars gold. I had an eye open for the main chance in them days and I had a thousand saved up myself; so the upshot of it was that Tod Beasley and me invested our savings in opium and silks and smuggled it through the customs on the West Coast. I knew how sensitive the old man was on the subject of other men's souls, so I fixed the customs officers without consulting him—and he was grateful and paid his half. After all it was business and the hounds expected us to come across. They wasn't getting any salary to speak of; and, such as it was, they got it in Chile dollars—and we crossed their palms with the real thing.

We loaded cargo in Amoy five trips in succession, and me and the old man did all our business with a slant-eyed child of sin by the name of Wong Chu. Wong Chu talked better English than me and you, and was a mighty pleasant man to do business with—for cash. He kept a big store up in An-Cho-Hoy Street and many a profitable deal Tod

Beasley and I had with him. He always set out a bottle of good wine when we paid over the cash; and, for a Chinaman, he was better than fair in all his dealings with us.

Well, this time in Amoy we'd laid in about twelve thousand dollars' worth of opium and silks. Wong Chu felt so good over the business we'd done with him that he had a coolie lug in half a dozen of champagne, and we were all three gathered around a teakwood table in Wong Chu's back room when there was a knock at the door; and a second later a fine, pleasant, big man, with a black beard and mustache, was looking in at us.

Wong Chu was mighty glad to see the big man and introduced him as his particular friend, Captain Foster. It appeared that Captain Foster had just lost the Barkantine Aurora in a typhoon off the Island of Mindoro and was on his way back to the West Coast to bring out a new vessel that was waiting for him at Callao. He sat down to the wine with us at Wong Chu's invitation; and in the course of the conversation he asked the old man if it would be possible for him to secure passage on the Star of Chile.

Every vessel running to the Islands or the Orient in them days had accommodations for four or five passengers, and the Star of Chile was no exception to the general rule; but it's a mighty mean skipper that won't offer the courtesy of a free passage to another skipper that's down on his luck and lost his ship—and there wasn't a mean bone in Tod Beasley's body. He promptly invited Captain Foster to be his guest on the trip home; and Captain Foster accepted, very much pleased, on condition that our old man would permit him to send a few cases of wine aboard to drink to our mutual health on the voyage to Callao.

It was just growing dusk when Captain Foster came out to the ship in a sampan. Our old man met him at the companion-ladder and received him very heartily. Tod Beasley had quite a grand way with him when he was playing the host—sort of made a man feel that the ship was his and that he was honoring Tod Beasley by just coming aboard. The steward had the old family silver on the cabin table and a fancy dinner all ready to serve; and I never saw a man more disappointed than Tod Beasley when Captain Foster excused himself from appearing at dinner—said he had a violent headache and he guessed he'd retire to his berth.

As we had our clearance papers aboard and the tide serving, we pulled out of Amoy that night; and, with a nice wind two points aft the beam, we romped down Formosa Channel at a good twelve knots.

We had a nice run that night and everything went well until about four bells in the morning watch next day, when the lookout reported two junks five miles ahead. They were about a quarter of a mile apart; and, as the old man saw that we could pass between them very handily, he told me to keep the vessel right on her course.

"They look innocent enough," says the old man, sizing up the junks through his long glass, "and it may be they're only fishermen, though you don't often see two eighty-ton fishermen in the same day. Tell the gunner to load the long six and the howitzers, and if they're looking for trouble we'll bid them the time of day as we breeze by."

We bore down on the junks in smashing style and in five minutes more we would have ramped by. Suddenly the gunner came running aft, holding a twelve-penny nail up under my nose.

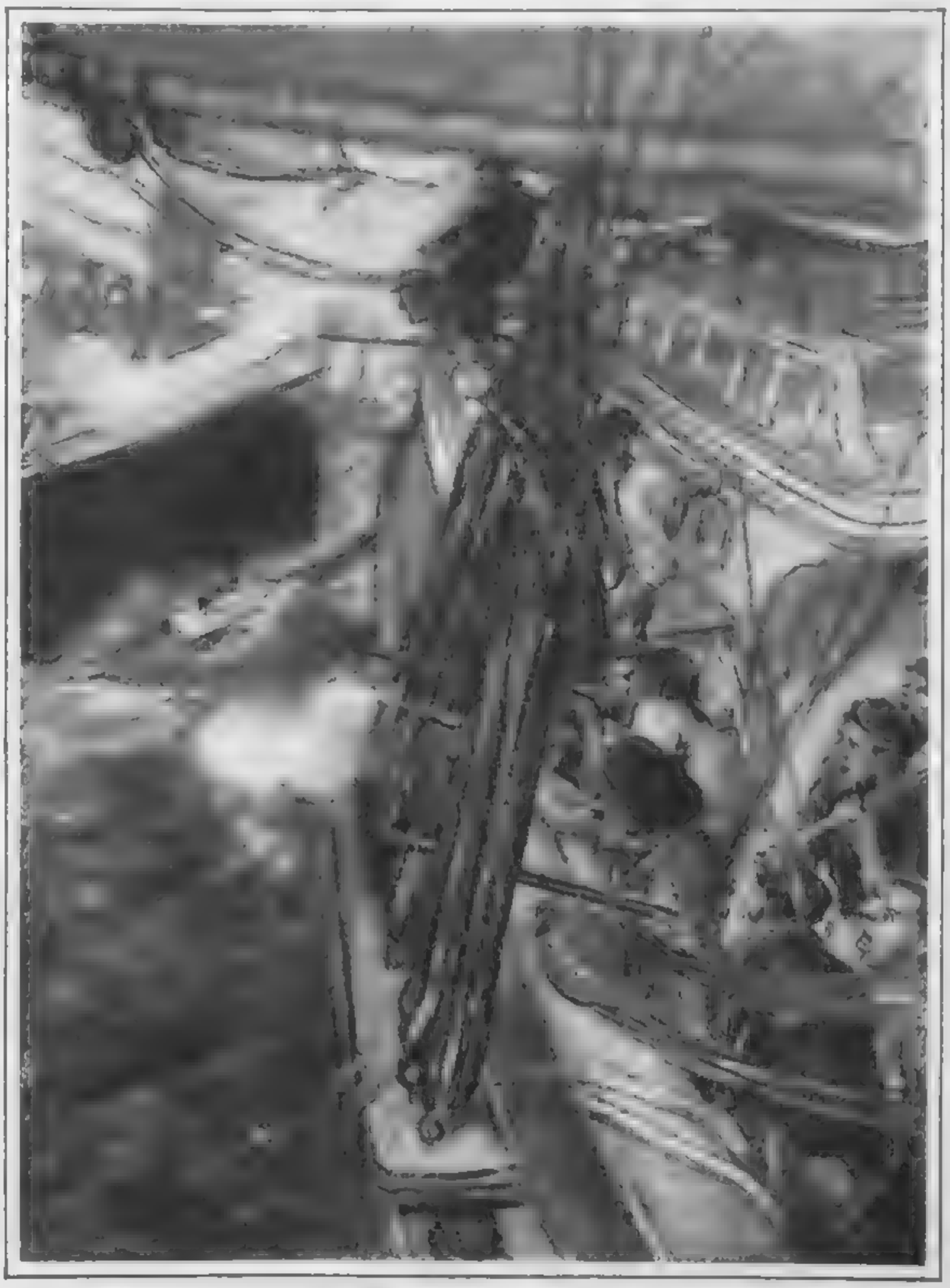
"Somebody spiked the long gun, sir," says he very quietly. "That nail was drove down through the touchhole, but I discovered it first thing when I went to load the gun and managed to pull it out with a pair of pincers. The Gatlings are all right, but the two howitzers are spiked hard and fast."

"Don't mention a word of this to any man aboard," says I, "but keep your eyes open and if you see anything suspicious report to me at once. Meantime clear for action and pass out the cutlasses and small arms. Some of those junks can show a pretty turn of speed and if they're pirates we'll soon know it."

We did. We were just abreast the junk on the port bow when suddenly the Star of Chile slackened speed, drove her nose under rather deep and luffed up into the wind, swinging broadside on, with her long gun pointed straight at the starboard junk. A wild screech went up from both junks and the cat was out of the bag. They were pirates; so that Yankee gunner of ours just cut loose with the long gun and chucked a solid shot through the mast of the starboard junk. The mast broke off four feet above the bulwarks and went by the board.

The Star of Chile hung in the wind shivering, and I felt sick at the stomach when I saw the reason. A three-inch manila line lay across our bows and slanting up out of the water, each end fast to one of the junks. They had simply stretched that hawser across our right of way and rounded us up the prettiest in the world. The line was well submerged and gripping the brig under her forefoot, and I saw that it would be necessary to lower a boat and cut it.

However, we didn't have a chance in the world to lower a boat, cut the hawser, get the boat back aboard again and straightened out on our course before one or both of those junks would be alongside or across our bows. The old man saw how things shaped up and knew it was a case of fight; and if ever I felt down it was when I had to go up on the monkey-poop and tell him the howitzers were crippled.



How the Yellow Dogs Did Howl When the First Blast of the Guns Came Over Their Rails!

The look of hell came into his face for just as long as you might be saying Jack Robinson, but not a word did he say. When I told him what the gunner had told me he just smiled—a nice, cold, blue-blooded smile—and went below for his pistols.

Meantime the gunner had reloaded the long gun, but the junks had drifted astern and he was unable to train the gun on them again. So he dropped the match he was holding and ran aft to the Gatlings.

It would have done your heart good to see the way those two peaceful junks came to life! The minute they knew they had us snagged hard and fast a hundred coolies swarmed up from below, yelling and chattering like so many monkeys. They were fairly bristling with old horse-pistols, blunderbusses, knives and long, two-handed swords; and the way they shook them at us gave me a cramp in the stomach. I was never in quite such an ugly fix before or since. Anyhow, I was young and I hated to die. Half a dozen of the pirates jumped for their windlasses and began hauling in the slack on that blasted hawser that had snubbed us; and both junks commenced crawling up on us.

Luckily the strain on the hawser swung the brig round long enough for the bo's'n to run back to the long gun and put a shot through the port junk below the waterline. They belayed hauling for a few minutes, but the starboard junk pulled away and the Star of Chile swung round again, the wind helping her, and lay as she was pointed when they snagged her.

The instant after the gunner fired the second shot I heard a curse at my elbow—and there stood Captain Foster with the most surprised look on his face. He paid no attention to me, but faced the starboard junk, removed his hat and wiped his bald head three times with his red-silk handkerchief. Then he turned very carelessly to port and wiped his head three times more—and when he got through I wiped him over the head with the butt of my pistol. He lurched against the rail, hung there a minute and rolled over into the scuppers unconscious.

I wasn't thinking of anything particularly when I hit Captain Foster. I don't think I had any real suspicion against him at the time. I just hit him—a rattling good rap it was—and then stood over him wondering why I'd done it. It was almost a minute before I understood why. It was that surprised look on his face when the long gun went off. Perhaps he thought the pirates fired the first shot; and when he saw the gun go off, when by all the rules of common-sense it shouldn't, he was surprised—and disgusted.

It didn't take me long to find out that I hadn't made a mistake, for a devilish yell went up from both junks and a shower of pistol bullets plunked into the deck all around me. Tod Beasley was standing up on top of the house, and he smiled down at me very kindly.

"That's the good lad, Jack," says he. "Well done! Very well done; but don't stand there looking at him. Scatter aft and turn the Gatlings on the hounds."

That was a fight! It warms me now to think of it. The old man was very cool and walked his monkey-poop as stiff as a ramrod. He always said it was vulgar to get excited when fighting with an inferior race. He was just that way. He loathed Chinamen and pirates, and he wouldn't let on that he was bothering about the outcome. That's what it is to have ancestors! As for me and the second mate and the crew, if we'd ever had any ancestors we'd forgotten about them when we went to sea; so we

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"'TATERS"

By Marion Hamilton Carter

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

So Toddy Carried Off the Schoolhouse for Her and Dumped It on the Plains

GERALDINE GILBERT has got the place to teach Toddy McQueed's school!"

This news run about the country like blazes. It came to the ranch on horseback—it came in a buckboard—it came in a carriage—it came in a lumber wagon—and it came afoot—which is a rare way for news to reach you in Wyoming. But then it was rare news, and every time it was presented to us we repaid it with the exclamation, "She has!" and got back "She has!" from which you perceive that the appointment was considered extraordinary; any appointment is that can be expatiated upon in two words like that.

It was more than extraordinary—it was momentous. It marked the ending of a community strife that had lasted for two long years. It said that the school committee had come out on top and likewise that Toddy McQueed was downed—"down and out," a few of the less discerning and more optimistic declared. However, those of us who knew old Toddy, sire of Roddy the Irresponsible, doubted the down-and-out part very much and pitied Miss Geraldine Gilbert in advance, prognosticating a hard time for her. The district had been ripped asunder over this appointment and the community at large had been torn up in consequence. People who had been friends for years and years—since before the state became a state—and were at one in everything, from pumpkin pie to politics, found themselves suddenly parted and at enmity over who should teach school that winter at Toddy McQueed's. It wasn't his school or his schoolhouse either; but that was the way Toddy ran things in his part of the county, so that people not in his part of the county found themselves taking sides just for the fun of the thing.

To be sure, the families immediately concerned in the appointment numbered only six; but, in Wyoming, six families can do more next-to-Nature, nose-to-the-wind living than all of Harlem put together. Numbers don't count out there—it's what you are! And Toddy was our bad man—hence the peculiar tang of the news. The important thing was what old Toddy was against the rest of us, and what poor little Miss Gilbert would be against him and his, the wild-eyed Roddy heading the procession—we called her "poor little" Miss Gilbert in those days; and, above all, what Miss Gilbert would be as a successor to Miss Etta Sodergreens, the previous incumbent, who had been ousted in spite of Toddy—also, to spite Toddy.

The former teacher was Toddy's wife's cousin; and naturally she boarded at the McQueeds'. Thus she added the ten dollars a month allowed for the purpose by the district to the McQueed exchequer, thereby keeping any one of the other five families from getting it; and she "worked out" in the house the other ten required. So, when, out of revenge, the other families said she couldn't spell, Toddy got back at them by saying she "could spell as good as anybody wanted who wasn't a darn fool er an effete Easterner tenderfoot." And when they said you couldn't read her writing Toddy retorted that she could sew. And when they said she didn't know arithmetic Toddy declared she could "cook to beat arithmetic all to smash!" The neighbors pointed out with acrimony, however, that she did those things for him—not for them; and by the same token, since he had her domestic virtues—which were all she had—they wouldn't have her at all. The very efficiency through which she became maid-of-all-work and child-nurse in Toddy's family made her an insufferable schoolmistress to the other five. It doesn't always pay to be too feminine. Miss Sodergreens lost a good place as a teacher and Toddy's wife a good servant in the house. But the main thing to all of us was that Toddy had been downed at last! Toddy had never been downed by man or angels, and the event illustrated the triumph of the righteous over the wicked, as you may judge from the name Toddy—changed from Roddy Senior—which was baptismal in that it referred to the contents of the bottle.

And now the district, having triumphed over Toddy in removing his Miss Sodergreens—they spoke of it as "getting rid of her"—was not content to let it go at that and allow him the selection of his wife's second cousin, who was looking for a job—and he was willing to accept her as a peace offering. No—it salted his wounds by a teacher of its own selection, Miss Geraldine Gilbert, who was small, who was thin—Miss Sodergreens had been opulent of flesh—who was from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and had fed on lecture courses and symphony concerts; and who was "too much of a lady" to do housework for her board, and therefore paid full board and lived at Newells', where Mrs. Newell actually made seventeen dollars a month out of her—enough to keep the rest of the family. What a revenge!

Toddy swallowed it with outward meekness—after Miss Sodergreens had ceased prodding him to do his duty by her and had gone away—that gave glee to those who looked merely at surfaces; others of us prepared to defend poor little Miss Geraldine with our guns if necessary. We knew her to be a thoughtless young person, because only such would have undertaken that job at all.

The hall of learning was a log cabin with a dirt roof. It had four windows and a front door; and a stovepipe tried to stand attention on the roof, but failed because of a forty-miles-an-hour wind that prevented anything not rooted in the rocks from keeping the perpendicular in the vicinity. Fortunately the logs were chinked with plaster instead of mud. No less a person than Toddy himself had vetoed mud and voted for plaster—regardless of expense—when the schoolhouse was built, because mud chinking is apt to return precipitately to the earth whence it came, and a peek-a-boo construction calls for more clothing on the inhabitants. With seven children mud chinking makes quite a difference in the number of red sweaters needed to go through the winter.

Inside, the school showed a desk for the teacher and plank seats and desks for the pupils, a blackboard, a wall map and some books; but outside—the real thing, after all, lay outside—millions of miles of it—the glory of that teaching job was the situation of the schoolhouse!

As an imminent background, lofty pines spindled up behind it, trying to see which should first top the beetling rocks and prick the sky. The schoolyard was precisely where you chose to set your bounds—there was no fence in sight—and the glorious plains swept away and away in a foreground that grew bluer and mistier until it turned to purple velvet in solid-rock mountains forty miles off. You could end your schoolyard there if you had a mind to, for there wasn't a man-raised barrier in sight to say you nay. Thousands of wild horses cavorted on the plains; tens of thousands of cattle grazed there and came to the school in bunches of hundreds to moo at the teacher if they didn't like her; the white chrysanthemum rumps of antelopes could be seen from the school door distantly gleaming in the cool sun of the ranges; wildcats prowled in the back-yard woods—there were no rear windows, so you couldn't see them prowling while you taught; and at night the coyotes barked and the wolves howled. I couldn't help thinking how picturesque Miss Geraldine would find it—after Cambridge, Massachusetts.

If Miss Geraldine, on first beholding her schoolhouse, had any queer feelings she did not tell them; she said the place was "simply lovely and too sweet for anything!" and that all her dear pupils were "simply lovely and too sweet for anything!" Miss Geraldine had made her start that way because Mrs. Newell had, the moment she got off the buckboard that brought her across the plains, regaled her with the Sodergreens yarn, and how she—Geraldine—was the last bitter drop in old Toddy McQueed's overflowing cup. And, as the girl confided to me later, "mere wisdom prompted" her to smooth things over and "make them simply lovely and too sweet for anything, no matter what they really were."

"Potatoes. Spell it, Jim"

So, with the exercise of "mere wisdom," Miss Geraldine entered upon her duties Monday morning, under a Wyoming-blue sky that seemed as much inside as outside; met the twelve offspring of the vanquishers as though they were "simply lovely and too sweet for anything"; met the six pertaining to Toddy as though they were "simply lovely and too sweet for anything"—in fact, met the whole world that way. And the only alarming thing that happened—in spite of our prognostications—was that all twelve thought her "simply lovely and too sweet for anything," though Toddy's six tried their very best and hardest not to think it for their father's sake; and none of them succeeded more than just tolerably so-so, except Jim—in which you glimpse the real tragedy for Toddy in Miss Geraldine's appointment.

Jim stood firm against the female wiles of a person who was young and pretty; who thought everybody so very lovely, regardless, and who wore the best dress he'd ever seen in his life. As a dresser Miss Geraldine, at common every-day, had Miss Sodergreens beaten at her party best, and Jim was forced to acknowledge it; but then—dress isn't everything. And Jim was a man. He was as tall as she was—he was "as good as she was any day, and then some"; next to Roddy he could "bust a bronco better'n anybody in the whole county—she couldn't bust a ole cow, she couldn't—not her!" He could shoot a wolf on the fly—"she couldn't shoot a barn door from a dead rest, not ef y' loaded her gun fer her an' helped her fire it off—she couldn't!" And he "didn't care a flip of a twenty-two caliber cartridge fer all the wildcats in the woods back of the school—he'd as lief as not slap one in the jaw if he happened to feel like it an' saw that ole growly one a-hidin' in that there big crack between them there two big rocks"—she "wouldn't dare to slap a loose wildcat—ner one in a cage—slap it in the jaw, ner anywheres else. Catch her dom' it!"

Yes, Jim was a brave man and all of fourteen; and he was bound to remember that, next to Roddy, he was his father's hope and pride. Roddy had graduated from the Third Reader years and years ago—four at least—and he was now attending the School of the Ranges, where not printed words but letters count—and go about on the hoof.

Yet, in spite of Jim, and with the continued exercise of "mere wisdom" in the temple of learning for two sky-blue weeks, things grew more sweet and lovely until they bid fair to go straight to Heaven and take Miss Geraldine and all her school along—even Jim; and then they all came back to earth in a single word. The word was potatoes.

To be exact, the sky-blue weeks wanted fifteen minutes of completion by the clock. The Third Reader Spelling Class was reciting—beautifully, almost tumultuously, because the spelling class was happy—spelling simple bread-and-butter words, of course, but with such a wrestling-Jacob spirit that Miss Geraldine saw in the present blessing of double l's in "jelly" and single t in "water" a near-future blessing of words like peregrination, conscientious, mignonette, communicate, hypothecate and Kamchatka—the words that earnest little children really love to deal in. Responding to their enthusiasm she enunciated "po-ta-toes" very distinctly, so every child in the room could hear, and called on Jim McQueed to spell it.

Jim rose.

"T-a-t-e-r-s," he recited with distinct enunciation.

Miss Geraldine smiled indulgently and told him he hadn't got it quite right that time, and encouraged him:

"Now—po-tatoes. Try it again."

Jim, who had sat down, got up. "T-a, ta—t-e-r-s, ters—'taters," he recited with calm assurance, and sat down again.

Miss Geraldine was seen to close her eyes for two whole seconds. It felt like two whole hours and the room went still as death. When Miss Geraldine opened her eyes they were on Jim. He hadn't expected to have them that way—he thought they'd come out somewhere else—and the "funny feelings" ran down his spine. Still, he returned the eyes with his own and tiddled a tune with his fingers on his share of the plank that desked four joyful wretches with raised hands, anxious to prove to the world that the great Jim was wrong. And his fingers said to the world that he didn't care a tiddle-de-dee what anybody thought about his being right or wrong—that's all!

"Not quite right—yet," she said smoothly. "Now, dear, we'll try that word again and get it right." Think of calling a boy "dear," who's just as tall as you are and just as good as you are and saying "we" besides! "Please listen carefully!" And she emitted a series of little puffs from between her lips—"P-p-p-p-p"—only they weren't quite the letter P in its nakedness, but a sort of dimity-clad P, suggesting a real live letter underneath. Then, very distinctly, she said the whole word: "Po-ta-toes. Spell it now. I'm sure we'll get it right this time."

The immensely strained attention in the room went off with a crack, and then back to attention-hear-a-pin-drop again. All the little girls thought she was the very sweetest teacher in the whole world; all the boys thought "She ought to lick him!" What Jim thought may be inferred from the fact that she had to repeat her invitation to the treat of spelling potatoes after it had been puffed into his ears like a little automobile.

"T-a-t-e-r-s, 'taters!" Jim shot off, and sat down.

"Po—po-ta-toes, potatoes," corrected Miss Geraldine.

"T-a-t-e-r-s, 'taters!" retorted Jim. This time he didn't trouble himself to rise—just slung it at her head.

The room gasped aloud over the indignity thus put upon dear teacher. Most of the little girls, among them two of Jim's sisters, were ready to shed tears; all the boys were ready to "lick him for her" had she given them so much as the tail-of-an-eye encouragement; but she didn't—her eyes were all for Jim. She was about to pronounce her word again when suddenly "mere wisdom" prompted her to ask him:

"Why do you spell potatoes with a t instead of a p?"

Heavy silence, amid which Jim rose without being asked.

"Because—my father says—that t is right!" And Jim sat down, plop, with the holy look that comes on a boy's face when he has "done" the teacher whom he should revere, and knows his father backs him in the derision of her.

"Oh—very well!" said Miss Geraldine with an offhand grace that belittled the victory of t over p. "I see—now." And there was that in her words and her tone and her look that nobody there present could explain. What did she see now?

What she did see on the instant was that she'd better dismiss school immediately and go home and think things over before committing any follies in the management of Jim that should turn the sky-blue weeks to come into Wyoming cyclones. For it is a serious thing to tell a trusting child that his father is wrong, even in so small a matter as spelling potatoes with a t; and "mere wisdom"—or possibly it was mere feminine intuition and the challenge in Jim's eyes—told Miss Geraldine that she had a situation on her hands; in short, that the rivalry between t and p in the spelling of potatoes might not only disorganize her school, but disrupt the community, already stirred to the roots by her appointment. Men have come to blows on less important things than t's and p's.

On Monday, five minutes before closing, then, this colloquy took place: "Potatoes. Spell it, Jim." "T-a-t-e-r-s." "Why do you spell it with a t?" "Because my father says t is right." "Oh—very well!" Jim sits down and school is dismissed. And on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at just five minutes before closing, the same colloquy took place and school was dismissed. And each time precisely those same words and those same tones were used and no others—both sides seemed to feel it a point of honor that there should be no others.

However, in justice to the acumen of the contending parties—and to the whole school—it must be said that neither party viewed this brief and repeated colloquy as the sign of weakness and indecision in the other. All felt it as a challenge; it concealed dark meanings and a sudden surprise—for somebody. The inner atmosphere became electric—it seemed as if school only kept and waded through the hours to reach those few charged words passing between a beloved teacher and a boy as tall as she was and very, very wicked. And what actually happened was this—by Friday, Jim, the hardy, had begun to shake in his boots. For to command your son to flout the dictionary is something worse than telling him to fly in the face of Providence. Providence may be won over by faith and prayer; but with the dictionary you must take it as it is or have the world against you.

And this was the astonishing fact of things-as-they-are that Miss Geraldine had artfully forced Jim to discover for himself. She hadn't told him he couldn't stand out against society and its idols of the page—and stand alone; she

"Jim, I'm A-goin' for t' L'arn T', Once for All, That T' Spell 'Taters With a T!"

hadn't even hinted he was flouting the hallowed work of centuries—or flouting anything, for the matter of that; she'd just asked "Why?" gravely, and followed his answer with "Oh—very well!" in a tone that said nothing and let you suspect everything. And by Tuesday every one of the twelve and two of Toddy's children had told Jim he was wrong; by Wednesday they had severally and collectively showed him with dirty, accusing fingers that he was wrong and proved it by the book; by Thursday he stood abashed before his mates in the magnitude of his wrongness; and by Friday he discovered that Miss Geraldine was secretly deriding him, holding him up to ridicule and snapping her fingers in his father's face.

Which she was.

And by Saturday the news of this subtle warfare went about the country like blazes; and on Monday night, when the mail stage had distributed it at "the store," "'taters" was the joke of three hundred square miles of mostly sagebrush territory; but Miss Geraldine went right on—"po-ta-toes. Spell it, Jim"—as unconcernedly as though she were not making history in Wyoming.

Quite suddenly the joke assumed a social significance; instead of asking "How are you?" it was: "How do you spell potatoes?" And according as you said p or t you showed where you stood. If you said t you sided with Toddy and all the McQueeds, which meant, among other things, eleven cowpunchers and four grub-line-riders; besides all the rest of the friends of the McQueeds and the friends of their friends—and the number was large.

Don't imagine because Toddy was a bad man he didn't have friends in this community. Every man has friends but the truly good man, and he friends it with the angels and doesn't care. The only difference between the bad man's friends and the common wicked one's friends is that the bad man's friends don't always think it best to say so openly. But potatoes with a t changed all that in our part of the state—Toddy's friends could no longer stand before us, hidden under pretended ignorance of Toddy's doings, and smoothly parry: "Well, reelly now, I warn't down to Rock River when Toddy shipped them horses to Omaha; but I don't guess they was any of your horses in the bunch—I don't guess Toddy would make a mistake like that." No. Toddy's friends had to come out boldly in defense of the honor of the house of McQueed and say: "I spell 'taters with a t."

If you spelled potatoes with a p, however, then you went with "the conservative element"—you "stood in with the money power"—you were "in league with Standard Oil to crush the workingman!" It came to that almost before we knew it—crushing the workingman. The line between t and p on potatoes sorted the sheep from the goats in a plain, old-fashioned, with-or-against, hell-or-Heaven manner that made you show your colors and take things by hunks.

Miss Geraldine and her followers, armed with the dictionary, stood firm for p on potatoes, regardless of aspersions and dark hints that Standard Oil was using this means to downtread the noble workingman, who was "just as good as they were." Toddy, armed with his spite against Miss Geraldine, which was impressive in its magnitude, and his wife's desire for a good servant in the house, who paid ten dollars a month board to boot, stood firm also.

Not counting noses, but summing up by what you are, the relative strengths of the contending sides appeared precisely equal, and the deadlock might have continued to this day had not Jim begun to weaken. Was his father sure that 'taters was always spelled with a t? Yes—his father was absolutely sure; and just let him catch one of his children even thinking that it wasn't—that's all!

Yet, in spite of Toddy's being the Big Say-So for the end of the county, he saw things going against him—the joke was getting to be a little too much for even the big man to handle. Toddy was a person who expected the world to take him seriously. All bad men are that way in next-to-Nature communities—it's part of how they make a living; and now the 'taters joke was running away like a colt that is a little too much horse. It had been running away in his own family for some time with the girls, though girls don't count in the matter of moral support and Toddy was thus able to ignore them; but when Jim began to question the advisability of using t at all times with potatoes Toddy saw he must do something more than swear around the house at little Annie—he must end the controversy at a single blow, and once for all have potatoes with a t. So he bearded the lion in her den—that is, he went in person to Miss Geraldine's school. He thought himself a lion also.

"No—I Don't Eat 'Taters"

"Teacher!" he roared, stalking in unexpectedly upon her.

She jumped. She thought it was one of the longhorn bulls from the range—bulls are like that often in Wyoming if you leave the school door open.

"Teacher!" he roared again, gratified with his first success and not troubling himself about "Good morning" or polite greetings that might make her think he had some respect for her when he'd come to show her that he hadn't. Instead he shook his bony finger in her face. "I understand you air l'arnin' my children—my children—mine"—he stopped to let her take the pronoun in, as if the rest of the children were only fit to be swept out with a broom; and when he thought she had he resumed—"that you air l'arnin' my children to spell the good, old-fashioned word 'taters with a p!"

He brought the letter out with a tremendous snort and waited, glaring, to see what she had to say to that!

Well, she hadn't much. She could have said "Shoo!" to a bull—she'd done it often and often; but this bony, big, bad man had scared her out of her wits. Still, she managed to stammer at him somehow:

"It's th-that way in the d-dictionary."

"The dictionary be hanged!" is what he said.

For answer she took her dictionary from her desk. It opened naturally at the page by this time; below the word was the black residue of many accusing fingers. She mutely showed it to him.

He looked and snorted; looked again and snorted louder; cleared his throat and then fumed at her:

"It warn't thataway when I went to school—no, sirree, it warn't! That good, old-fashioned word—word that wuz good enough fer my father—an' fer my father's father afore him—'taters—hez been changed sence I wuz a boy an' went to school!"

She managed to suggest "Perhaps ——" in the hope of mollifying him; but he wasn't there to take any perhapses from her, and before she could get out what she had to say he thundered in her face:

"As you got it in that there book the word is wrong!"

His fist came down on her desk and he took another glare about the room for the benefit of his son and in order to repeat to him, in the presence of witnesses, "The word—in this here book—is wrong!" A bang on the desk to prove it. And with that he snatched up her pen and thrust it between her fingers.

"Change it!" he laconically commanded.

"Change what?" she gasped, turning pale.

"Change that there p into a t in that there book!" And he pointed to the pen and then to the inkwell.

Now it's a funny thing about your really timid girls—a violent situation either paralyzes all their functions or it frightens fright clear out of them. It was that way with Miss Geraldine—she was so frightened that all at once she stopped being frightened. Then the blood of three tame generations rose in her against the desecration of a cherished institution and the slaughter of a Perfectly Innocent Word that she was called on, by this brutal man, to make; and—she got mad! Then she became as cool as a cucumber—didn't care what anybody told her to do—tossed up her head and her nose along with it. The children said she "turned up her nose at old Toddy McQueed!" And they were perfectly delighted, for they'd been cowering in their places, not daring to call their souls their own; but their knowledge of anatomy and physiology was imperfect. And he was still pointing at the inkwell, thinking she was going to do as he told her to, when she flung this at him:

"You"—and, mind you, she emphasized the "You" with her tongue and her eyes as well as her nose in the air—"You—may be able—to change a P into a T—on the side of a steer; but you can't do it in the dictionary!"

She said it just like that; and every word went through his skin! She hadn't lived at the Newells' all that time for nothing; and in the defense of p's against t's she metaphorically slugged him in the teeth and stood ready for another whack if he so much as blinked at her. And right before his children too! What a position for a parent, to say nothing of an autocrat of letters!

Toddy McQueed later admitted that if he hadn't been living in a civilized community he'd have "knocked her down before the whole school, just to show her her place"—she'd upset him so much as that. When he found his wind he asked, in a voice meant to be fierce, but that only succeeded in being husky:

"I wanta know—what you mean!"

"You know—what I mean!" retorted the undaunted one, with the stabby significance of tone that made her "Oh—very well!" so appalling to Jim. And, before Toddy could think up anything for his side she gave him the slap she'd been waiting her chance for—"Allow me to wish you good afternoon!"—turned her back on him and called out: "Third Reader Spelling Class—attention!"

Attention! Well, rather! The Third Reader was nothing but attention, bung-eyed and gaping, without her calling them to it, as was likewise every other class. Still, how stimulating to the acquisition of knowledge to be called to attention and recitations by a teacher who could turn up her nose at Toddy McQueed and "tell him things to his face!" The children were out of their seats before the words were out of her mouth: "Rise! Forward in line!"

Two seconds later Toddy saw Jim heading the procession of spelling enthusiasts bearing down on the region of the desk. Father and son exchanged a look and Jim's eyes answered—by dropping. Toddy did not wait to witness the desertion of his offspring; and the school door slammed just as Miss Geraldine enunciated: "Po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim!" And Jim spelled it with a p.

A victory or not, as you may take it; for that night an irate parent informed a backslidden son:

"Jim, I'm a-goin' fer t' l'arn y', oncet fer all, that y' spell 'taters with a t!"

"I—alwuz knowed that—ever sence the fust time y' tole me," stammered Jim, watching the blacksnake idling at his father's bootleg.

"Jest so—y' alwuz knowed it—'cept fer a little while today when y' thought m' back wuz turned an' I couldn't hear what y' said when she ast y' t' spell 'taters!"

Jim mumbled:

"I didn't know—what else ter do—when she ast me—like that—after that ——"

"All the more reason y' should hev stood up fer yer father when she ast y' like that—after that; showed y' had some backbone ef y' didn't hev no other feelin's." Toddy couldn't have brought himself to say "love for your father," but that was what he meant. "Yes—y'd orter stood up fer yer father agin a minx like her an' showed her y' could spell 'taters the way yer father said wuz right, an' she could go to blazes!—that's what! Wall ——" He saw Jim had no answer ready to this impeachment of his loyalty and daring—no excuse for a coward's loss of a unique opportunity.

The fact was, Jim hadn't seen the opportunity knocking at his manhood's doors until his father led him to the corral and got the blacksnake. That was the bewildering thing about teacher—she said: "Po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim!" And he had spelled "po-tatoes" before he even realized it himself. No real man could tell his father that and no father could possibly understand. So Jim furrowed a triangle with the toe of his boot in the dirt of the corral, naming the sides "her, him an' me," and making his side very long and very deep, to show how both the others depended on him anyway; for while he refused to spell potatoes with a p—or just supposing he should refuse to spell it with a t ——! His father seemed to read his very thought.

"Wall, Jim, I calcalate t' l'arn y' in one lick that y' spell 'taters with a t; an' at the same time I calcalate t' l'arn y'

what t' do next time she asts y'—er anybody asts y'. Y' spell 'taters—'t-a-t-e-r-s, 'taters. What's good enough fer me is good enough fer my son, I guess—I'll make it so anyhow. Now, Jim, lemme hear y' spell 'taters—an' spell her right!"

It is possible that Toddy's old-fashioned, simplified spelling lesson would have remained in the private archives of the McQueed family had he not, in the endeavor to impress Jim's mind, rather more forcibly impressed Jim's legs and the seat of his overalls; Jim was out of school next day—which hurt him worse than the licking—and when he went back he wasn't able to sit down in comfort. Miss Geraldine called him a "Poor dear!" and let him wash the blackboard for her and praised him for the splendid way he dried it, and then went home and cried over him; thus the story leaked out, with all its brutality, and everybody asked everybody: "What ought to be done to Toddy?" Nobody seemed to know, however; there was a complete lack of precedent in dealing with the situation. Some of the more tender-hearted thought he ought to be shot and settled once for all; yet none of them seemed to feel just like doing it, because—well, for one thing, the justice of the peace in that precinct is a woman and she didn't favor shooting Toddy. So they decided to wait and see what he did next.

. . . . . .

The news of Miss Geraldine's exploit with Toddy came to the ranch on horseback—racing in from the plains—three horses, all on a dead run to see which should get there first! Kinky Larkin and Hank Homans brought it; I forget who the other one was—he was only a boy, who said "Oh, my gosh!" every fifteen seconds while Hank and Kinky breathlessly related how little Gilbert had dared old Toddy to his face and told him, "You may be able to change a P into a T on the side of a steer!"—"she said that, she did; and right before the whole school too! An' old Toddy, he was so flabbergasted at her he fainted dead away—er pret' near fainted—would of fainted, only he got holt on her desk to keep hisself from fallin' on the floor. An' then he went home an' licked it outa Jim—worst one Jim ever did git off th' old man—bet he'll remember it long as he lives, an' then some. Yes, sir—that little bunch o' calico told old Toddy he was a brand-doctor to his face!"

Now the fact is every one of us knew old Toddy could do just that on the side of a steer—he and Roddy were the most notorious "hair artists" in the county—but none of us had cared to mention the accomplishment to Toddy. One doesn't, you know, out there. Many things are better left unsaid unless you perpetually carry a gun, and even then it depends. Yet here little Gilbert, with no gun at all and only the tongue in her head, had tossed this off at the villain of the piece! Of course she instantly became a heroine—she could have married half the range if she'd only tossed her handkerchief in the right direction; but, instead of taking advantage of her popularity to do it and get herself well settled in woman's only business, she kept right on at her desk and her "po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim!" without seeming to suspect she was a heroine at all!

. . . . . .

In its youthful period the joke had merely accentuated social barriers—dumped you in with grub-line-riders or made you club together with monopolists; but, after Miss Geraldine's famous mot about P and T and the side of a steer, the word 'taters began to accumulate dark meanings and sinister suggestions—to look a man in the eye and say 'taters to him was tantamount to calling him a rustler; and to mention potatoes in general company was as likely to lead to consequences as the subject of religion at a New York reception. And then, all in a swoop, you couldn't say 'taters at all!

The event that brought about this surprising *dénouement* occurred at the fall round-up on the plains, down at Seven-Mile Springs. One of the young cowpunchers merely remarked in an offhand way at feedtime: "No—I don't eat 'taters," and Roddy McQueed drew on him and told him he'd "l'arn him not to call names an' not set himself up!"

"An' ef it hadn't been fer me," Kinky Larkin boasted afterward, "I bet that young chap wouldn't have et anything else—I yanked Rod's gun 'fore he could shoot, an' I give the boy a chancet t' explain."

The boy was from up Medicine Bow way and 'taters were still 'taters there. He explained—he declared he hadn't meant a blessed, "goldarned" thing but that he didn't—eat—'taters! "What in thunderation else could a man mean?"

Roddy snorted an acceptance of the apology; but, as he had interpreted that humble attempt at pleasing dinner-table conversation, the boy said, plain as anything: "I ain't got no use fer brand-doctors!" with a self-righteous accent on the I, maddening to a proud soul like Roddy's. And who the blankety-blank was this Medicine Bow kid anyway? A nobody. So Roddy showed him where he belonged in the scale of things in general by shouting instead of shooting at him:

"All right—if y' didn't mean anything; but don't you say 'taters again—that's all."

Even Roddy's friends among the boys were aghast. Not say 'taters? What was the world coming to anyway?

Kinky put it to him straight: "Gee-whiz, Rod—whatcher givin' us! We dassen't even say 'taters?"

"Ner per-taters?" chuckled Jim Beaty Johnson.

"Ner po-ta-toes?" minced Hank Homans, in imitation of a manner already famous, insultingly famous to Roddy. "Not p-p-p-po—t-t-t-ta—t-t-t-toes—po-ta-toes?"

Hank came from the McQueed district—his little brother was one of the "twelve"; and Hank had the story at his tongue's end, with embellishments of his own.

Roddy scowled—and if scowls could kill, Hank would have lain there dead; but, with Kinky in possession of Roddy's "arguer"—Roddy was in the habit of yelling at folks, "Here is my NO!" and firing it out of his gun—the bird of American freedom flew without fear. A dozen of the boys chorused at once: "My gosh!"—and some other words. "This here's a free country—ain't it? Well, I guess! A man can say what he pleases—can't he? Can't he? Can't he?"

Those barbed questions were shot at Roddy's face; and, to show you what real courage the fellow had under all his brag, though he sat there gunless among them he flung back in their teeth: "No—he can't—not while I'm round!"

(Continued on Page 60)

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

V

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

"I'm Sorry," He Said Bravely, "But We Really Have Nothing More to Say to Each Other. Besides, You Are Still Married"

AFTER Lanier had left her, Clare O'Sullivan slowly gathered together her painting things and dropped them listlessly into the box. Then, stepping back, she stood for a full two minutes staring at the sketch on the easel. It seemed to the girl as if the artist had painted a portrait of himself. In the sweet, strong harmony, the perfect values, the minor tones, and a certain hint of melancholy that was soothing rather than depressing, she seemed to see Lanier's calm, thoughtful expression, the clear, direct gaze of the elusively colored eyes between their sweeping black lashes, while the accent of the waves splashing against the curved beach of the little cove below suggested his vibrant, soothing voice. A band of sunlight struggling through the low, pigeon-gray clouds to strike the sea near the horizon suggested the smile that so lightened his face. But above all it was the atmosphere of absolute sureness which characterized the whole sketch that vaguely impressed Clare as most suggestive of the artist. She wondered if he were ever in doubt. Could she have seen his face when at the piano, working out some elusive scheme; seen the expressions of uncertainty, pleasure, impatience and disgust that were constantly sweeping over it, she would have realized that her sketch represented but one of many facets, and that Lanier would have been more truthfully depicted by what the painters call chiaroscuro.

Clare, having finished her contemplation of the sketch, placed it carefully in a holder, and loading herself with her equipment started slowly for the house. The O'Sullivans' summer place consisted of an attractive-looking bungalow, modest in size, with a stable in the rear and a boathouse at the foot of the cliffs in one of the numerous little coves that eroded the seafront. In the loft of the stable Clare had fitted up a small but practical studio, where she was wont to work on rainy days or when at odds with a monotonous world. Lanier had been a little severe in his criticism of the girl's sketch. Her work was really full of promise, for she scorned all tricks of technic, had an excellent sense of color and composition, and drew far better than many of those who had already "arrived."

On the way to the studio she came upon her brother, who was sitting bareheaded in the sun stitching a split sail.

"Let's see your sketch," said he, laying down palm and needle and scrambling to his feet. Ravenel painted rather better than Clare, but confined himself to figures and portraits—principally Mrs. Wilmerding's.

Clare threw him a malicious look. "Come on up," said she.

Ravenel followed her to the studio. Clare took out Lanier's sketch and placed it on the easel. Lanier's inscription was scarcely more than visible, but to hide it altogether Clare placed in front of the panel a frame a size too small.

"Oh, I say!" cried Ravenel. "That is good! Why, Sis, it's a corker! How did you do it? By George, if you can get that on a big canvas you'll make the Academy sit up!"

He took his pipe out of his mouth, stared at his sister, then stepped closer. Clare laughed.

"See how you like it without the frame," said she, and removed the frame, which she had been steadying with her hand.

"Even better. Hello, what's this—what—is—this?" He leaned over and read slowly—"Painted for Clare by Calvert Lanier."

Ravenel stepped back and stared at his sister with his mouth open. He was a lithe, handsome fellow, purely Celtic of type, and might have posed for a young blade in one of Charles Lever's romances.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked curtly. "Do you know Lanier?"

"He came along the cliffs when I was making a mud pie and finished the sketch for me. I asked him to sign it."

"Along the cliffs? Our cliffs? Well, of all the cheek! What was he doing up there?"

"He was going to see Loretta Wilmerding."

"Going to see Loretta? Why, confound him, what business has he going to see Loretta?" Ravenel's handsome face darkened.

"Why shouldn't he?" demanded Clare impatiently. "This place isn't entirely a penal colony. A man doesn't have to get permission from the warden to call on an inmate."

"Humph!" Ravenel shoved his pipe back into his mouth and drew at it violently, regarding his sister with

suspicion. Clare's cheeks were red and her telltale eyes beginning to darken, as they always did when she was under excitement. "Well, then, supposing that he did have the nerve to call on Mrs. Wilmerding, what license had he to stop and give you a paint lesson?"

"I asked him to."

"Did you know who he was?"

"Of course not. If I had, I shouldn't have been so cheeky as to ask him to sign the sketch. I'm not in the habit of accepting handsome presents from strange young men. You know we saw in the paper the other day that some of his sketches went for five hundred apiece in a public sale."

Ravenel pulled at his pipe and scowled.

"You mustn't take it," said he.

"Indeed I will."

"No, you won't. I'm not going to have my sister under obligation to a nervy playwright—especially after the way he's made bums of our crowd here. You send it back."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," cried Clare defiantly.

"Then paint out his beastly name."

"That would be a nice, honorable thing to do after asking him to sign it!"

"Just the same, you paint it out," said Ravenel stubbornly. "I'm not going to have my sister—and look here, 'Painted for Clare!' Why, bang his impudence, what business has he got to call you Clare?"

"Oh, shut up, Ravenel," said Clare disgustedly. "A stray artist you meet on the cliffs doesn't have to observe Chesterfieldian etiquette. I told him my name was Clare."

"The deuce you did!" snapped Ravenel. "My word, but you seem to have been going some, Sis. I don't like it. I've got no use for it! I hate it!"

"Of course you do," said Clare coolly. "And if I hadn't told you that he was bound for Loretta's you'd never have said a word. You're the one that had better keep an eye out for squalls, Ravel, my boy ——"

"Nonsense!" Ravenel's dark face darkened even more. "Don't start on that."

"Then leave me and my picture alone. I'm sorry I showed it to you."

"Paint out the name and I'll say nothing more," said Ravenel doggedly.

"Ravel, don't be silly!" cried Clare, and added most injudiciously—"or if you must be silly, save your silliness for Loretta."

Ravenel's quick temper flamed up. He stepped forward, picked up a brush and turned to the easel. Clare, seeing his evident intention, flung herself between. Ravenel swept her aside with a backward motion of his long arm.

"Ravel, stop! Stop!" cried Clare furiously. "The picture is mine! Don't you dare touch that dedication. It's mine! I—I paid for it!"

Ravenel turned and stared.

"How did you pay for it?" he demanded sullenly.

Clare, suddenly realizing her mistake, bit her red lip.

"Never mind," she answered in a low voice. "I paid for it—and it's mine." And the crimson color surged into her angry face.

Ravenel's cold gray eyes grew hard as flint. With the brush in his right hand he turned and seized Clare's arm with his left.

"What do you mean?" he demanded so savagely that Clare shrank back. "How did you pay for it?"

Clare's eyes were all black now. But the high color had left her face, and all that remained of it were a pair of very red lips and a crimson spot in either cheek.

"Let go my arm," she said in a very low voice. "You hurt me. If you must know, you brute, I gave him a kiss."

Ravenel loosed his grip.

"Ho!" said he scornfully, "you gave him a kiss, did you? So that was what paid for the picture. You're a lot too free with your kisses, Clare. Now let this be a lesson to you. I was only going to paint out the name, but now——"

Holding the struggling girl parried with one strong arm, he deliberately began to daub out, first the name, then the whole charming sketch. A single stroke made the damage irreparable, and after this Clare drew back and watched him, dark-eyed and silent. When the whole thing was a mass of pigeon gray she said quietly:

"You had no right to do that, Ravel. If I choose to give a kiss for a picture it's my own affair, and if Mr. Calvert Lanier sees fit to let his pictures go so cheap it's his affair and no harm done to anybody. I'm not a married woman. Now, please go out of my studio—and please go at *once*!" Clare's low-pitched voice began to come a little breathlessly. She had been holding her wild temper with a tremendous effort, and she could feel it squirming in her grip. Fingers were getting red, and as she looked at her ruined sketch the blood began to burn the backs of her eyes. Ravenel was watching her with a sort of sulky nervousness. It was a long time since he had seen his sister in one of her tempests, but he remembered the premonitory symptoms and moved toward the door. On the threshold, the knob in his hand, he turned.

"If you'd heard some of the things about this Lanier person——" he began, when Clare whirled furiously about.

"Be still!" she cried. "Get out of my studio, you domineering brute!"

Her flaming eyes fell on her painting stool. She whipped it up by one leg and hurled it at her brother. Ravenel shut the door barely in time and ran down the stairs. At the foot he paused and listened, and could hear his sister's low, passionate sobbing. The coachman, an old family servant, heard it too. He looked at Ravenel and shook his grizzled head.

"There, Masther Ravel," said he, "yez are at it agen. Will ye nivir grow to be a man and lave poor Miss Clare alone?"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Ravenel, and lounged off.

His conscience troubled him as he strolled along, and the more he thought of it the less pleased he became with his performance. He had only succeeded in making his sister desperately angry and unhappy, and he had destroyed a very charming work of art. Even the consolation of throwing the blame of the whole business on Lanier was denied him. Ravenel reflected that he himself had kissed more than one pretty girl on a very brief acquaintance, and not given a five-hundred-dollar painting for the favor. From all that he had ever heard of Lanier the playwright was a gentleman, and not the person to kiss and tell. Of course it was very wrong of Clare, but——" and Ravenel began to wonder what he could do to make his peace. He loved his sister very dearly, and when they had occasionally quarreled he had usually spent all the money he had for some peace offering.

So it was in rather a humble and contrite mood that he arrived at the Wilmerdings', where with the familiarity of a privileged character he strode across the lawn and up on the veranda, meaning to rap on the window and ask Mrs. Wilmerding to go with him to the reading room for tea. It never occurred to him that Lanier might still be there. His rubber-soled shoes made no noise nor did he hear the murmur of voices from within the house, and the first knowledge that he had of his intrusion was when there presented to his astonished eyes the tableau of the colony's ivory-towered Minerva having her hands kissed by the very individual who had been making such a lot of trouble for everybody in general and himself in particular.

Amazed and furious, Ravenel might have forgotten himself and made a scene, had not Mrs. Wilmerding sent him about his business as though he had been a meddlesome child. As it was, he strode off muttering strong words under his breath, presently to halt on the path, where he waited, hot of heart but mystified. There had been a certain expression to the pose of Mrs. Wilmerding's head as she had stood facing Lanier that disquieted Ravenel, who fancied himself in love with her. To be sure, he had never received any more encouragement than a sort of maternal indulgence admixed with playful banter; but he was a sanguine young man, and his success with the ladies had been considerable.

Ravenel had not long to wait, for presently Mrs. Wilmerding turned a bend in the path and came upon him sitting sulkily on a large stone. Her blue eyes were very bright and there was a red spot in either cheek. Ravenel got up with a frown on his dark, handsome face. His greeting was neither agreeable nor elegant.

"Why was that pup lickin' your hand?" he growled. "Thought you disliked the breed."

"Don't be coarse, Ravel," said she sharply, "or you can go on alone."

"Lanier, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Cheeky brute. I've just had an awful row with Clare over him."

Mrs. Wilmerding raised her eyebrows. "About what?"

"This is in confidence." And Ravenel told of his scene with his sister. Mrs. Wilmerding listened with a frown.

"You acted very badly," said she. "So Clare thinks that you are seeing too much of me? I agree with her."

"Oh, come, Loretta!"

"Mrs. Wilmerding," she corrected austerely.

"Loretta," said Ravenel stubbornly, and added with a savage cut to his voice—"See here, why do you persist in treating me as if I were ten years old? I'm a man and you're a woman."

"A married woman. And you are a gentleman, Ravel; although I must say that there are times when one would not think it. Now stop this nonsense immediately!"

Her voice was positive. Ravenel looked at her gloomily.

"Would you let me kiss your hands?" he began.

"No. I wouldn't. So you destroyed Clare's picture? A brotherly act! I suppose she was terribly broken up?"

"She broke up a painting stool against the door of the studio," said Ravenel sullenly.

"Oh, you children! And you complain that I treat you like a boy of ten! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Ravel."

"I am. So ought you—letting this play person——"

"That will do!" Mrs. Wilmerding's color heightened. She stopped short. "See here, Ravel, you are in no mood to go to the reading room, nor do I feel much like it myself. Let's walk down to the end of the point, and on the way back I'll stop and speak to Clare."

Ravenel's face brightened. "Good!" said he. "I am rather fed up on the reading room."

They turned and began to retrace their steps. Presently Mrs. Wilmerding said:

"My interview with Calvert Lanier rather upset me."

"Should think it might!"

"Oh, hush! Lanier is a fine fellow and has been very badly treated. I want you to help me induce the committee to admit him to the colony."

"What?" Ravenel stared at her, and his lean jaw dropped.

"Precisely. We were really not justified in barring him out. He is not at all the sort of person that I had expected to find him."

"But, good heavens, Loretta, after he's made fools of us with his old barge, and got fresh with Clare, and even had the nerve to make goo-goo eyes at the Pallas Athene of this sterilized Olympus ——"

"Don't be a goose! He's harmless enough, if a little Continental in his manners."

"Decidedly Parisian, I should say," Ravenel answered with a grin. He was beginning to recover his usual good humor. "Did he kiss both paddles?"

"Oh, drop it, child! You are getting positively wearisome! After all, genius is entitled to certain mannerisms, and there is no denying Lanier's genius. It does seem rather dull to banish the brightest mind that we have ever had here, and now that he has apologized for making us a laughing-stock and has offered to go away ——"

"I hope you called his bluff."

"Don't be common, Ravel. I told him to stay on if he wished. My plan now is to offer him the privileges of the colony for this season and let him have his building site for next year. There will not be much opposition, I fancy."

"He will have an enthusiastic sponsor in Dad," said Ravenel. "Since the King's Peg episode, followed by the Champagne Chorus, the governor has been cocking his eye at the hulk and showing strong inclinations to swim out aboard. Then Papa Phelps goes about clucking like a hen with a brood of young ducks, and Professor Pringle asked me if, in sailing aimlessly about, I might not run alongside and exchange his copy of Hippolytus for the Kafusalum of Bezeenorious. This Lanier person has certainly got a strong draft in the Chimney Corner—tanks the first-row constituents and makes 'em sing; then comes weaving ashore and catches and kisses the pretty ones. Oh, what's the use! Let's make him an honorary member and get a few dead-head boxes for the colony!" He looked at his pretty companion and grinned.

"Sometimes, Ravel," said Mrs. Wilmerding pensively, "you make me think that the O'Sullivans came to America in the steerage. But I suppose that it is no more than the cream of Ireland curdled by a course at college. Your father is not like that."

"Father drinks," said Ravenel, "and that always makes an Irishman polite, even to the corpse. Clare, it appears, likes to kiss ——"

"Shame! What do you like to do?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you," said Ravenel, and gave her a laughing look from his bold eyes. Mrs. Wilmerding bit her lip, trying not to smile. Her feeling toward Ravenel was that which one might have to a naughty but rather lovable little boy. Perhaps it was the consciousness of his utter inability ever to move her that had led to an intimacy which would have provoked criticism in any colonist other than Mrs. Wilmerding. There were times when she wanted to spank Ravenel and shut him up in a dark closet.

"Then you'll help me to make Lanier a member?" she asked presently.

"Oh, yes," he answered indifferently. "I'd help you to make Lucifer a member if you really wanted it—and it wouldn't surprise me if you did."

"What do you mean, Impudence?"

"I mean," said Ravenel recklessly, "that nothing you might ever do would surprise me in the least. You understand other people pretty well, but you don't know any more about yourself than does a new aeroplane. You might soar to Heaven—or you might kill the aviator. You've never found yourself, and ——"

"Thank you, that will do. Was there ever any insanity in your family, Ravel?"

"Yes, monomania!" He turned and looked at her, but Mrs. Wilmerding did not catch the look. Her eyes were fastened on a strip of beach at the foot of the cliffs. Ravenel's eyes followed hers.

There, in the shelter of a heap of boulders, was an interesting tableau that might have been entitled Orpheus and Eurydice. The rôle of Orpheus was being admirably rendered by Calvert Lanier, his arms full to overflowing with Eurydice; the latter was charmingly posed by that beautiful young woman, Mrs. Ada Stackpole.

VI

ON LEAVING Mrs. Wilmerding's, Lanier had set out briskly to return to the cove where he had left his boat. He walked rapidly, and just before arriving at the path that led down the side of the cliff, caught sight of

several people approaching from the other direction. There was no sense of intrusion on Lanier's part, but he wanted to get back to his work with all due haste, and fearing that one of the party might be of the quartet that had visited him, he turned off to the cliffs and started to pick his way down. The descent was not difficult until he had almost reached the beach, when there was a six-foot jump down into the deep sand. Lanier was as light on his feet as a cat and sprang down without bothering himself so much as to lay his hand on the rim of the ledge, with the result that he barely missed landing in the lap of Mrs. Stackpole, who was tucked under the shelter of the rock with a magazine in her hand and a box of chocolates against her knee.

Mrs. Stackpole did not scream. Her nerves were not of the hair-trigger sort, and consequently she was considered phlegmatic by her women friends. Men saw her differently, not only on account of her splendid beauty, which was of the heroic, Northern type, but also because of a certain strong, sweet, reposeful quality she seemed to diffuse, which was very far from being apathy. Neither was there any hint of coldness, and one felt instinctively that her fires once lighted would not prove any brushwood blaze.

As Lanier dropped lightly into the sand, almost brushing her skirt, Mrs. Stackpole drew back instinctively, less startled than surprised, for she had chosen a secluded nook of the beach to avoid being disturbed, and it was annoying to have a man bounce down from above. But as Lanier, recovering his balance, turned quickly with an apology, she gave a gasp that was almost a scream.

"Calvert!" said she breathlessly.

Lanier had frozen into a light, well-balanced poise that lasted for a second, when he drew back, his eyes narrowed and his face rather pale.

"How do you do, Ada?" said he quietly. "I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I didn't know that you were within a thousand miles of this place."

"And didn't care," she answered as one stating an accepted fact.

"No," he answered gently, "I really didn't care. My disease has been quite cured by Father Time and Mr. Stackpole. I understand that my frantic prophecies of some years ago have at last come to be fulfilled."

He eyed her keenly. "Permit me to congratulate you. I knew that old rip, your husband—you did well to separate."

Mrs. Stackpole looked at him steadily. Her breath was coming in long, deep inspirations, her pretty mouth looked like that of a child who is just about to cry.

"Yes, Calvert, you were right," she answered. "I brought it all on myself."

"And on me," he answered dryly.

"And you were so bitter! Oh, Calvert, how could you have said such things to me in that letter?" Her voice choked and she stopped abruptly, while her blue eyes filled with tears.

"It was rough, I'll admit. But you see, Ada, I was rather young and full of ideals—or, let us say, illusions."

"You are bitter still." She looked at him with a sort of eagerness, and a sudden rush of color came into her face.

"No, I'm no longer bitter. Perhaps it is all for the best. A writer shouldn't marry. If you hadn't jilted me for that old brute I might have made us both more unhappy than we are now. My character is full of kinks."

"We should have been happy, I think," she answered, and looked dreamily out at the sea. "But—oh, well, I was pretty young too, and you were too long away and I got unhappy and resentful, and thought that you must have stopped caring or you wouldn't have stayed on in Paris."

"I was learning my trade."

"I didn't appreciate that. Then Howard Stackpole came along and dazzled me, and—and I married him. That's about all."

"Yes," Lanier agreed, and gave her a keen look—"I fancy that was about all."

Mrs. Stackpole's color deepened. "He made me very unhappy," said she. "I wanted to divorce him, but the family wouldn't hear of it, so we merely separated."

"And now," said Lanier, "your life is over and you have died and gone to Heaven in this colony."

"Yes. You've given us a lot of trouble, Calvert. Perhaps it might interest you to know that I was the one most responsible for having you barred out. It was I who induced Mrs. Wilmerding to repudiate her husband's agreement, and she induced the others."

"Indeed. And why did you do that?"

Mrs. Stackpole had risen to her feet and was facing him. They were about of a height, and her blue eyes looked straight into his dark ones as she answered:

"I thought it wiser, Calvert. I couldn't realize that you might have ceased utterly to care for me."

Lanier looked at her thoughtfully; then a bleak, cheerless smile played round the corners of his fine mouth.

"I should have thought my letter might have made that point clear," he answered. Suddenly the smile, such as it was, faded and his face darkened. "You need not have been afraid, my dear Ada. Your jilting me as you did not only cured my love for you, but also inoculated me very effectively against love as a disease. If it has been a little rough on my heart it's been at least profitable to my head. There is no such thing as love to hamper a career, and I feel that I owe you a lot. I'm sorry for the trouble I made you here. Of course if I'd known that you were behind it all I'd never have come. As it is, I will clear out just as soon as I've finished my work, and in the meantime I'll fight shy of these exclusive precincts. Goodby, Ada."

He raised his hat, holding out one hand. Mrs. Stackpole's hand met the outstretched one and she stood for an instant, looking into his eyes with an intentness that gave her face a strained, almost suffering look. The color had all gone now except for a little spot in either cheek.

"Calvert," she said, "you mustn't leave me like this." The words came thinly, fading entirely away as her eyes searched his face for some sign of softening. Lanier's clear, cleanly cut features were as hard as though chiseled from onyx.

"I'm sorry," he said evenly, "but we really have nothing more to say to each other. Besides, you are still married." He smiled slightly. "Goodby, Ada."

The hint of gentleness in the last few words proved fatal. The tears gushed into the blue eyes and she stepped closer.

"You are right, Calvert. Goodby, goodby. Kiss me goodby, my dear, and tell me again that you forgive me. Then go—and go quickly, Calvert."

She held up her lovely tear-stained face. Touched and half contrite, Lanier drew her to him and kissed her on either cheek. He had but just completed this chivalrous act and was about to turn away when there came a rustle from the top of the cliff. Lanier, glancing up quickly, looked straight into the horrified eyes of Mrs. Wilmerding, while staring over her shoulder was the dark, handsome face of Ravenel O'Sullivan.

The tableau lasted only for a second, the two at the top of the low cliff withdrawing immediately from the brink. Lanier glanced at Mrs. Stackpole, who had stepped back and was staring somberly out across the water. She had not observed Lanier's upward glance and the expression that must have followed it.

"Goodby," he said again. "Goodby, Ada."

"Goodby, Calvert," she answered lifelessly.

Lanier raised his hat and turned away. The tide was out and he was able to pick his way along the beach to where he had left his boat. A few minutes later he was pulling off to the hulk, while Mrs. Wilmerding and Ravenel watched his progress from a little farther along the cliffs than where he had embarked. Mrs. Wilmerding's forehead was gathered in a frown and her combative chin was firmly set. Ravenel watched her with a faintly sardonic smile.

"Now if only he'd fallen in with Willa Davenporte," said he, "this Lothario would have kissed and comforted the four beauties of the colony in less than two hours. Not a bad record that, considering how popular he was."

"He only kissed my hands," snapped Mrs. Wilmerding.

"One hand is all right, but two are equal to one cheek. You got off the easiest; but then, you see, I butted in."

"Ravenel!" *(Continued on Page 48)*

"If You Must Know, You Brute, I Gave Him a Kiss"

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF OPERA

By Pierre V. R. Key

John Brown, Business Controller of the Metropolitan Opera Company

CUTTING a good American dollar into twenty-one parts is no easy financial task. Though it may sound like a prefatory announcement to some feat of legerdemain, the management of the New York Metropolitan Opera House performs it after each of the two hundred and ten-odd performances in a twenty-four weeks' season, with a deftness born of practice.

The business executives of the Philadelphia-Chicago and the Boston Opera Companies, likewise, are dividing the elusive greenback. Less extensive schedules prepared by these organizations minimize the frequency of the monetary division, but every such effort entails the approximate labor that prevails in the office of the New York institution.

Every one of the six dollars paid by the opera habitué for an orchestra seat in the Metropolitan Opera House undergoes a splitting-up process. This is also true of the sixty one-dollar bills that have secured Madam Socially Ambitious her box, and the lone simoleon parted with by the long-haired individual for a square foot of room.

The music-mad enthusiast who imagines he has paid the price of a ticket solely to listen to Caruso's matchless tones is mistaken. Only a mite finds its way into the pay envelope of the great Italian tenor. The rest trickles in a score of other directions; for there are numerous items of expense in opera-giving besides the salaries of famous singers. The holes in the sieve at the bottom of the Metropolitan's cash drawer lead to some seven hundred and fifty persons, native and foreign-born, whose names appear on the payrolls in rigidly classified departments, to say nothing of the corporations and business firms who serve this distinguished opera company. If one were to follow in the wake of money exchanged for a choice seat after it had reached the box-office treasurer its stopping-points and the respective sums lopped off by Business Controller John Brown would tabulate about as follows:

Disbursed		Received	
Artists	$3.10	For one seat	$6.00
Conductors	.22		
Orchestra	.59		
Chorus	.27		
Ballet	.07		
Technical and Scenic	.12		
Wardrobe	.08		
Property	.02		
Carpenters	.08		
Stagehands	.11		
Electricians	.09		
Baggage	.04		
Office Force	.23		
Treasurer	.02		
Superintendent's Department	.09		
Storehouse Rent	.09		
Storehouse Labor	.04		
Productions	.17		
Performing Rights	.04		
Advertising	.08		
Transportation	.05		
Miscellaneous	.13		
	$6.00		$6.00

The total outlay which the Metropolitan will have made when the 1911-12 season ends—the middle of next April—will require many times the price of an orchestra chair, as the gross figures $1,700,000 show. However, this expenditure includes the expenses of the trip during the last two weeks in that month when other cities are to be visited, besides Brooklyn and Philadelphia, where occasional performances are given during the season. The Metropolitan, though seemingly in a position to yield large annual profits from its vast undertaking, really has little beyond glory to compensate for the effort. Last season the surplus was in the neighborhood of $100,000, and this year will show still better earnings; but two seasons back the loss reached nearly half a million, due to a policy of expansion found to be impracticable. It is therefore apparent that the business hazard is sufficient to justify the belief that a one-or-two-hundred-thousand-dollar yearly profit is not unreasonable because the very next season double that amount may be lost.

When it is borne in mind that the stockholders of the Metropolitan, and not the general public, must meet any yearly deficit one appreciates that opera is something of a game—at least so far as stakes are concerned. This becomes still more apparent in view of the fact that many departments must be maintained fifty-two weeks every year in order properly to conduct a season only five months long. That is why the management must know how much it costs to raise the curtain on any given opera and what the average sum is for any one such operation. At present the Metropolitan estimates that the average cost of a presentation of opera is $8000. This estimate is figured on the one hundred and seventy-odd opera and concert performances given in New York and in all outside cities, including the sixteen provided for Brooklyn music lovers, nine for Philadelphia and fourteen for other cities. The following table of yearly disbursements for all purposes, including the two weeks' road-tour, reveals the directions taken by the $1,700,000 which is the annual outgo from the coffers of the opera-house treasury:

	Number of People	Total for Week	Number of Weeks	Total for Season
Principal Artists	61	$36,700	24	$880,800
1 First Conductor—$30,000 1 First Conductor—$12,000 1 First Conductor—$5,000 6 Assistant Conductors, at $75 a week each		2,500	24	60,000
Regular Orchestra	87			
Extra Orchestra	13	7,000	24	168,000
Stage Band	40 to 57			
Chorus	118	3,000	24	72,000
Ballet	40	900	24	21,600
Technical and Scenic	8	700	52	36,400
Wardrobe Department	30	750	30	22,500
Property Department	20	250	30	7,500
Carpenter Department	15	400	52	20,800
Stagehands	70	1,000	30	30,000
Electricians	23	600	40	24,000
Baggage Department	14	200	52	10,400
Office Staff	25	1,200	52	62,400
Treasurer's Department	4	100	52	5,200
Superintendent's and Engineer's Departments, including Watchmen, Ushers, Doorkeepers, Carriagemen and Cleaners	95	17 at 250 80 at 680	52 22	13,000 14,960
Storehouse Employees	12	200	52	10,400
Storehouses — 6 — Annual Rent				27,000
Productions and Materials				70,000
Performing Rights				27,000
Transportation				55,640
Advertising—Newspaper and Billboard				25,000
Miscellaneous—Heat, Light, Insurance, Upkeep, Entertainment, and so on				54,200
Total				$1,700,000

The item of rent for the use of the Metropolitan Opera House, strange though it may seem, is not a debit. The $250,000 which the company receiving a contract to give opera in this edifice would ordinarily be compelled to pay is offset by a delightful arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera and Real-Estate Company—a totally different concern from the Metropolitan Opera Company—which owns the land upon which the structure stands as well as the building itself. The assessed valuation of the whole is a trifle over $2,500,000.

Every one of the forty-five stockholders in the real-estate company owns a box or part of one of the thirty-five boxes in the parterre tier of the opera house, known to residents in the smallest hamlet as the Diamond Horseshoe; but to retain ownership each stockholder merely pays a yearly assessment on the stock held in the real-estate company, which carries with it the right to occupy the box for all operatic subscription and extra operatic performances given by the Metropolitan organization, exclusive of the twenty-two Sunday night concerts. As may be seen, the arrangement calls only for the giving of opera in this house, which is thus placed at the disposal of the operating institution, rent free.

Arturo Toscanini, First Conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company

However, even with this financial plum to start with, the gentlemen owning the $150,000 of stock representing the capitalization have their monetary worries. Unless the management kept hard at work every day in the year it would be out of the question to give so long and so artistically complete a schedule as is regularly undertaken. It is this *modus operandi* that has helped to win for the Metropolitan the reputation of being the foremost opera company in the world.

Though giving a season of opera in New York consumes only twenty-two weeks, it requires the thirty remaining at the end of one season to prepare for the next. During the time that those who represent the socially elect in the parterre tier on brilliant nights are relaxing at smart watering-places in America and Europe, the business and artistic heads of the Metropolitan are hustling with plans for the opening, several months away.

There are contracts to be renewed with singers, conductors, stage managers, executive heads, scenic designers and builders, music-publishing houses and other individuals and firms; new principals to be sought for and secured; unheard-of or successfully produced operas to be obtained for American first-time presentation, and productions to be constructed. Costumes must be made before the curtain can go up on the initial night of the season that is to come.

The subscription books for the far-off twenty-two weeks also require attention, as do a hundred other important matters touching vital portions of the Metropolitan's broad scheme. From the moment the opera house closes until it reopens there is no time for anything save the formulation and execution of plans for the immediate future.

Within a week after the two weeks' tour following the final New York performance, on April thirteenth next, General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza and his staff will rush off for Europe—but not to rest. Through the heat of the summer the man whose shoulders carry the burden of executing the projects of the Metropolitan Opera Company will be laboring without thought of more than a brief vacation. From one foreign city to another he will travel, hearing new singers and new and old operas, and continually examining music scores and books of prospective operatic novelties.

Mr. Gatti, as he is called, cannot escape essential details that figure in the progress of the company whose destinies he directs. Some of the unimportant ones he may—and does—delegate to able men among his corps of helpers; but the majority must pass under his personal scrutiny, even after they have had preliminary attention from subordinates. The only exception pertains to the judging of the musical worth of a new opera submitted. Here

Arturo Toscanini, first conductor, performs valuable service, as does Alfred Hertz, the principal musical director of the German operas.

Listening to singing artists is one of the duties that consumes hours of Mr. Gatti's time almost every day for weeks after he sets foot on foreign soil. "Auditions" they are called by opera experts. These auditions are held in theaters engaged for the purpose in Paris and other cities of Europe, and in them American as well as other singers assemble to lift their voices in song, all eager for the coveted Metropolitan contract.

Many of these candidates are detained after their trials to answer pertinent questions and they must be ready with full explanations as to the rôles they are "up in," the nature and extent of their experience, and anything else that has to do with a possible engagement. Scores of applicants are thrust into the musical discard as "not ready," or for one or more reasons that Mr. Gatti does not always make known. This summer clearing house for singers is a big and busy institution, and it has no heart. In some centers the coming of Mr. Gatti is heralded with a swiftness that makes life miserable for this busy man. In Milan he is beset by hordes of incompetents who trail him through the streets, camp on the threshold of his hotel quarters and pester him when he endeavors to eat.

It is not often, however, that any principals seeking posts at the Metropolitan get the chance to warble for the head of the company unless they have previously been passed upon as "promising" or have secured an open-sesame from some soft-hearted or misguided Metropolitan director in the form of a personal letter of introduction. A large number are vocally and otherwise examined by Gabriel Astruc, official Paris representative of New York's opera company, or by one of the general manager's lieutenants. Other agents in Milan, Berlin and elsewhere are sometimes commissioned to perform a similar weeding-out function. Occasionally a singer who has acquired a reputation is added to the Metropolitan's list of principals on the strength of public achievements. These artists naturally are not asked to undergo private auditions, but Mr. Gatti always hears them sing before ordering a contract drawn up for their services.

Metropolitan Songbirds Fed on Money

ALL the time the Metropolitan executives are in Europe an expense is being created. Besides the general manager and his secretary, F. C. Coppicus, who is manager of the concert department of the opera house, Otto Weil, business representative, William J. Guard, press representative, and one or two clerks pass their summers abroad, working unceasingly for the cause of New York's opera. Though only a part of their living expenses, in addition to transportation, is paid, the Metropolitan sees to it that its general manager's twenty-dollars-a-day expenditure for five months is made up to him.

Fifty of the sixty-one principals, nine conductors, four stage managers and business executives, and one hundred members of the chorus and ballet, which total one hundred and fifty-six persons, are transported across the Atlantic twice every season. Though special rates are secured with the various steamship lines because of the wholesale passages bought, this item alone foots up to thousands of dollars a year. The average one-way cost for a principal is one hundred and ten dollars, and some get cabins de luxe; while the chorus and ballet folks get along on forty-five dollars less.

Why is it done? For the excellent reason that nearly all these opera workers are engaged abroad and they will not come to America without receiving traveling expenses. Nowadays even the American principals of the Metropolitan insist upon a European trip twice a year at the expense of New York's big opera company. Among them are Olive Fremstad, Geraldine Farrar, Louise Homer, Riccardo Martin and Putnam Griswold. Often, in addition to the steamship passage, money has to be expended to carry the artist or high-salaried employee in some other department from an inland city to the port from which the steamer sails. Conversely, at the end of the year these travelers return to their respective starting-points, and the railway fares come out of the Metropolitan's treasury.

Steamship and railway expenses, however, are small items compared with the salaries the principals draw. The basis of payment is arranged in two ways. Some stars are paid a certain sum for each appearance, with a minimum number of season appearances guaranteed; others—and all the secondary principals—are engaged at monthly salaries and must sing oftener than the more distinguished songbirds.

Caruso, highest paid of any of the leading Metropolitan singers—or any other in the world—gets $2,200 every time he is heard. Geraldine Farrar and Emmy Destinn receive $1200 apiece. Olive Fremstad and Johanna Gadski are made momentarily content with $1000 each, which is the figure paid Berta Morena, a German dramatic soprano. Leo Slezak, the gigantic Czech tenor, called by many Tamagno's successor, finds $1200 to his credit after appearing in a heroic rôle; and Luisa Tetrazzini receives an even $1800 for her single efforts of an afternoon or evening.

Dimitri Smirnoff, a Russian lyric tenor, should be more than satisfied with the $1000 set aside for him for an appearance, which is $250 more than the amount accorded Carl Burrian, the heavy Wagnerian tenor, and Carl Jorn, another German tenor who is heard in rôles less robust. For each of his few endeavors at the Metropolitan, Maurice Renaud, the French barytone, is paid $1000. Louise Homer and Margarete Matzenauer, first contraltos, draw $500 a performance; and Herman Jadlowker, tenor, $600. Antonio Scotti, for years the most popular barytone singing in the United States, is a $400-a-night man. The rest of the stars are contracted with for a given sum for the season on a monthly scale, but payable semi-monthly, and they are required to sing a certain number of times or forfeit a proportionate percentage of their salaries. In case circumstances demand an increased amount of work they receive what is known as a "cachet," which is paid on the basis of so much an appearance, the sum being reached by dividing the season's salary by the minimum number of performances for which the artist is secured.

Pasquale Amato receives $30,000 a season for seventy appearances, which is slightly in excess of $425 an appearance. He is said by critics to be worth double that amount, as he is increasing in his drawing power. Riccardo Martin, one of the foremost of American tenors now in grand opera, and the singer who is invariably called upon to take Caruso's place when the latter has an extended illness or vocal indisposition, is reputed to be the best bargain in the Metropolitan list of principals. Though on two occasions he has been largely instrumental in saving the day when Caruso was forced to cease singing before the season was more than half through, his salary is only $20,000 a year. His contract stipulates that he shall appear fifty times to earn this money, which places him in the $400-a-night class.

Putnam Griswold, an American basso now singing at the Metropolitan in his first year, receives $15,000 for the season, which is the figure set aside for Adamo Didur, the French basso. Alma Gluck and Bella Alten, sopranos; Jeanne Maubourg and Florence Wickham, contraltos; Otto Goritz, Herman Weil and Dinh Gilly, barytones; Antonio Pini-Corsi and Leon Rothier, bassos, and the numerous other principals completing the sixty-one on the Metropolitan books, receive from $20,000 to $2500 a year for their efforts.

And yet there are many other expenditures. Take that pertaining to the payment to the music-publishing firms for the performing rights of operas. One firm in Milan receives from the Metropolitan $350 every time Puccini's La Bohême is sung. The price originally was $150, but the cost of living is increasing. The same composer's Tosca and Madame Butterfly cost the management of the New York opera house $400 for a single presentation, while The Girl of the Golden West comes even higher. The copyright owners ask $500 for permitting this Puccini work to be given in public. Do not imagine for a moment, however, that Giacomo Puccini receives the major share of these royalties, which make up practically the total outlay in this respect which the Metropolitan makes every season. That goes to the Milan music company, generally credited with being the shrewdest music publishers connected with opera, who, for reasons of their own, are said to allow another manager to give Puccini operas for sums considerably below those which must be paid by the Metropolitan.

An Opera Season Without Puccini

THE attitude of these publishers caused a break in the former arrangements existing between this house and the Philadelphia-Chicago company last fall, when General Manager Andreas Dippel refused to agree to give the number of performances of Puccini works asked by the Italian publishers for the season of 1911-12. Mr. Dippel has gotten along very well without them, for he will break nearly even on the year, thanks to the guaranty against loss provided by public-spirited Philadelphia citizens and the increased patronage in Chicago, where the ten-week season was recently concluded.

Last year the Philadelphia-Chicago organization, just starting out, found the financial situation rather hard. When a final accounting was made it appeared that nearly a quarter of a million dollars had been lost. The twenty weeks was divided between the two cities making up the name of the company of which Mr. Dippel is executive head; and, though Philadelphia responded generously in supporting the cause, Chicagoans followed a partial stay-at-home policy. The Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia is one of the most completely equipped edifices ever built, and opera in that city has become almost as much of a social function as it is in New York. The business policy, modeled after that of the New York Metropolitan Company, with which the Philadelphia-Chicago institution is affiliated, is modern to the last detail; and Mr. Edward T. Stotesbury, a business associate of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, is a prime mover in its affairs.

During the two-and-a-half-month season in Philadelphia, soon to end, French opera has predominated. Massenet's Cendrillon is one of the novelties brought to this country for the first time; and Mary Garden,

A View of the Stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, Showing the Auditorium in the Distance

Luisa Tetrazzini, Charles Dalmores, tenor; Carolina White, soprano; Jeanne Gerville-Réache, contralto; Mario Sammarco, Hector Dufranne and Clarence Whitehill, barytones, and Gustav Huberdeau, basso, are some of the leading artists.

The Boston Opera Company, under General Manager Henry Russell, pays the stipulated price for the performing rights of Puccini operas and a few other bills as well. This year Boston had an eighteen-week schedule that cost the institution, backed chiefly by Mr. Eben Jordan, $700,000. The loss will total over $200,000. Mr. Jordan recently asserted that unless others in Boston assist in carrying the financial burden he will withdraw his support.

As may be seen, there is expense at every turn for the men engaged in giving extended seasons of opera on a high artistic plane. Economize as much as possible, yet there is always some waste. Though a watchful business controller in the person of Mr. John Brown has his hand on the dollars of the Metropolitan Company before they are paid out he cannot always check expenditures regarded by some as extravagant. While his associates are abroad Mr. Brown remains in New York to see that no one runs off with the opera house.

This young man, not yet thirty-five, is a controller who controls—the watchdog of the Metropolitan's fat bank account. If some one mislays a postage stamp or a sheet of music Mr. Brown's effective system can trace it. He has helped introduce economic measures that are saving thousands each year and he is well worth the twelve thousand he receives. Besides, Mr. Brown is the executive officer on the business bridge of the operatic ship; and during the season he works sixteen hours in each twenty-four, Sundays and holidays included. He is one of Mr. Gatti's two hands, the other being Arturo Toscanini.

Every business department head reports to Mr. Brown, particularly when a debt threatens. Sometimes the controller vetoes its creation. Otherwise his O. K., J. B., has to go down in writing. The purchase of supplies of any sort or the addition of another name to a department payroll sheet cannot be done without his sanction. The sole exceptions pertain to the artistic end, which is in Mr. Gatti's hands; but even he is required to make an accounting to the controller. Cab fares used by artists and others when the company goes to Philadelphia or some other city; hauling charges for trunks and settings, and transportation bills, finally pass over the desk of John Brown. The insurance man and the customs broker—for from $7000 to $10,000 a year is paid every season to bring new settings and costumes into the United States from the other side—also visit Mr. Brown with their big and little bills.

Respective heads of departments keep strict account of work done and contracted for, reporting difficulties to Mr. Brown—with the exception of Mr. Toscanini and Edward Siedle, technical director, who also work hand in hand with Mr. Gatti; but within their departments the bosses are supreme so far as carrying out their work is concerned. No better example can be furnished of the details in which a department is immersed than that over which Mr. Siedle has presided during the last twenty years.

Great Expenditures for Scenery and Costumes

THE technical end of opera is scarcely less essential than the musical; for, without scenes and costumes, where would opera be? The visual element in an operatic performance has done much to cause the public's liking for this branch of musical art. Small wonder, then, that expert scenic painters, headed by James Fox, modelers and draftsmen are employed all the year round to plan new productions and occasionally prepare fresh sets for operas in the standard repertoire to replace those that have been worn out or which may be improved by the creation of finer wood-and-canvas pictures.

In the Metropolitan's six storehouses, located in various parts of New York readily accessible to the opera house, are one hundred complete productions, as they are officially known. Each of these productions is composed of from one to eight scenes, made up of what are known as set pieces, drops and backs, and furniture, hangings, pictures and other articles needed to convey to the eye all that it is intended should be shown. The cost of a single production ranges from $10,000 to $50,000, according to the length and character of the opera. One work may require only a comparatively small financial outlay, whereas another needs from two to five times as much to create the series of stage settings. Then there is the cost of the costumes to be computed, which sometimes call for as much as $10,000, exclusive of what several of the foremost principals pay for their own apparel and accouterments. Had it not been possible to buy the costumes of the opera of Boris Godonof in Paris, after their use in that city, their duplication alone would have cost $50,000.

The total investment in the one hundred productions owned by the Metropolitan has already reached nearly $3,000,000; yet this sum is not carried on the books as an asset. Whatever is spent each year for scenery, properties, accessories and costumes goes down as part of the annual operating expense; but the difficulty attached to disposing

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company

of this operatic equipment—should occasion ever arise for such a step—prevents viewing it as something of tangible value available for turnover. When the effects of the former Manhattan Opera Company were purchased from Oscar Hammerstein, two years ago, he received many thousands of dollars less than the prices originally paid.

Mr. Siedle not only must add constantly to his already comprehensive knowledge of history and costume periods, but he frequently consults libraries to gain information in planning for the execution of a proposed new opera. Famous designers on the other side too—among whom is Paquereau—are consulted. In his own workrooms Mr. Siedle has little time for anything other than matters attached to his profession. Scenery that needs rebuilding is reconstructed under his supervision. This always takes place in the summer months on the immense flooring that is laid over the orchestra seats in the auditorium of the opera house. Here the carpenters and painters construct and reconstruct; and when a set is completed a flashlight photograph is taken, to be filed away in the technical records. There, too, are kept books showing the exact location in one of the storehouses of each set piece, drop, back, fly, hanging, property and costume. Each article is given a number, so that it may be located instantly. Already the number of individual pieces belonging to the Metropolitan Company runs into the thousands.

The storehouses are divided into two classes—"live" and "dead." In the two latter are kept the novelties that have failed to win constant public support—productions of operas seldom if ever used in these days, such as Les Huguenots and L'Africaine—and worn-out bits that may come in handy on occasions. Four storehouses contain the scenic paraphernalia in current demand, and in them a dozen men are kept constantly at work. The massive stage of the Metropolitan, a maze of trapdoors, machinery of every modern description for operatic purposes, fly galleries, ropes, counterweights and electrical apparatus, must be gone over and repaired every summer. While the carpenters, painters, electricians and machinists are engaged in strengthening materials that have become overused, replacing strained ropes with new ones, touching up sets and other scenic portions that have become rubbed and worn, and repairing such furniture as needs attention, the costume department plies needle and thread on garments that have become ripped or rent.

When one considers that each operatic novelty represents an outlay of many thousands of dollars and that in a single season its possible presentation to the public is limited to from one to eight performances, the element of hazard is at once apparent. Then there is the deterioration to be figured, due to the wear and tear and to the action of the elements, for scenery frequently stands on trucks outside the opera house for hours before it can be removed to the proper storehouse.

Apart from day-to-day labors of the corps of employees directed by the superintendent of the opera house, no great effort is required on the auditorium. The red-and-gold decorations require no going over, the big and handsome yellow curtains seem to take on added richness of tone as years roll on, and the upholstery and seats are so substantial that only slight repairs are called for. Cleaning alone appears the main requisite, and in this regard the auditorium, foyers and rooms of the Metropolitan have ample attention.

Along in September of this year the early vanguard of scenery and costumes purchased or made to order abroad will begin to arrive in New York. Before it has been inspected, inventoried, photographed and put away for future use, one or more of Mr. Gatti's staff will return. A few weeks later the general manager himself will put in an appearance, and then the great machine of the opera house will tighten up. Next will come a preliminary announcement to the waiting newspapers, hungry for the first scrap of information, and shortly afterward the opening of the season subscription sale of seats and grand-tier boxes—the latter, to the number of thirty-five, being open to the general public. This is the final step of the introductory stage, which needs only the formal issuing of the prospectus, setting forth the season's plans, in which the fresh works to be produced, the proposed operatic revivals and the list of old and new principals, conductors, stage managers, and so on, are announced. Only one added bit of data is required—the opera that is to open the season, the cast that will appear and the *chef-d'orchestre*.

Gradually the eve of the first performance approaches. Daily newspapers carry thousands of dollars in advertising; rehearsals progress in every part of the opera house—the orchestra in the pit of the auditorium, the ballet in the rehearsal room recently built on the roof of the nouse, sections of the chorus in the foyers and large available rooms; and dozens of the score and more of dressing rooms are alive with artists singing portions of rôles to the piano accompaniment of the assistant conductors, who act as coaches.

When performances actually begin the activities seem to take on renewed energy, because then there are rehearsals of semi-complete and complete character that demand the services of every person connected with the artistic department of the company. Getting ready for a first night is a task that drives nearly every one concerned almost distracted; and when a dress rehearsal of a new opera finally arrives tempers approach the explosion point. During a season, every day at the opera house is a field day. From nine o'clock in the morning until six or seven in the evening no employee, regardless of position, is free from labor. Only those principals who have sung at a performance or rehearsal on the afternoon or night preceding are exempt. The rest, including the working singers who receive large emoluments, toil unceasingly until the task at hand is pronounced ready for the public's consideration. A bulletin board summons stars, conductors, stage manager, ballet directors, chorus masters and others to duties assigned for specific places in the opera house at stated hours. It is pretty close to bedlam in the Metropolitan when the season is on—and there is no rest for the weary.

Big Repertoires for American Audiences

WHILE all this musical rumpus is going on Giulio Gatti-Casazza faces one of his really difficult problems. This problem, which rises early each morning and seemingly never sleeps, is the making of the repertoire. Chess is child's play compared with the task of selecting the operas to be performed, the days of their presentation and the chief singers who can be utilized for the principal rôles. The general manager begins by listing the standard operas in popular demand and the few novelties used from year to year that have proved partial or complete successes. In European opera houses the patrons feel that efficient management is shown when from eight to a dozen operas are assembled to form a repertoire; but nothing like this obtains in New York. There opera-goers insist upon—and get—no less than twenty different works every season; and often the number runs as high as thirty.

Mr. Gatti's chief caution must be exercised in avoiding the performance of a certain opera oftener than twice in the season on any given subscription night or matinée. And, even with such a narrow latitude, he is forced to see to it that such repetition does not take place without a lapse of eight to ten weeks between the original and the second presentations. If unavoidable circumstances leave no other alternative than to disregard this rule there is trouble. A Monday-night subscriber, who is the most fashionable and critical with whom the manager has to deal, wants as many different operas as possible and all the stars obtainable when he occupies his orchestra seat or box. Woe betide Mr. Gatti if he repeats Aida or Orfeo on a Monday evening within a few weeks after its prior performance, provided it has taken place on that evening of the week. The attitude of the Wednesday-night subscribers, next in importance to the first mentioned, is similar; and so, too, is that of the patrons of Friday evening, Saturday matinée and Thursday night, who are ranged thus in relative social standing.

Sitting at his flat-top desk, with a huge chart before him, the Metropolitan's chief executive arranges and rearranges throughout every day in the twenty-two weeks that fray sensitive nerves. This chart is a printed form, blocked off in small squares to the number of three hundred and thirty-six, thus allowing for afternoons and evenings for twenty-four weeks. Across one line are regular and extra spaces for every day in the week, and running down the sheet are similar blanks, enabling Mr. Gatti to place any notations he sees fit, which act as a guide

to show what works have been performed or are to be performed on any given night or afternoon during the home and out-of-town seasons. It is an operatic timetable, with which the general manager runs his limited express train, laden with musical wares for a particular people.

The choosing of operas for specified occasions, however, is only one of the factors that cause frequent managerial brain contortions. The casting of the various rôles brings more creases to Mr. Gatti's brow than anything else. It is not alone a question as to the principals available, for there are usually enough to go round. The chief obstacle to surmount is to give every first-rate artist the number of performances his or her contract calls for. Unless this is done the Metropolitan is paying for services not rendered.

It would never do to report that Miss Farrar or Madame Destinn had received several thousands in the coin of the realm which she had not sung for. Hardly! Therefore arrangements are made with the Boston and the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Companies whereby an exchange of artists is effected. Says the Metropolitan to its colleagues: "We'll let you have half a dozen of our stars when they can be spared if you pay us their salaries; and once in a while you may send us a few of your best warblers." The result is that, with its large organization, which has many more principals than either of the two other companies, the Metropolitan sells more musical merchandise than it buys, and is thereby able to take care of the guaranteed performances to its artists. The annual income from this source varies, but in 1911-12 it will reach $75,000.

Another outlet for the excess appearances of some of the Metropolitan singers is the concert field. In the past five years this business has grown to an extent requiring the creation of a special department, which now takes in from $75,000 to $100,000 a season. The beauty of an opera-house contract with a principal is that the singer agrees to appear a given number of times within a prescribed period, and at such places as the management may indicate. Provision for traveling expenses only is specified. These appearances may be in either opera or concert. Until last year, when a new contract was entered into, Caruso agreed to sing for the Metropolitan one hundred times every twelve months for $168,000, and the opera company always secured his European and other engagements. The great tenor was farmed out, so to speak. Now he sings fifty times a season for the New York organization and is paid $2200 for each rôle he undertakes. In case Caruso is asked to exceed his guaranteed performances he is paid at the prevailing rate. On the other hand, he must sing to collect, else his bank account does not grow. Last year he lost $40,000 through illness, and two years before almost that amount.

There was a time when the artistic section of the opera ran the business office, chasing it about unceremoniously, with rude proddings that wore impresarios to the bone. In these days, however, the boot has shifted, and one-thousand-dollar-a-night artists say "Yes, sir!" to the manager's commands and roll over whenever they are told. As may be seen, the business side of an operatic enterprise—efficiently administered—has been the force in its artistic development. The thrill of a distinguished tenor's high tones, the sonorous sweep of a fine orchestra, ballet dancing that charms, and scenic splendor perfect to the last detail, are tangible factors for public discussion; but the one element that creates it all—that welds the component parts into a cohesive whole, keeping them intact when they waver—is commonly overlooked.

To keep society's flock in good humor is the first duty of the Metropolitan management, as well as of those controlling the working policies of the companies operating in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Opera, especially in the cases of America's Big Three, reigns first for those whose plump pocketbooks show elastic willingness to foot huge bills for the common herd afterward.

With the opera business of the United States virtually vested in these organizations, each confining its efforts to given territorial zones, the public for the first time in musical history beholds an industrious and carefully planned procedure that has displaced former hit-or-miss methods. The march of operatic events in this country has gradually been dominated by the business side, which has been put to use other than raising the funds necessary to obtain wonderful voices and the accessories of operatic pomp.

Few persons bound homeward after three hours of music, dramatic action and pictorial display remotely reflect upon the business problems connected with a single performance. For them the burning issue is what has or has not been done, according to the messages conveyed to their brains through the mediums of ears and eyes. A slight mishap on the stage that may cause the disarrangement of some piece of scenery is the signal for critical comment, no matter how perfect the remainder of the effort may be. The necessary substitution of one singer for another whose popularity is a shade greater brings sharp censure. The enforced change of an opera because of the illness of a principal essential to the cast is more than likely to raise a wail of fault-finding. And the management is receiver-general for any blame forthcoming, though rarely praised by the public for any artistic glory achieved.

In catering to so hypercritical a clientèle as this, it is only natural that every person in such an organization as the Metropolitan should be constantly strung up to a high nervous pitch. The business personnel and the artists are working on a hair-trigger, with the heaviest load centering upon the former. Expensively gowned women and men in immaculate attire may not realize this, yet the fact is patent to those who stop to think. The late Maurice Grau was the first Metropolitan manager to become cognizant of the situation, and he wisely started to build a business department many years ago. By degrees it has grown in size and efficiency through the labors of his successors, until now it is a machine whose wheels mesh with that nicety that makes for maximum power at a minimum of effort.

It is well that this is so, for there are many details other than those pertaining to actual performances.

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

XVII

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER N. EVERETT

"Cross My Palm With Silver, Sir"

SYLVIA was seated at a small table in the middle of the tent. Opposite her on the other side of the table was a vacant chair. She wore a flaming red gown, tightened beneath her bust with a broad girdle of gold-colored tinsel. The ends of it hung down heavily and indicated the slenderness of her figure. Her bright hair was concealed beneath a wig of long, raven-black locks. And the queer thing was one perceived at once that this dark crown was the logical setting for her features. It revealed that ancient fierceness of the aboriginal feminine, with which she was so well endowed and which her yellow braids had always concealed. In the beginning all women had black hair. The blond shade so many of them retain now is a sort of disguise they have developed by prayer and by the practice of light-colored innocency. But you can never know the real nature of any woman until you have examined her features in their native shade of dark hair. Blue eyes and the fairest skin will make confession there of traits never suspected so long as they were haloed in corn-tassel curls.

To see Sylvia now was to behold a revelation. Her face was a gem—human, blood illumined, but crystal cold. The heart of such a woman is the crucible of a beautiful baby, but that is its purpose. It sustains her, not you. She can no more open it to the tender fires of love than a ruby can bleed. She is a thing to possess, to keep, to hold, to have and to love, but that is her desire and her limit. She is so made that she cannot love in return. Therefore, she is the remaining, everlasting, untrodden frontier toward which all lovers strive in vain.

But the fact that she could not love did not mean that she could not flame high with an anger that amounted to rage when deprived of her mastering passion to excite love in another. She sat now like a slender, red-lipped, furious-eyed conflagration, her elbows resting upon the table and her chin in her two hands folded under it, with the fingers pressed hard into the glowing cheek on either side. She was thinking of this—that every man and every woman on the lawn had been into the tent to have their fortunes told except Jim Bone. She was making up her mind what this meant. And, as fast as she made it, the fury of her indignation dissolved it and she had it all to do over again. An enraged woman has a power of imagination and of vindictiveness where a man is concerned that the devil might well envy. Slowly the dark pupils of her eyes brightened and glistened in the gathering rain of her tears. This is always an indication of reaction of emotion in a woman, and a sign that she has made up the thing she calls her mind—which is really the passing formula of her feelings—into a pious or a cruel resolution. You may be sure when you see them that she has either yielded to martyrdom or to vengeance. In Sylvia's case it was the latter, of course. Such a woman never chooses the sanctities of grief. She determined that never again would she speak to Jim Bone or even recognize his existence. As the tears flowed down her face in a perfect torrent of relief she was enjoying the most delightful satisfaction of a mortified woman, that of crucifying the man she wanted for a lover. She pictured the times and occasions when she would accomplish his sufferings. She was trampling him in advance beneath her snowy feet as if he had been the grapes in the winepress of her wrath. At this moment, when he had been utterly discomfited and destroyed in her imagination, there fell upon the bright triangle of sunlight admitted by the drawn flaps of the tent the long, exaggerated figure of a man advancing. The next moment Jim Bone stood before her, breathless, excited like a man who has escaped pursuers.

"Sylvia!" he exclaimed, staring at her with startled eyes. "Sylvia, what is it?"

He had seen the tears—or had he seen them? If so, by what miracle had they disappeared?

With a quick motion of her hands, a flurry of her long red sleeves, a stiffening of her figure, she sat before him calmly, coolly brilliant, with no more expression of recognition than a gipsy shows to a customer.

"Tell your fortune, sir?" she murmured in the sing-song, ingratiating voice of her rôle.

He sat down opposite her, silent, with the puzzled expression of a man who is looking for a person he knew and expected to find in this place.

"Past, present and future I can tell," she went on, shuffling a deck of cards and gazing into his face with the expression of a youthful sphinx who was reading his soul.

"Sylvia," he cried, leaning across the table with the passionate protecting tenderness of a hundred knights in his glowing face, "has anybody done anything to you?"

He knew what he meant, but his training did not permit him to put it into words nicely. He was thinking of how many times during the afternoon he had seen Fanning-Rucker coming in and out of the tent, sometimes conducting a party of guests, but more often alone.

With one hand now she held a fan of cards which she studied with well-feigned interest, as if she traced his fate from one to another and discovered marvelous adventures

revealed by the Fates. The other hand she laid upturned upon the table, so that the pink palm showed and glowed upon the dull brown wood.

"Cross my palm with silver, sir," she said, lifting her mystery-darkened eyes from the cards to his face.

He submitted to the whim of her disguise, looked down at the slender fingers, at the pink palm veined like a pretty flower, leaned back sideways in his chair, poked one leg out the way a man always does when he yields his pocket, thrust his hand deep into it, drew forth a gold-piece and laid it reverently upon the gipsy's life line.

"Such a hand was made for gold, not silver!" he laughed, and was delighted with this new gift he discovered in himself for fine speech.

"I see," said Sylvia in a musing voice, "your past ——"

"No, you don't," exclaimed her victim.

"Clearly," she persisted as if she were far beyond the sound of his protest.

"I see a great grassy prairie, thousands of cattle, men riding around them in a wide circle. I see strange camps—or are they towns?" She paused as if the sight before her eyes was devilishly clear, but not to be mentioned in detail. "I see women—two, three, four, five ——" Her eyes widened, as if even in a trance one may experience scandalized amazement.

"No!" shouted the ex-gallant of mining camp music halls and saloons. "You don't see a single woman! There's never been one in my life till now. Sylvia, don't torment me. I tell you I never saw a woman till I saw you! Let the dead past bury its dead. That's Scripture, and mighty good Scripture too. Tell me the present and future. That's all that counts anyhow."

"Your interruptions have broken the spell!" she said, looking up from her cards and speaking naturally.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Jim to himself.

"You will have to cross my palm again before I can go on," said the acquisitive fortune teller.

He crossed this time with a larger coin.

"Your hand, please," she demanded. He spread it out before her—each thick finger to itself, the great rough palm deeply seamed.

She bent her head over it. She studied it, holding aloof as if she were looking at an ugly, crawling beetle.

"You have recently come into a large fortune. You are spending it wisely. You are winning friends. I see the Bone building open, people streaming through the doors. I hear music inside—and is this the window of a ticket office in one of the towers, with Tony Adams changing money inside?"

Jim snickered, and wondered how soon others also would guess the perfectly patent explanation of the Bone building.

"I see you lifting tombstones from the quarry and looking up at Mildred Percey, who—I can't make out what Mildred is doing—she is bringing you notes. She ——"

"That's all right!" interrupted Bone. This was the first he knew of how astutely the little epitaph business that Mildred was carrying on had been observed.

The fortune teller drew back apologetically as if she had inadvertently penetrated into the region of a love correspondence.

Mr. Bone saw the implication as plainly. He blushed. He would have liked to strangle the innocent poetess.

He brushed his hands together with a quick smacking sound as if he were dusting off a disagreeable matter for which he was in no way responsible.

"Now the future!" he exclaimed.

"The other hand," she said, dismissing his right as if it were an old book too easily read and of little interest.

He yielded his left, spread it wide as if he prayed her to read it all.

She bent her head over it, her face half veiled with the long black locks that fell on either side. She caught her breath as if she scarcely believed the evidence of her own eyes. She touched his fingers gingerly, drew them back one at a time to make sure there was no mistake.

His blood leaped up at the cool pressure. He was wild with impatience. Far out upon the lawn he could hear the laughter and clatter of women's voices. He was afraid of an interruption.

"Well?" he exclaimed at last, no longer able to bear the suspense.

"I'd rather not tell," she pronounced softly.

With the egotism of his sex he was delighted at this sudden diffidence. He concluded that it was the modesty of a maiden who could not tell that she saw her own fate in the lines of the rough palm, yet who wished to indicate that this was the case. There is no creature living so blindly quick to believe in his own attractions as a man. Nothing—neither experience nor observation will ever teach them that the only women who love them are their wives, these being in a position where they have no choice. But not one of them could be sure of the most tractable maiden ever enclosed by an engagement ring so long as she has the chance of speculating on the love of another man. When a girl is sweetly yielding to her lover, declaring her devotion, swearing tender fidelity, it only means one of two things: that there is no other possible lover in sight; or, most likely, that she is merely subtracting the full ratio of his affection by offering the imaginary equation of her own. She is speculating in the only thing women know how to speculate in—the love of man. She is cornering her market in him against the possible other woman. She is the great original inventor of romantic watered stock. She is taking all she can get upon highly colored representations. She is devouring him. This is fair, for it is exactly what he does to her after marriage. God is a wonderful God. There is no possible chance of false measure between man and man or between man and woman in the age-long balancing of His scales of justice. The discrepancies we think we observe are only apparent, and are due to the fact that for one mortal reason or another we have not time to linger long enough beside the registering beam of His weights to see Him drop in a few extra providences to balance the other fellow's luck.

He Spent His Evenings Whistling and Snickering Over Them

"Sylvia, tell me the future! Oh, confess it, girl!" whispered Jim, trembling with the ecstasy of having his lover's vanity gratified and striving to get a glimpse of the fortune teller's face.

"You will have great success and great wealth," she went on evenly. "But in this hand your life line is shortened. You will die young!"

"Never mind when I die," he laughed, still crowding her as he imagined. "Only say that I shall marry soon!"

"Oh, marry?" she murmured as if she had not considered that worth foretelling. Then she went back over each line in the great palm, tracing it quizzically with her index finger. She paused at little romantic cross stitches here and there, dwelt upon them as possibilities, then passed on. "I cannot find that you do," she announced.

His hand closed instantly and firmly over her fingers.

"You are not looking in the right place, Sylvia," he whispered. "Look at me. You'll find that prophecy written just in front of you if you'll look up!"

She lifted her head and showed him a face of incomparable loveliness, but without a trace of embarrassment or emotion. She was like a red-winged butterfly wheeling beyond his reach. If you have ever observed how little expression there is in a butterfly's countenance you will be better able to interpret a woman like Sylvia. The thing is only a meaningless pair of gorgeous wings, the symbol of what it is not. Sylvia was merely a false intimation, a charm. She had the body of love, but she was herself nothing but this appearance. In this fleeting moment, when he saw in her all that a man could desire in a woman, she was only the cool mathematician of his passion, the calculating miser of emotions in him that she could not feel herself. It happened in a moment. Still holding her fingers with his left hand he thrust the table aside with the other, stood up, drew her to him fiercely, held her, burned her face with kisses.

She was delighted with the computing pleasure of one who adds a digit to his fortune. Never before had she acquired so much in return for what she was really giving—nothing—and she could give nothing. But the instinct of the mere female was alarmed in her. She struggled to release herself.

"You forget yourself!" she exclaimed.

"I do!—but not you! I think of nothing but you. I have thought of nothing else since the first day I saw you. Everything I do is for you. Everywhere I go, east or west, my steps are taken just toward you. I'm tearing down this old town and building it up again, all for you, Sylvia!"

He gasped, dampened, astonished and frenzied afresh by the coolness with which she stood now regarding him, smoothing her dishevelment as collectedly as a bird sits upon a bough and beaks its feathers into place after a flight through the wind.

"I say it's all for you. I love you. I want you for my wife. I am living and dying for you, darling!"

At this moment there was heard the tapping of a cane upon the gravel of the walk outside. From time immemorial lovers have borne outrageous interruptions, if not with patience, at least without vengeance. Doubtless Cain—that first knight in search of a lady, who found her in that other land—experienced the same difficulty. He had not more than finished explaining his excellent family connections to her and taken her hand, prefatory to a declaration of his passion, when some stranger passed by, paused, and observed with astonishment and vulgar interest that he was dressed as a foreigner. Yet nothing is said in the Scriptures of Cain's indignation. Lovers always bear interruptions with the meekness of thieves.

The tapping drew nearer.

"It's Miss Amy!" whispered Sylvia.

She motioned imperatively to the table that lay upon its side with its legs kicked up at horrified angles. Jim sullenly restored it, right side up, between the two chairs.

"Sylvia!" deeply droned Amy's voice.

"Come in, Miss Amy, and get your fortune told," invited Jim Bone, meeting her and guiding her past the tent pole at the entrance between the flaps.

He leaned over and whispered something to Sylvia as Amy settled herself, smiling, on the other side of the table. The girl started, flushed, then hesitated.

"But it would be cruel," she whispered in return.

"It's a fact. There is a chance of it. I've written to a specialist about it," he persisted. Then aloud:

"Lay your palms upon the table just so, Miss Amy."

"No, no," she laughed.

"Just to please the fortune teller and me," he insisted.

"Oh, well, have your way," she consented with the air of an old angel willing to play dominoes with fate to please the children, not that she cared anything about the issue.

Sylvia uncurled the fingers of the two soft old hands, looked into the dreaming face above them, then at Jim, as if she were doubtful about breaking into so peaceful a slumber. He nodded that she should go on.

"You shall have the desire of your heart!"

"Ah, what is it?" said Amy as if she good-naturedly searched herself to please them.

"You shall have what you lost a very long time ago."

A change swept over the blind face as if suddenly a curtain had been lifted and profane, earthly eyes saw far within an altar standing in darkness. Sylvia felt the two palms tremble as they were withdrawn and folded together like a book that is closed.

"Never offer a candle to the blind, my dear!" she said, rising. "It is dangerous!"

XVIII

THE lawn party at Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's completed Jim Bone's evolution into all the rights and privileges of citizenship in Ruckersville and rendered him the lion of its social circle. He and Bimber could no longer take their walk down Elbert Avenue in the late afternoon without being prettily hailed from at least two or three verandas by the chirruping voice of Mildred Percey or the still more chirruping voice of Mary Yancey. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker herself never failed to wave him a complimentary salutation if she chanced to be walking beneath the autumn trees on the lawn. He was high in the graces of this lady and had even enjoyed the distinction of declining an invitation to dinner. A certain humorous delicacy made it impossible for him to sit at meat with a man he had kicked. And it was a fact that Mrs. Martin had called him in to consult upon ways and means of increasing the Bible Woman's Fund, which was still behind. And if he met Leonora Bell on her way home from school he was always obliged to stand hat in hand in a sidewalk tête-à-tête upon some highly moral subject—the only topics upon which

Leonora would converse. Indeed, whenever he found himself approaching this lady he experienced the disagreeable sensation of beginning to climb at once, of stepping upon his dead self to some higher thing in her honor. Bimber accepted this change and these interruptions philosophically, passing the time snuffing among the gathering autumn leaves and plumy goldenrod stalks in the trenches that divided the side path from the street, and in talking cheerfully to himself with his tail.

The most intimate Boswell cannot always construe accurately the changes that take place in the habits of his hero, and this author is, therefore, unable to say for certain why Mr. Bone ceased to take his accustomed walk out Elbert Avenue in the late afternoons. Whether it was due to the increasing demands of his business or to the fact that the moment he set foot there he became a mere ladies' man and subject to the whims and caprices of veranda femininity; or whether—and this seems most likely—it was because he could get no glimpse of Sylvia about the old house beyond the cow pasture on the edge of town, it would be hard to say. Upon the one or two occasions when he had made bold enough to call, he was received only by old Clark Story, who invariably explained that his daughter was out, and took a promoter's advantage of the occasion to exploit the mineral possibilities of his grassy cornfields and stump-toed cotton patches. It appeared that Sylvia was hibernating, romantically speaking. He occasionally saw her walking along the streets of the town, red and golden and wind-blown like the autumn leaves that were now falling from the trees and that sometimes accompanied her in little whirls and eddies of motion from the branches above, as if they recognized a relationship.

The one place where he continued to meet Sylvia was in Amy's house. Amy, who was sensitive to the cold, had withdrawn from her window during the first gusty days of October and was now always to be found sitting in a tall, straight chair, with the firelight from her hearth, where fragrant hickory logs blazed, illumining her face and bringing out to a more glorious red the roses in her gown. You could have told the season of the year by the bright calendar of shawls upon Amy's shoulders. At this time she wore a little red crocheted shoulder cape. Later she was to be seen wrapped round and round in a thick, old-fashioned blanket shawl of more colors than any rainbow could ever flame. Still later, when the March winds dropped down and there was no more danger of neuralgia, she was to be seen with a tiny square of blue cashmere pinned over these same shoulders with a double plait in front. It was her sky-sign to the little spring angels that they might now let the dogwood blossoms out, and the red buds and the wild honeysuckle and all that sweet fragrance of April-kissing blossoms, which declare that the Lord is good and the earth is beautiful, and more particularly that the sun is now warm enough for an elderly lady-angel, still in the flesh, to take a few liberties with the weather.

Jim, I say, often found Sylvia meddling with Amy's beads when he came now for his afternoon visit. It appeared that Amy was teaching Sylvia the marvelous art of beading a girdle for her enchanting waist. I say this appeared to be the case. What Sylvia was really doing there only God and the sphinx knew. I draw you merely the picture of the scene they made: Jim sitting cross-legged and sideways on his chair, one arm thrown over the back of it, his hat resting upon his knee as if it were a knob and his face a completely equipped station for the wireless telegraphy of love signaling. Sylvia sat upon the other side of Amy on a low stool, head demurely bowed, drawing great draughts of information from Amy upon the art of sewing beads to a waistband in such a manner that no one afterward could resist the said waist.

But more often than not the entrance of Mr. Bone was a signal for laying aside this work, and the talk was all of Amy's Book of Life, upon which she was very busy these days. The secret had been confided also to Sylvia, who was sometimes called upon to copy strange passages for Amy—the old angel being subject to irrelevant fits of inspiration, when she could not wait for Elbert to come in the evening to write them down for her. Jim was himself the victim of such a mood upon one occasion.

"Jimmy," said Amy, "what is a hero?"

"What is a hero?" stammered Jimmy—"Did you say what is a hero?"

It was as if she had asked him to parse a terrible kind of verb. He looked this way and that with the blank expression of a boy who does not know his lesson. Sylvia added to his confusion by raising her eyes to his face with one of those waiting looks that is not a question but a personal commentary upon the victim.

"I don't know," he said at last. "Never saw one."

"I am wondering," Amy went on dreamily, "whether heroism is just an idea we have in our minds, or whether God knows that every man is a hero and we in our blindness have lost that sense of one another. Since I have been writing these scriptures of men and women in Ruckersville, it seems to me I can't make out one man better than another, or so much worse than another, according to all of their deeds. I am needing a hero, Jimmy, or else I've too many heroes. Seems as if my little Book of Life will be spoiled if I can't find a soul to top it off with. I doubt if it's just deeds, anyhow, that make a hero; but it's some quality of the spirit. The Old Testament wouldn't amount to much if it hadn't been for Moses. When it comes to pinning your faith, you'd rather believe in a leader like him than in the finest prophecies Isaiah ever wrote. Wish I could find the Moses for my little apochryphal scriptures—a man that could stir up Nature to furnish him with a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. I have always thought, Jimmy, that was a great compliment the universe paid Moses; and it shows that the very elements recognize a hero when they see him."

Thus Amy imagined that she held Mr. Bone's attention. As a matter of fact, she only furnished a high altitude from which he signaled across her to Sylvia, with every known art of the masculine eye. And when all is said that can be said of the coquetting of woman's eyes, it amounts to nothing compared with the superior force and boldness of a man's when he is inspired by passion. He will say things with them that few women would endure to hear translated into words. But in this mesmeric language they accept what he means without so much as the reproach of a blush. Sylvia had reduced her love to this kind of long-distance kissing silence. After the lawn party at Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's she had avoided being alone with him. But, safely sheltered beneath Amy's protecting wings, she sat like a little coal of fire who enjoyed having herself blown upon by her lover's passion, merely glowing to herself in return, but not to him. And never on these occasions when he met her there would she permit him to accompany her home. She made a thousand excuses to avoid this. She would be going to see Mrs. Fanning-Rucker, for example—this lady now professing as much interest in her as if she had made her the ward of her favor. Or she would be going for a little shopping—anywhere, any way, except straight home accompanied by Mr. Jim Bone. When a man has held you in his arms and kissed you, you become *particeps criminis* if you give him another opportunity to repeat it, no matter how much you may wish him to do so. Thus do women preserve the faith and admiration of men at the expense of their own desires. It is a curious thing about men that they fear and mistrust the character of any woman who confesses a nature and instincts similar to their own; although it is perfectly certain that the good God who made them both and endowed them very similarly is not of the same mind.

It was about this time that Jim Bone began to take a more than complimentary interest in Amy's Book of Life. Slowly the audacious idea took possession of him to use these scriptures for his own purpose. He had already observed the effect of the Town Testament upon the citizens of Ruckersville, with diabolical enjoyment. As a rule, the public opinion of Heaven is too far removed to affect human conduct to any appreciable degree. But if the Recording Angel himself had contributed this serial to The Monthly Mercury the result could not have been more startling to the victims, or more salutary. There were distinct indications of the reversing of earthly judgments and mortal estimates. The "last" was coming "first." Tony Adams, for example, who had long despised himself through being so thoroughly despised by his fellow townsmen, was

(Continued on Page 46)

What Sylvia Was Really Doing There Only God and the Sphinx Knew

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 30, 1912

Penalizing Parenthood

DOES Congress wish to promote race-suicide? Is it its aim to discourage the birth of legitimate children in the United States, and to punish the fathers and mothers of such legitimate children as are now being fed, clothed and educated in hundreds of thousands of homes? That is what its income tax will do if its present form is not so altered as to obviate the injustice it will work. Congress proposes to tax all incomes of more than five thousand dollars.

Any income tax in this country has always been held by those who favor it as something to apply in times of war or other great exceptional drain on the people's purse. Congress, however, in time of peace, with an eye on the gallery, begs the "poor man" to watch it make the "rich man" pay for running the Government. Let every American father who has a taxable income think over this proposal. This is how it will work:

Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown live next door to each other. Mr. Jones' income is ten thousand dollars; so is Mr. Brown's; therefore, since their incomes are equal, they must be equally taxed. That is as far as Congress sees; that is the gauge of its statesmanship. But Mr. Jones is a bachelor, supporting nobody but himself, while Mr. Brown has a wife and five children to feed and clothe and send to school and college. Tax these two men equally? Let every Mr. Brown in the country ask himself if that is a fair way to tax citizens, or if that is the way to encourage a man to marry and have children.

If there is to be an income tax let there be a rebate for every child a father is raising.

Why Be a Pole-Seeker?

WHY should anybody discover the South Pole? Travel in that region is admittedly disagreeable and dangerous in the highest degree. The discoverer will get mainly frostbites and chronic indigestion—a few days of wide notoriety, until some unwritten-law murderer drives him from the front page—a paragraph in the encyclopedia for people to read after he is dead. Why not tarry a while round the seventieth parallel and then claim to have discovered the Pole?

Of course, in that case, many people will say you are a liar; but if you do discover the Pole many people will say you are a liar too.

Why write a masterpiece that only a few persons will recognize as a masterpiece until long after the author's death, while in his lifetime some sloppy historical romance gets all the money and applause? Why spend laborious and poverty-stricken years in pursuit of a great scientific discovery when, by mixing an inexpensive compound of bad whisky, opium and pumpwater, sticking a fancy label on it and selling it as a sure cure for consumption, you can make more money in a short time than Pasteur made in all his life? Also, you may be highly respected as a pillar of society, while Pasteur was derided as a lunatic.

The answer is that men do these toilsome, ill-requited things because they must. Human nature is nearly always honest. A successful faker is really a rare freak. Cagliostro and Dowie were geniuses, almost as exceptional as Mozart and Milton—and both ended in failure. Contrary to a popular belief, we say: Never try to fake! If you are a natural-born faker of course you will fake anyhow—and very likely succeed at it. If you are not the rare natural-born faker you don't stand one chance in a thousand of putting it across.

Looting by Insiders

A BRAND-NEW congressional report shows all over again that H. O. Havemeyer organized the Sugar Trust in 1887 by combining seventeen competing refineries that were capitalized at six million dollars, for which the trust immediately issued fifty million dollars in stock, twenty millions going to Havemeyer and his associates. Five years later, Havemeyer and two other insiders personally bought nearly half the stock of the Spreckels Refining Company at par, soon exchanging it for trust stock at two for one.

"It is hardly possible," says the report, "that the three insiders cleared less than two and three-quarter million dollars on this transaction." The trust next absorbed the Franklin Refinery, its president again personally buying stock beforehand.

"It is probable that Mr. Havemeyer individually cleared more than a million dollars in this transaction"—this, mind you, while ostensibly acting in the interest of the trust's stockholders.

When the National Sugar Company was absorbed by the trust Mr. Havemeyer appears to have profited personally to the extent of seven and a half million dollars in stock. All the while Havemeyer and other insiders were running deals in the trust's stock on the exchange. It used to be said they made two dollars in stock jobbing for every dollar they made in refining sugar. At the time of his death Havemeyer owned less than nine hundred shares of trust stock. He had unloaded.

This outrageous stock watering, stock juggling and skinning of the corporation by insiders is one of the greatest of trust evils. The Sherman Law hasn't a word to say about this sort of thimblerigging, however, and Congress takes no step to prevent it.

Reclaiming the Everglades

THE Everglades of Florida are going the way of that Great American Desert whose waste aridity was described in the school geographies of our fathers; but the transformation is much more rapid. Lake Okechobee—the largest body of fresh water, except Lake Michigan, within the boundaries of the United States—is twenty-one feet above sea-level. It has low, marshy banks on the south, and during the rainy season it overflows, flooding the glades. Florida is digging five main canals, each fifty feet wide, from the lake to tidewater. When completed—a year from next summer—these canals will lower the level of the lake four feet, prevent its overflow, and thus reclaim a large part of the Everglades. When lowered, the lake will still cover half a million acres to a depth of three feet—a great reservoir from which water will be let into the canals and impounded by gates and locks for irrigation purposes as needed during the dry season. The soil of the Everglades is muck, two to fourteen feet in depth. The climate, of course, is subtropical, with frost almost unknown.

It is an admirable scheme, the practical value of which, we believe, is not questioned by any one competent to speak. It should be understood, however, that the Everglades will not be ready for cultivation when the state's job is done. Lateral canals and farm ditches must still be constructed by the landowners. This work is not very expensive, but takes some time. It should also be understood that anybody who buys land in the Everglades with his eyes shut is liable to the same disappointment which awaits a blind investor in the frosty North.

The Money Trust in Alaska

THE Morgan-Guggenheim interests are credited with a thrifty ambition to possess the mineral wealth of Alaska, including the great Bering River and Matanuska coalfields. Everybody knows that transportation is the key to possession of coalfields. The history of the anthracite fields in Pennsylvania and of the most important bituminous deposits shows that plainly enough. Naturally, therefore, the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, with almost unlimited command of capital, is building railroads in Alaska; and persons of relatively small financial power who desire to build competing railroads find it difficult to raise the necessary money. A road was built about halfway from the fine harbor of Seward to the Matanuska coalfield; then the supply of capital gave out and construction stopped.

What should the Government do in this case—have a Money Trust investigation to see why Morgan and Guggenheim can raise all the capital they want, though would-be competitors cannot? Or pass a law commanding the Money Trust to vanish? We think not. Fortunately, the Administration doesn't think so either. No possible Wall Street cabal can prevent the Government from raising capital, because it can sell bonds by popular subscription. The Government itself, of course, should build the railroad to the coalfield—being the only concern in sight, besides the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, that has the financial power to do so. Secretary Fisher recommends this. To ignore the recommendation and then complain that the Money Trust has Alaska by the throat would put Congress in a foolish position.

Coöperation and Government

SENDING us the annual report of the commissioners of Grand Junction, Colorado, for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1911, an enthusiastic resident observes: "I really believe we have the best city charter in the world." The concluding paragraph of the commissioners' report says: "Realizing fully the possibility of achievement when there is coöperative effort, we ask that the people indicate their wishes to us fully and frankly."

Why shouldn't they have the best city charter in the world? The leading industry in that locality is conducted coöperatively. Its guiding principle, as we understand it, is not what may be most advantageous to three or four exceptionally able or exceptionally lucky fruit-growers, but what is best for the fruit-growers as a body. A small proprietor has the advantages of skilled advice and marketing organization equally with a large one.

Probably it isn't a system calculated to produce Morgans, Rockefellers or Hills. Nietzsche, with his Overman philosophy of the big fish eating the little ones, wouldn't approve it; but for the average sort of persons, who make up nearly the whole world, it is more comfortable than the devil-catch-the-hindmost system. We should be surprised if the coöperative spirit did not produce good city government.

Our Disappearing Cavalry

THE House of Representatives tore a great hole in the pomp and panoply of war by reducing the cavalry establishment of the regular army from fifteen regiments to ten. A majority of army men no doubt opposes the reduction; but it was pointed out that, for military purposes, the horse is going the way the elephant went long ago. Machine guns and repeating rifles have already made cavalry nearly useless in actual combat. Railroads, telegraph and telephone have vastly restricted the cavalry's usefulness for the rapid movement of troops and for carrying information. Now the airship promises to take away the only remaining function—that of scouting. Cavalry played a small part in the war between Russia and Japan, and might almost have been dispensed with if the armies had had the aërial scouts that any army would have today. Germany has only one cavalryman to five and a half infantrymen; while our regular army has nearly half as many mounted as foot soldiers.

There must still be cavalry, of course. Without it there would be hardly any pomp and panoply left, and that is Mars' chief asset. War would not be tolerated if it were waged by farmers, mechanics, clerks and shopkeepers in their everyday civil attire. The tragedy would be too apparent. It's the uniforms, the serried ranks, the waving colors and the prancing steeds that make it tolerable. There must be some cavalry. What could a sculptor do with a man in an airship?

Will the President Dare?

THERE will be at Washington a Children's Bureau, extending the activities of the Federal Government into fields it has never, in such outright fashion, entered before. There will be an Industrial Relations Commission to take up broadly the questions of capital and labor. There will be, sooner or later, a Trust Commission, to do in respect to big interstate manufactures about what the Interstate Commerce Commission does in respect to railroads. There will be a parcels post and a Government-built railroad in Alaska. The Federal Government is the most growing concern in the country today.

Therefore the Federal Government must be essentially non-partisan. Politics in the Post-Office Department is bad enough. We saw not long ago what a political appointee did with the Interior Department. President Taft, with his special interest in the courts, has done well in appointing men to the Federal bench irrespective of party. In the diplomatic service he has done decidedly less well. With the ever-widening sphere of Federal activity, party appointments anywhere below the Cabinet are becoming intolerable. It is already time that the whole senatorial and congressional patronage graft were wiped out. Will the next president, whoever he may be, declare that no man can get any Federal job on a partisan recommendation? Will he have the sand to fight the Senate—if necessary—on that issue? The thing must be done. Governmental expansion is making it imperative. Why shouldn't the next president do it?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Cousin Bob

WHAT we like in this country is men who do things in a big way. The piker gets short shrift. The large operator is the person who commands admiration and gets away with the goods. Though it is quite true that small-bore poets and philosophers have been dinging at us for years and years that "little drops of water and little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land," the process is too slow to attract much attention in these United States. We adore the citizen who doesn't waste time collecting drops, but combines half a dozen oceans made up of somebody else's drops and produces The Sea, Unlimited, with each share of the preferred stock carrying a bonus of a share and a half of the common.

This demand is insistent in every walk of life. Scant heed, for example, is paid to the statesman who is a candidate for the vice-presidency; but the patriot who announces himself for the presidency gets his name in the papers—if only to be joshed! And so it goes. We are a wholesale people. We like the inclusive. Anything that is bigger than another thing is necessarily better—and this goes, except as to boils.

Wherefore, we salute Robert F. Broussard, of Louisiana. There is a tribune of the people who has the proper idea. It would have been easy—and perhaps satisfactory—for Broussard to have claimed kinship with a quarter or a half of the people down there; but Robert is not restricted in his views or in his claims. He goes in for broad effects. Consequently he declared himself cousin to every voter in the commonwealth—and he put it over. He is Cousin Bob from the southern muddy end of that state to the northern red end. He hasn't overlooked a bet or a family. He traces his kinship impartially. His genealogical chart looks like a weather map when there is a big storm coming from Medicine Hat; and it ramifies into every cottage, no matter how humble.

Cousin Bob! He has made it stick from Terrebonne to Cherry Ridge; and they like it, too, for Robert has a way with him that makes everybody happy to be included in his list of kin. To be sure, he didn't start as cousin to everybody. When he began he was merely cousin to everybody in Assumption, Iberia, LaFayette, Lafourche, Saint Martin, Saint Mary, Terrebonne and Vermilion; but he soon discovered that these eight parishes gave incomplete scope to his cousinly activities and capabilities, and he began to spread out over the state. Proceeding northward, he annexed parish after parish, bestowing the benediction of cousinship on all with whom he shook hands—and he shook hands with all.

It was not so long before he was the Universal Cousin. There may have been some who refused to be included in the list—but they were grouches, every one of them. Anyhow, it made no difference to Cousin Bob. If any voting citizen refused to be a cousin to Cousin Bob, far be it from Cousin Bob not to be a cousin to him—and the relationship went single, even if not double. Cousin Bob's philosophy is simple and effective. Certain Louisianians may protest they are not his cousins. That is a matter of minor importance. The point is that Cousin Bob is their cousin; and he is satisfied, even if they are not. It is quite impossible to stop Cousin Bob from being everybody's cousin. As I have said, he operates cousinwise on a large and effective scale.

Talking French and Walking Spanish

IT COMES pretty near to being true, at that, down in the Third Louisiana District, where Bob was born and where he has lived all his life. There are not many of the "Cayjins" to whom Bob is not related; and Broussards are as thick as pepperpods. Nine of them ran for various offices in one parish recently, I am told. So it is not to be wondered at that when Cousin Bob decided to come to Congress, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, all the cousins turned in and sent him there—and they have turned in each succeeding two years and sent him back. All Cousin Bob had to do was to make a speech or two in the vernacular—and there are none better in that line—and the cousins marched to the polls in sufficient numbers to overwhelm any upstart Republican who thought the Teche country would ever forget that blood is thicker than water—especially Democratic blood of the well-known and popular Broussard brand.

Cousin Bob knows them all and they all know him. There may be a statesman who can smile more radiantly, shake hands more warmly and remind the voters of that consanguinity more effectively than Cousin Bob; but if there is he has not yet flashed across the purview of my gaze. By referring to the picture that accompanies this gem of English prose you will see what I mean. That picture shows Cousin Bob at his cousinly best.

Cousin Bob at His Cousinly Best

Far be it from me to say that when Cousin Bob sought to extend his lines of relationship he had an ulterior motive. Far be it from me—but perhaps he did. At any rate, he began cousining up and down and hither and yon and across and back; and presently, when the moment was opportune, Cousin Bob told all his cousins he was firmly of the opinion that the great and constantly growing family of Broussard should have a United States senatorship within its membership. Where, asked Cousin Bob, would a toga drape more effectively than on the shoulders of a representative of us, my cousins? And, by the same token, said Bob, I have the proper shoulders for such an enterprise.

Well, there were others who thought they had the shoulders—which they had; but not the cousins, as will be shown. Governor Jared Young Sanders, who had been elected senator once and had resigned, fancied his own shoulders; and Arsène P. Pujo offered his. So at it they went, in a campaign leading up to the first primary, to decide which two of the three hopefuls should make the final race.

Sanders had his own powerful machine behind him and Pujo pujoed round after the manner of his kind; but everywhere they went they were greeted by the legions—the phalanxes—of Bob's cousins. Not a meeting did they address that had not its quota of cousins. They found them everywhere—and so did Cousin Bob.

The campaign waxed warm, the candidates waxed one another and the cousins never wavered. They were there to pay honor to their kinsman. Time came for the voting. It was a triumph for the cousins. Cousin Bob was first by so great a plurality that Sanders declined to make the second race, and Arsène P. Pujo was a bad third and had nothing to say or do except to come back to Washington and go to pujoing again. Whereupon, in due course, Cousin Bob will be a United States senator, whereat there is great rejoicing among his loyal and numerous relatives in Louisiana.

Broussard is one of the few members of Congress who can make political speeches in French. He is always sent to districts in Rhode Island and Massachusetts and Maine, where there are many French Canadians, during campaigns; and he can hand out a stump speech in the patois that brings those volatile citizens up standing. His popularity in his own district is unbounded—not only because of his kinship, both real and political, but because he has been assiduous in local affairs during his long service in Congress, and has looked out constantly for his own people. His ideas on the tariff on sugar may not accord with the ideas of the big planters, for instance, but they are in full sympathy with the small growers; and Broussard always sees to it that they are kept so. He is well liked in the House, and is a most engaging and companionable man, expert in legislative matters and of a good deal of ability.

As a campaigner he is a wonder! He maintains his grip on his own people and they are for him to a man. And as a cousin he has never been equaled in this or any other country. Being a cousin with Cousin Bob is more than a profession—it is an art!

A Pool in Eggs

A COMPANY of barnstorming actors rushed into a railroad eating house. The tragedian grabbed a dish containing six hard-boiled eggs and swept all the eggs on to a plate in front of him.

"Hey, girl!" shouted the leading man. "Set up them eggs again. This guy's run pool!"

The Forces of Light

THE late Arthur McEwen, a famous journalist of San Francisco and New York, was once engaged in a political fight in the California city in which the better element was arrayed against the bosses and their followers, and the better element was getting decidedly the worst of it.

On election morning McEwen met the bishop of the Episcopal diocese and the Catholic bishop on the street, both of whom had been active in the movement. The Episcopal bishop asked McEwen how things looked.

"Very bad!" said McEwen. "I don't think we have a chance. I understand they are paying four dollars apiece for votes against us down in some of the districts. I guess we're beaten!"

Both bishops were properly aghast at this iniquity and proceeded on their ways. Presently the Catholic bishop met McEwen again.

"Don't be discouraged, Arthur, me boy!" he said. "Though it may be true the forces of darkness are paying four dollars each for votes, I have reliable information the forces of light are paying five!"

A Sacrilegious Sentence

SCHUYLER COLFAX, son of the late Vice-President, and now by way of being something in the camera business, was once in politics in Indiana and achieved the distinction of being elected mayor of South Bend.

As mayor, part of his duty was to act as police judge. A town sot had been brought before him many times. Colfax had been lenient; but finally he sentenced the sot to jail until such time as he should have broken into sizes suitable for use on the road a big stone that was in the jail yard, even if it took thirty days.

The sot got a hammer and went at it. While he was working a jailer dropped round to watch him.

"Say, Jim," said the sot, "what do you think of that squirt of a mayor of ours?"

"Oh, he's all right!"

"I know; but would it get back to him if I spoke me mind?"

"Nope. Go ahead."

"Well, I think he's got a fierce case of swelled head. Here he's sentenced me to break up in a month or so a rock that it took God Almighty three thousand years to make!"

Mexican Manners

FRANCIS I. MADERO, President of Mexico, is a small man and somewhat sensitive on the subject. Not long ago Madero and his cabinet were photographed. Abraham Gonzalez, Secretary of State, is a very tall man and stout, and he was required to stand next to Madero when the picture was taken.

Madero lifted his eyes to the top of the head of the great Gonzalez, observed the difference in stature and coughed slightly.

Then he said: "I feel that my size will not show to advantage unless we are seated."

"Your Excellency," replied Don Abraham, "if you could only stand on your wisdom we should all be dwarfs."

"Well said," Madero returned, "provided you did not stand on your courtesy at the same time."

And the cheers of the onlookers were mingled with the hoarse cries of the revolutionists.

The Downtrodden Automobile

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SOME automobilists will tell you that, in driving a car, the chief difficulty is with tires; but they are mistaken. The chief difficulty, as a matter of fact, is with people.

Here is a remarkable psychological fact: The horse admittedly is one of the stupidest of animals. His brain is almost impervious to anything less penetrating than a drill. You can drag him up to an ash-barrel by main force twenty times and demonstrate to him beyond question that it is an inanimate, stationary and absolutely harmless object. Yet the next time he sees it he will again mistake it for the upreared head of a pursuing glyptodon and jump the fence. Living in a literary age, he has not yet learned that a piece of paper fluttering along the road cannot bite him. No matter how thirsty he may be, he never knows whether it is you or himself that is to drink out of the bucket you hold up to him; so he sozzles half of it on you and drinks the rest.

Try to Run in Both Directions at Once

Practically all over the United States in the last five years, however, horses have become used to automobiles; though nowhere in the United States, so far as I am able to learn, have human beings really become accustomed to them.

There may be a few remote and backward localities where the automobile is still an incomprehensible phenomenon to the average horse; and anywhere there may be a very few thoughtless colts, or a very few senile old elder statesmen of horses, with brains long since completely ossified, who don't know what to make of a self-propelling carriage. Broadly speaking, however, horses everywhere now have the automobile firmly settled in their minds as a powerful, heavy, swiftly moving vehicle that is perfectly harmless if given any sort of chance to get by, but highly dangerous to any living obstacle that obstructs its path.

If you happen to drive a horse in the country no doubt you have noticed that usually the horse is aware of an approaching machine before you are. He pricks up his ears, gives his head a slight toss, steps a bit more briskly. He has caught the distant sound of a horn or a muffler cut-out before you heard it, or he has seen a moving veil of dust along the crossroad. He isn't afraid of automobiles, but he keeps a sharp lookout for them.

People Who Play Tag With Motors

HOW different from the horse, in this respect, are many human beings. The difference is painfully impressed upon any one who drives a car anywhere. In every city and village of the land he will encounter, at frequent intervals, members of his own species who cross the road, or stop in the middle of it, with their eyes upon the clouds, their ears out of commission and their thoughts far away, exactly as though no vehicle moving faster than a hearse or more formidable than a toy express wagon had ever been heard of.

There are no accurate statistics on the subject; but I am satisfied that the number of foot-passengers over the United States who wander in front of moving automobiles in the course of a year would compare favorably with the popular vote for Mr. Taft at the last presidential election. As a matter of fact, I myself am that wandering foot-passenger at least twenty times a year.

In this matter of tempting involuntary suicide there seems to be very little difference—relatively to population—between city and country. No hamlet is too small to contain an inhabitant who will lose himself in a pleasant daydream in the middle of the road; or even to contain two women, with a baby in a perambulator, who remain deaf to repeated blasts of the horn until the car has turned to the right in order to pass them—whereupon, with one impulse and with amazing agility, they scream, seize the perambulator and rush to the right also. On the other hand, in the city of New York, except where crossings policemen are stationed, the absent-minded pedestrian brings the driver's heart into his throat and unseemly language to his lips at tolerably regular intervals.

With foot-passengers, probably the horn is a hindrance rather than a help. Absent-minded ones never hear it until the car is close at hand. Then its only effect is to make them lose their wits and run in the wrong direction, or else try to run in both directions at once. Foot-passengers have been urged, in tons of literature, first, to keep a reasonable lookout for automobiles; next, upon the approach of one, for Heaven's sake to take up a definite line of action and stick to it. Too often instinctive memories of childhood recur to the pedestrian's mind and he acts as though it were a game of blind man's buff or of pom-pom-pull-away, his rôle consisting in trying to confuse the driver by dodging first one way and then the other.

In the city—for children at least—there are more mechanical helps to getting in the way, such as roller skates, toy automobiles propelled by the foot, and bicycles. The first two especially are extensively used by young children and are seldom under good control. Indeed, elderly gentlemen and ladies are continually getting their shins barked and tempers ruffled in collisions with them. When a child on one of these imperfectly controlled devices gets in the way of an automobile something far more serious than a ruffled temper is likely to result.

Children are even more apt than grown people to lose their presence of mind in an emergency; and when one party to an impending collision has lost his wits the difficulties of the other party are really staggering. For example: a car was traveling along a country road in Illinois at not more than fifteen miles an hour. A boy on a bicycle turned into the road round a clump of bushes a hundred yards or more ahead. There was plenty of room to pass; but after a moment the wheel began wobbling alarmingly toward the wrong side of the road. Evidently the boy was seized with stage fright and had lost control of the wheel. Quick work brought the car to a dead stop just a second before the boy ran plump into it. If the car had been moving at the rate of only five miles an hour he would have been badly hurt.

The duty of avoiding pedestrians rests, of course, upon the driver of the car; but pedestrians should endeavor to make the discharge of this duty as easy as possible, partly because many other duties rest upon the driver.

When you pay your state license fee and get the official number plate, without which you are not permitted to run at all, you usually receive also a neat little pamphlet containing the automobile laws of the state. You find you must have official number plates, one at the front and one at rear of your car—the rear one so placed that the tail-light will shine on it at night. During certain hours you must have a white light at the front of the car and a red light at the rear. The maximum speed at which you may run in the country and within incorporated towns or cities is prescribed. You must have certain brakes and see that they are always in good working order. If you approach a horse-drawn vehicle and the horse seems nervous you must slow down; or—in some states—if the horse is really fractious and a woman is driving, you must, upon a signal from the driver, stop your car, dismount, approach the hysterical beast, soothe him and lead him safely past the object of his suspicions. The law doesn't say what shall happen if the horse declines to be soothed but plants his hoof in your stomach instead. Fortunately you don't need any law to tell you that.

I don't know but there are states where you must also drive the horse home, unharness, feed, water, curry and bed him down for the night, and leave him your calling card; nor do I know why any state should require you to enter into intimate personal relations with a perfectly strange horse simply because he is afraid of automobiles and consequently not fit to be driven by a woman upon any public road.

Such are some of your duties and responsibilities as driver of a car. If you look through the law to see what duties and responsibilities other users of the road owe to you, usually you will find all the law requires of them is to give you a fair share of the highway. Thus the law will say that if an automobile wishes to pass a horse-drawn vehicle going in the same direction the driver of the car shall blow his horn and the driver of the wagon shall then turn out to the right, giving the car room to pass—provided, of course, there is room for two vehicles at that place in the road. This, usually, is all that the law requires of horse-drawn vehicles; and rather extensive inquiry enables me to say with confidence that nearly everywhere drivers of horse-drawn vehicles obey the law in this respect or ignore it according to their personal feelings.

It is well to acknowledge at this point the familiar fact that there are hogs in automobiles—rowdies, drunk or sober—who care nothing whatever for other people's rights or convenience. The number of people driving and owning cars who should be driving garbage wagons is positively large, yet relatively small. They constitute a troublesome minority, but it is a really small minority. The great majority of cars are operated carefully and with due regard for other people on the road.

It is true, too, that a majority of horse-drawn vehicles are driven with decent regard for the rights and convenience of other people, including people in automobiles; but there is another class of horse-drivers, and positively a very large one, that really doesn't know that an automobile has any rights whatever upon the road. I have heard more than one driver assert, with an air of great virtue, that he always refused to give the road to a car. His primitive notion was that, as automobiles sometimes frighten horses, a good driver should do everything in his power to discourage their use. Then, of course, there is the plain wagon-driving hog who objects on principle to anybody else enjoying anything that he doesn't enjoy. If he can keep your car trailing his wagon at low speed over two or three miles of narrow road he is as nearly happy as his constitution ever permits him to be.

With due regard to the vast number of courteous wagon-drivers, there is still, I am convinced, much more road-hogging by wagon-drivers than by car-drivers. The car that will not give half the road is a rare exception; but an afternoon's drive in almost any part of the country will hardly fail to find you blanketed at least once or twice behind a wagon that could easily let you pass by pulling over two or three feet—but will not. The law says it must; but, in fact, it doesn't.

Then, of Course, There Is the Plain Wagon-Driving Hog

Careful Driving the Important Thing

YOU have learned from your pamphlet what the state requires of you; but you have still to learn what the local authorities require—for unfortunately some states, after having prescribed reasonable speed limitations that ought to prevail everywhere, permit any city, town, village or hamlet to set up such speed limits as its rude fancy may dictate. It seems to be a tolerably general rule that the more insignificant the town the more unreasonable its speed ordinance. There are spots on the road that you would hardly know for towns at all except for large signs reading: Speed Limit for Automobiles Eight Miles an Hour.

Experience has shown that a carelessly driven car going fifteen miles an hour is much more dangerous to other occupants of the road than a carefully driven car going thirty miles; in short, that liability to accident is determined by the relative care with which a car is driven rather than by its speed. So, generally speaking, communities that have had the greatest experience with automobiles insist upon skillful driving, but allow much latitude in the matter of speed. For example, the code of an Eastern state where there is much motoring says:

"No person shall operate a motor vehicle over any public highway recklessly or at a greater rate of speed than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the width, traffic and use of the highway. If the rate of speed exceeds twelve miles an hour in the thickly settled or business parts of any city, town or village; or eighteen miles an hour in the outlying or not thickly settled parts of cities, towns or villages; or twenty-five miles an hour in the open country, such rate of speed shall be *prima facie* evidence that the person is operating such car recklessly—and the burden of proof shall be upon him to show that such rate of speed was not greater than was reasonable and proper."

In contrast with this, Congress some years ago set the country a bad example by prescribing a ridiculous speed code for Washington. It says that no motor vehicle shall be driven upon any street or avenue of the city at a speed

The Law Doesn't Say What Shall Happen if the Horse Declines to be Soothed

greater than twelve miles an hour; that it shall not be driven across any intersecting street at a speed greater than eight miles an hour; that it shall not turn the corner into an intersecting street at a speed greater than six miles an hour. Then it describes about a dozen patches in the city within which no motor shall be driven faster than four miles an hour.

A motor driver who attempted to obey these absurd regulations would need to carry a chart of the city on his windshield—keeping one eye on the chart, the other on his speedometer, and trusting to luck to avoid running into anything. As a car is either crossing intersecting streets or turning corners most of the time, its progress under this code would be a series of jerks.

Of course these ridiculous regulations are constantly violated. There is no probability that a solitary automobile was ever operated upon the streets of Washington in compliance with them. The situation is quite tolerable for motorists in the city simply because the police use vastly greater intelligence in enforcing—or not enforcing—the law than its framers displayed in passing it. The law, in short, gives the police a club which they use, in the main, with good sense and discretion. If they catch a man on the wrong side of the street or cutting across a busy corner instead of turning square they arrest him for violating the speed law.

Washington, by-the-way—or rather its environs on the Maryland side of the river—has been a dark and bloody ground for the motorist. As the District of Columbia is only ten miles square, no Washingtonian can do any driving to speak of without running across the line into Maryland; and time was when he could hardly run into Maryland without also running into the belligerent arms of some local official who had nothing much to do except bag Washington automobiles.

A favorite drive for Washingtonians is the Conduit Road, running a dozen miles up the Maryland side of the river to Great Falls. This is a military road, built and maintained by the Federal Government, so it is in excellent condition, and it passes through a lovely country. This road runs for a few yards through a village which consists principally of scenery and contains some two hundred inhabitants.

The Feud Between Maryland and the District

THIS village, however, is a duly incorporated community, armed with power to make local laws and to enforce the same. In time the stream of automobiles passing to and fro—along a Government highway—suggested something in a judicial and executive way to this spot. The mayor appointed a police force which moved joyously into action. To say nothing of the *hoi polloi*, a fair proportion of Washington's most distinguished citizens were arrested for violating the speed laws in this place—until the puissant police force capped the climax by pinching the German ambassador, thereby insulting the Kaiser in the person of his representative and shattering the law of nations at one doughty blow. After that the automobile-trapping industry declined—as the Government owned the road anyway—and the village gradually resumed its normal relative importance in national and international affairs.

There is still a pleasant little automobile feud, however, between Washington and Maryland. It is the custom for one state to permit transient cars, duly licensed in another state, to pass over its highways. Maryland, however, refused to permit cars owned and licensed in the District of Columbia to run upon the roads of the state unless they also took out a Maryland license, paying the full fee and carrying a Maryland number plate. The District retaliated by refusing to permit any Maryland car to enter its borders unless it paid the District license and carried the District number plate.

The sheriff of a county adjoining the District displays patriotic activity in nabbing Washington cars that are without a Maryland number plate or that may be exceeding the speed limit, and for that purpose employs quite a force of deputies. Formerly the nabbed motorist was piloted to the county seat, though a visit to that village may have been quite inconsistent with his plans. Good nature has so far prevailed, however, that at present the motorist is permitted to hand twenty-five dollars in cash to the deputy, taking a receipt and continuing on his way.

On the other hand, the Washington police are often cheered by spying a Maryland car that is without a District number plate or that is traveling a bit too fast. In either case the enemy is promptly captured. This, of course, makes a pleasant game for the sheriff and the police, but it is rather inconvenient for motorists.

The experience of Washington, on the whole, is strictly typical. Probably there isn't a city in the country that hasn't its mean little neighbor, and some unfortunate cities have half a dozen of them—I mean suburban or outlying communities along popular lines of automobile travel that make a regular game of bagging motorists. Sometimes this is done for revenue only; sometimes it is inspired by dog-in-the-manager hostility to automobiles.

It is quite true that automobiles bring a certain inconvenience to people who are not using them—the same sort of inconvenience that a railroad train, a street car or a truck brings. It is certainly not safe now to let children play in the street or road where there is any automobile traffic. It is not safe for a grown person to cross the road without keeping awake and looking about. It is not safe to leave even a well-broken horse unhitched beside the road. It is not safe to drive a horse that is afraid of automobiles—especially if, as happens about eight times out of ten, the driver gets worse frightened and more rattled than the horse. Unless the road is well constructed with a view to withstanding automobile traffic, the heavy, swiftly moving wheels cut it up and raise a dust that blows over the lawn and into the windows.

All these things involve inconvenience as compared with the happy day when babes might toddle in the highway and a nervous horse had nothing more formidable than the grocer's delivery wagon to encounter. A casual glance at automobile statistics, however, will convince any reasonable person that these inconveniences are never going to be overcome by shutting out automobiles. They can be met only by accepting the gasoline carriage as a modern condition and adapting ourselves to it. For example, in the matter of roads, it has been found beyond question that a road scientifically constructed to withstand motor traffic will prove even more durable under such traffic than a horse-vehicle road will under horse-drawn traffic.

An English report to this effect was met with the cry: "But then, we shall have to build our roads especially for the purpose of automobile use!" Exactly! We shall have to build our roads for the purpose of carrying the sort of traffic that modern conditions impose. A highway that answered every purpose very well twenty years ago will not answer every purpose very well now. The steam-railroad bed and tracks that answered every purpose excellently twenty years ago wouldn't carry today's railroad equipment at all. The solution isn't in discarding the modern vehicle, but in building to meet it. So, also, with keeping children off the street.

Ten years ago, to possess or even to be seen in an automobile raised a presumption that one was a plutocrat; and it is notorious that nobody cares what happens to a plutocrat so long as it is something disagreeable. By a logical deduction, nobody cared what happened to automobiles. It was only about a dozen years ago that Chicago park commissioners sought to bar them absolutely from the city's parks and boulevards.

Displays Patriotic Activity in Nabbing Washington Cars That are Without a Maryland Number

In the last two years three hundred and seventy-five thousand cars have been built and sold in the United States, with practical certainty that the output for 1912 will break the record. This means, of course, that there is no more relation between automobiles and plutocrats than there is between top buggies and bank presidents. There can hardly be less than seven hundred thousand cars in use in this country—say fifteen times the number of passenger cars of steam railroads. There is scarcely a village that hasn't anywhere from a dozen cars up. They are found in every farming community. Riding in an automobile is not a more novel or exceptional experience than riding on a railroad. It has undoubtedly become the greatest outdoor recreation, to say nothing of the numberless business and professional uses that it serves.

The facts in the case, however, have scarcely been comprehended or duly digested as yet by the law and the public mind—even though the public mind may just have come in from a pleasant little spin in its neighbor's car. There is still, broadly speaking, some disposition to regard the automobile as an interloper that comes in merely on sufferance and at its own peril. There is still a tolerably general assumption that, in case of an accident, the car was to blame.

"I had four reputable eyewitnesses," said the accident-insurance lawyer, "who swore that the man stopped abruptly while crossing the street, then turned round and walked squarely in front of the car, though the chauffeur had sounded his horn. The bill at the hospital was two hundred and fifty dollars and the jury soaked me for twelve hundred besides." This happens nearly every day.

Automobiles are very properly required to carry headlights to see by and tail-lights to warn anything behind them of their presence; but almost nowhere are other vehicles required to carry any light at night, though they ought to wherever automobiles are on the road—as anybody who has seen a black buggy suddenly resolve itself out of a clump of black foliage can testify. Drivers of other vehicles should be supplied with neat little editions of the road laws and held quite as accountable for obeying them—including the injunction to turn out when a car signals—as automobile drivers are.

And, Except for Downright Searching, There are Practically No Speed Limits at All

Of course conditions have improved. In a number of states the power to fix absurd speed limits has been taken away from the local authorities, the state itself prescribing the lowest speed rate that any town or village can enforce. No doubt this will become the universal rule and all low-speed ordinances will disappear.

Administering "Justice" by Mail

THE suburban and constabulary pastime of bagging motor tourists will probably disappear also. It is not so popular now as it used to be. In at least one recent case an automobile club succeeded in nabbing the nabber—a village justice of the peace. This magistrate evidently had no constitutional prejudice against modern improvements, for he conducted his court on the celebrated mail-order system. Having jotted down the number of a car that he thought was going too fast, he got the owner's name and address from the records of the state that issued the car license, then sent the owner a letter:

Dear Sir: On July twentieth, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, your car passed through our town on the main street at a speed of twenty miles an hour. Appear at my office on July twenty-ninth and pay a fine of fifteen dollars and costs, amounting in all to sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents, and avoid further trouble.

Administering justice by mail did not meet the approval of higher judicial authority, however, and the magistrate was bound over to the grand jury.

A justice of the peace on a popular motor road in Pennsylvania has adopted a system of notifying speed ordinance violators, but he doesn't impose a fine at long range. He uses a neatly printed blank, like the following:

Mr. —— ——:

Dear Sir: I have issued a warrant for your arrest, on oath of a Special Officer of this Township, for violating the Act of April 27, 1909, by driving a motor vehicle, License Number ——, on the highways of said township, at a rate of speed of —— miles an hour on the —— day of ——— 191—, at ——, going ——. If you will voluntarily appear for hearing I will withhold service of warrant. Kindly answer this notice promptly and I will set time.

It is significant and encouraging that law and custom accord the most liberal treatment to automobiles in those

On every outing:

KODAK

Make the most of every day in the open. Add to your other pleasures the charm of picture making by the simple Kodak methods. And then enjoy the after satisfaction of the pictures themselves.

It's all very simple—no dark room, even when you finish your own pictures, no complicated mechanism to study out. Little weight and less expensive than you think.

Kodak Catalogue free at your dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

communities where they are most used; in short, the more people see of motor cars the better they seem to think of them. Nowhere else in this country, of course, are there so many automobiles as upon the streets of New York. The number of cars in use in the city is about fifty-five thousand; and, except for downright scorching, there are practically no speed limits at all.

The law of the state of New York says: "Every person operating a motor vehicle on the public highways of this state shall drive the same in a careful and prudent manner and at a rate of speed so as not to endanger the property of another or the life or limb of any person; provided that a rate of speed in excess of thirty miles an hour shall be presumptive evidence of driving at a rate which is not careful and prudent."

The state law also prohibits the local authorities, except in cities of the first class, from passing any ordinances, rules or regulations that prescribe a minimum speed below fifteen miles an hour.

New York's Example

This state law became effective in May, 1910. There is some question as to whether an old speed ordinance in the city of New York was repealed by it or is still in effect; but this is merely an academic question, for no attempt is made to enforce it. Thirty miles an hour in the city is a very common rate where there is a clear roadway. Everywhere south of Fifty-ninth Street, of course, speed is necessarily limited by traffic conditions; but all over the city the police pay no attention to any rate of speed which a reasonable and sober motorist would regard as prudent.

Downtown, in fact, the great job of the New York police is to keep traffic moving, and they feel much more kindly toward a vehicle that gets itself out of the way as briskly as possible than they do to a lumbering one.

New York has found by experience that setting a low-speed limit isn't the way to prevent accidents. Virtually all accidents, of course, are the result of carelessness, either on the part of the person driving the car or of somebody outside the car. Always excepting the drunken joy-rider—for whom nothing can be done beyond framing a pious hope that he will kill nobody but himself—there is no tangible relationship between speed and carelessness. In fact, a driver is more apt to slumber at the wheel when his car is going ten miles an hour than when it is going thirty.

I presume there are fewer automobile accidents in New York, relatively to the number of cars and persons on the streets, than in many localities that attempt to enforce unreasonable speed limits. It is a fact that few damage cases arising from such accidents get into court. City car owners, as a rule, carry insurance against liability to damages, and a good many cases, no doubt, are settled privately by the insurance companies; but, on the whole, New York, with its fifty-five thousand cars, gets on very reasonably and pleasantly with the automobile. The vigilant enemies of the machine are usually found in juxtaposition to the tall grass.

Bogus Gems

IT IS always wise, when buying a white topaz, to purchase it from a reliable dealer, inasmuch as rock crystal and even lead glass are often sold under that name.

Colorless beryl yields a very brilliant and diamondlike stone when properly cut. Indeed, many gems and even phenacite and rock crystal, often passed in former days as diamonds, even under the scrutiny of experts, such exact tests as refraction and specific gravity being unknown until comparatively recent years.

No imitation of the diamond, however, is so brilliant as a skilfully cut piece of the kind of lead glass known in the trade as "paste." The play of color in these counterfeits is often very beautiful, but the glass "diamond" possesses no luster—this term being applied to the light reflected from the top surfaces of a gem. The flashes of light and color that give brilliancy come from the interior, being thrown from the rear surfaces of the stone.

The glass diamond is soft and is attacked chemically by a number of things with which it comes in contact by wear; for both of which reasons it soon becomes dulled.

Morning

Any Time O'Day

Post Toasties

with cream and sugar or fruits are wholesome and please the palate.

Crisp bits of Indian Corn—cooked and toasted to an appetizing brown

Ready to serve direct from the package.

Noon

A Minn. woman writes:

"I use Post Toasties because they are liked by all the family, making a convenient food to serve on any occasion.

"I use it for a breakfast food; then again with canned fruit or preserves, as a most delicious dessert for dinner or supper—each one desiring more.

"My experience is, all who taste want more."

Post Toasties

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Night

The Senator's Secretary

AT THE exact moment an ordinarily astute politician or statesman, or that combination of both known as the friend of the people—indeed, I may say, at the exact moment a super-ordinarily astute person of any of the types above designated—takes over the job of managing the campaign of a candidate for the presidential nomination, he predicates all his public maneuvers and pronouncements on the assumption that the entire population of the United States—voters and non-voters—is aged a shade over seven years, but has not yet reached the full maturity of eight.

It has been so since managing campaigns ceased to be an avocation and became a vocation—a trade; and I suppose it will continue so until that day when the people shall take the task of picking out their president themselves instead of allowing their president to be picked out for them. At the present time the industry of campaign managing is flourishing as it never has flourished before. Campaign managers are so thick in Washington you step on their toes every time you cross a hotel lobby, and bump into them whenever you try to get into a newspaper or correspondent's office. They are to be found in every corner and cranny of the Capitol, lurking in the offices of the White House and hanging on the straps in the street cars. Washington people wondered at the large number of new office buildings recently built in that somnolent city. The reason now appears—they were erected for the purpose of housing presidential headquarters. New York and Chicago have their full share also; but the business has reached the full flower of its perfection in Washington.

The functions of a campaign manager are varied—and important, of course. Principally he is supposed to tell other people to tell other people to tell other people what to do in order that right and justice may prevail, and his candidate for the highest office within the gift of the people—that's the official campaign designation for president—may be selected by the national convention and triumphantly inducted into the White House, there to furnish fat Federal jobs for all those who have sufficient strength to cash in the promises the campaign manager made. In reality, the campaign manager is an advertising agent—no more and no less. He gets information, and disseminates that information after his expert literary aides have put such interpretations and frills and embroideries and cold water on it as the circumstances may require.

Fashions haven't changed in campaign managing in the last forty years, except where the people themselves have changed them. The managers all operate according to a fixed procedure. Watch any half dozen of them at work and you will discover that, no matter whether one is directing the footsteps of a reactionary and another is guiding a radical, they both use the same methods; and, by the same token, both arrive at about the same results.

Charging the First Gun

This is the formula: Necessarily when a man aspires to be president he must let the people in on it—that is, he cannot be a passive candidate; for passive candidates garner few delegates. The call of the people for any man to go to the White House and direct the government is never so loud that its cadences do not have to be accentuated a good deal, so that enough may hear it to make it imperative. The job is not only to supply the call but to supply also the callers—that is, if the people will not rise and demand, they must have tacks placed in their chairs so they will rise and demand. To this end the campaign manager devotes his energy. He may have a few connections here and there that will enable him to do some manipulating; but his principal task is to advertise. That is why the campaign manager's first employee is a press agent. Next he hires a suite of rooms—if there is any money available. If he is cramped for funds he hires one room. If he has no funds he borrows a typewriter.

This is the initial stage—the invariable preparation. Then he announces, through the press agent, that the Honorable William J. Boogin has taken the management of the campaign of the Honorable Charles X. Magoosh, and is quoted as follows:

"I have this day assumed the management of the campaign of the Honorable Charles X. Magoosh for the presidency. My candidate will undoubtedly be selected by the national convention as his party's standard bearer, for there is an insistent call from the people that this gallant leader shall take the helm and relieve them of the burdens that have been heaped upon them by the party in power."

Of course, if the party in power is the party of his candidate he will say his gallant leader is demanded by the people to correct the abuses that have crept into the body politic, to regenerate the party, make it truly representative of the people and carry out the policies of the Fathers and such Sons as may be in his faction. This attended to he lets go a column or so of resounding generalities about the strength of his candidate, the weaknesses of the other candidates; makes sweeping claims of all delegates in sight, and considers he has fired a heavily shotted opening gun.

After that he confers. The very best thing a campaign manager does is to confer. He will confer over the buying of a sheet of postage stamps, or the ditto of a state convention. He confers when he asks a visiting politician to luncheon, and he confers when he expresses an opinion of the weather. If so be you have ever been to one of these conferences, even an important one, you have discovered that nine times out of ten conferring consists of gossiping about chances with visitors, or in discussing ambitious claims made by ambitious politicians who have ambitions of their own.

All for the Peerless Magoosh

Then he "gets in touch." Getting in touch consists in writing large numbers of letters to persons who think exactly as he does, and being gratified in having his own brand of thoughts return to him as sage and non-partisan conclusions as to the outcome and chances. After he is in touch he proceeds to touch and be touched. He conducts a monumental correspondence, sounding public sentiment. The public sentiment he sounds is always the kind of public sentiment he desires to have resound pleasantly. The simple expedient of going elsewhere than to favorable sources to ascertain sentiment has not yet occurred to a campaign manager. Sometime it may, but it hasn't yet. He doesn't want bad news. What he wants is good news; and he fishes for that kind.

If, perchance, he gets no good news—or no news at all—he is forced to make some. Here is where the literary director comes in. It is as necessary to advertise a candidate as it is to advertise a brand of soap. So the literary director hammers out a lot of guff about the particular candidate he is booming; and they get as much of it printed as they can. The literary director shows conclusively there is a great wave of enthusiasm sweeping over the country for the peerless Charles X. Magoosh, who is certain to be nominated. Though it may be that Mr. Magoosh has, as yet, attained no delegates, still there is an overpowering sentiment for him among the people, and the day of his triumph is near at hand; or if he has picked up a delegate or two that cheering fact is kept prominently in the foreground. Also, if there is anything in the careers of the opposing candidates that can be worked over to their disadvantage the working over is done, and all the horrible details are laid bare before the people.

Tabulations are made. The library of a campaign manager consists of a political almanac. With that, and the guesses of the politicians in various localities, he makes table after table showing how it is impossible for his man to lose. It is a simple and satisfying employment. A state leader writes and says—or comes in and says—there is nothing to it. "The Honorable Charles X. Magoosh will have the delegates from our state; but, to be conservative, allow the Honorable Patrick Q. Bolus, the principal opposing candidate, four, say. Of course he won't get them; but, being conservative, it is certain the Honorable Charles X. Magoosh will have all the rest." The campaign manager rubs his hands and puts down all but four—and the literary director writes a piece about it. Next morning the public is informed that such and such a state will undoubtedly give Magoosh all its delegates, or nearly all,

"You'd better not buy less than half-a-dozen!"

BECAUSE your family will enjoy this perfect soup so well, you are likely to find yourself suddenly without it some fine day just at dinner hour with the stores closed and everybody clamoring for

Campbell's
OX TAIL
SOUP

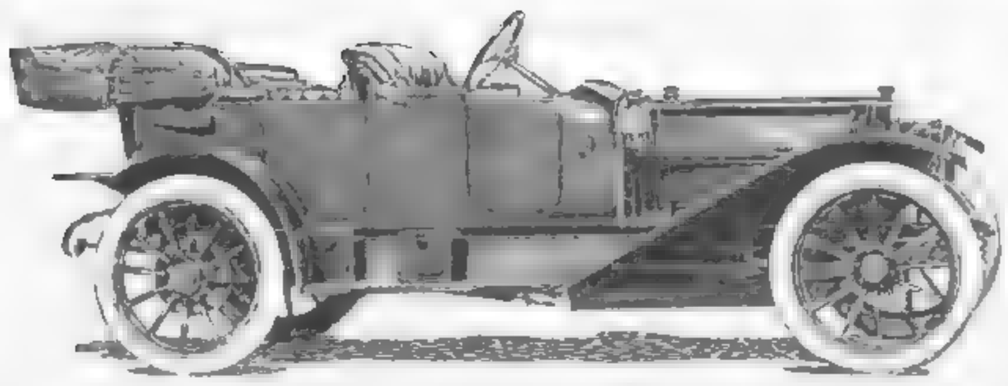
And no wonder they all like it so well.

The rich stock is made from fresh selected ox-tails most daintily prepared. And this nourishing broth—combined with whole-tomato puree—contains, besides the meaty marrowy joints, diced vegetables, barley, celery and herbs, all flavored delicately with dry Spanish sherry of our own importation. There never was a more satisfying soup. And we make 20 others just as good. Try them all.

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



YOU can buy a powerful six-cylinder Mitchell car for $1750; smooth running, easy riding, simple in construction, little trouble to care for and economical to operate.

High prices for automobiles are relics of the days when the manufacturers were making expensive experiments, and buyers were bidding high for cars that would come back as far as they would go out.

Mitchell cars today will go as fast and as far and ride as comfortably as cars that cost three times as much; they are beautiful in appearance and are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake.

Make a list of the things you want in a car, and see if you don't find all of them in the Mitchell cars. Two sizes in the flexible six cylinder; two splendid four cylinder models, and a handy and reliable two passenger runabout; each one ideal in its particular field of usefulness.

For 77 years our vehicles have given satisfaction; they'll continue to do so for another 77 years.

Buying a Mitchell means knowing what you are getting.

Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	60
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4½
Wheel Base	135 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	7 passenger, fore doors

Price $2250

Five Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	48
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4
Wheel Base	125 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	5 passenger, fore doors

Price $1750

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P. $1350
The four cylinder, four passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P. $1150
The four cylinder, two passenger Mitchell Runabout, 30-H.P., no top . $950

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Dallas, Kansas City, Seattle, London, Paris

and this indicates Magoosh's triumphant nomination; in fact, that nomination is a foregone conclusion.

The campaign manager writes letters and confers; collects money and confers; sends telegrams and confers; makes calculations and confers; receives delegations and confers; gives interviews and confers; is secretive and confers; is talkative and confers; makes claims and confers; sees the handwriting on the wall and confers; and holds conferences and confers. Moreover, he always confers with the conferees who tell him what he wants to know. The idea of conferring with people not in his own circle rarely occurs to him. He might hear something that would annoy him if he did.

Thus it goes until convention time. Then the campaign managers move to the convention city and there is a frenzy of conference. After the convention all but one of them give out interviews saying they bow to the will of the people—that is joyous, that will-of-the-people line in reference to a national convention—and will loyally support the nominee. Then they go home and try to get on the bandwagon.

The point of it all is that ordinary campaign managing is so bogus it is silly. The stuff they put out for advertising purposes and to influence the people is, as I have said, predicated on the assumption that the entire voting population is not much over seven years of age. The one great, basic fact in the politics of this country that has not yet percolated into the minds of the tribe of campaign managers is this: You can foster a political sentiment and aid in its growth, but you cannot create a political sentiment. The people of this country are much better judges of men than they are of measures; and, even if their desires are thwarted by a nominating convention, they never fail to show—on election day—just what they think and how they think. For example, there was no popular demand in the Democratic party for the nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker for president in 1904. The demand for Parker was absolutely artificial, created by a little coterie of men who had money.

Trained Troupes of Press Agents

There are, of course, certain details of organization that must be attended to; but at the present time the campaign-managing fever has become hectic. A dozen or so men are sitting at desks in various office suites and managing a dozen or so candidates—acutely mysterious, intensely solemn, supernaturally strategic, bogusly optimistic—with the grave concerns of the salvation of the Republic on their shoulders, borne down by a burden of heavy responsibility.

What they are trying to do is to get some advertising for their men. The real campaign managers, in each instance, are the fellows back in the state who know what is doing and what is to be done, and who can do what is necessary or can try intelligently—and have, or hope to have, the machinery to work with. Still, it appears, we must have them! The people must be told what to think and what to do, however perplexing it may be to the people to have a dozen or so trained troupes of press agents yammering at them each day that the only way to keep the Ship of State off the rocks is to take the candidate of the troupe that has the stuff in the paper they are reading at that particular moment. And there is this to be said about it: It may so happen that the people of this country will allow themselves to be told what to think as to candidates; but it is certain they will do their own thinking on election day, no matter how many campaign managers there are or will be. It may still be true that a campaign manager, or a coterie of them, can nominate a particular candidate—and it probably is true; but it has ceased to be true that a campaign manager, or a coterie of them, can elect a particular candidate on their say-so. Those days are gone; and the quicker the professional politicians and the Wall Street crowd, and all the other influences hitherto so powerful in presidential politics, wake up to that situation the happier they will be.

At that the campaign managers are entitled to some sympathy, for they have their troubles. Indeed, it is gradually dawning on all concerned that the ideal presidential candidate to manage would be a deaf-and-dumb man who never learned to write, and who was reared to innocuous manhood in a hermetically sealed cave.

Ask for the heel with the RED plug

The Big New Idea in Rubber Heels

You know the kind of rubber heels that *start off* all right.

That do good work for a while—a month or so, perhaps—

And then "go dead"—useless weights on the feet.

Spring-Step Rubber Heels

start with more spring and life than any other rubber heel you ever saw.

And they retain every bit of their *lift* and *buoyancy* right down to the last day you use them.

They *STAY ALIVE*—and outwear leather heels.

That's the big, new idea in rubber heels.

We've inserted in each heel the Patented RED Friction Plug—you can't slip on them if you try.

50 Cents *a Pair Put on*

Any shoe repair shop

REVERE RUBBER CO.
Chelsea, Mass.

Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Philadelphia

DEFAULTED BONDS

By Roger W. Babson

IN A PREVIOUS article I remarked that an investor should not expect more than 4½ per cent on an investment unless he renders some distinct service other than simply loaning the money. Since writing the above I have been asked how an investor can render such additional service as would entitle him to a recompense over and above said 4½ per cent. In reply I will state that the simplest way for the investor to attempt to obtain more than this normal rate of interest is by assuming some risk—and, therefore, the greater the risk the greater the reward for the lucky ones. For this reason 6-per-cent bonds and 7-per-cent preferred stocks are offered to investors at about par. In such cases the investor is receiving about 4½ per cent for the legitimate use of his money, just what he would receive on an investment that is absolutely safe, and is given in addition the balance of from 1½ per cent to 2½ per cent for the risk he is taking in buying an inferior grade of securities. I personally, however, do not believe in the investor's attempting to obtain a high rate of interest by assuming any amount of risk; and in my mind it is a great mistake for the investor to attempt to obtain a high rate of interest by buying such unseasoned bonds and preferred stocks.

In fact, in one article I stated that the real legitimate method of obtaining more than 4½ per cent with safety is by studying fundamental business conditions and purchasing only during panics and other periods of business distress, when money is in great demand and securities are being sold at a discount. A man who buys during a panic performs a distinct service and should receive a profit for said service in addition to a normal rate of interest. A man who accumulates money when money is a drug on the market and then lets it out in panicky times, when money is in great demand, performs the same service to the community that the iceman performs who stores up ice during the cold, disagreeable winter, when it is a nuisance, in order to have it for use during the hot summer weather. Therefore, up to the present time, I have mentioned only this method of obtaining more than simple interest on one's investment. In other words, I have stated that a small investor should either be satisfied with about 4½ per cent, or else he should study conditions and confine his investing only to times of panic, which occur about once in two or three years.

The Bondholders in Control

There is, however, an additional method by which an investor may be morally entitled to a higher rate of interest, and that is in connection with the purchase of defaulted bonds. As readers know, about three per cent of the corporation bond issues offered to the public default—that is, the corporations issuing them are unable to pay the interest thereon at some period. Sometimes this default occurs within a year or two from the time they are issued and in other instances not until several years afterward. Usually, however, the default comes within the first five years; and it is owing to this that we refer to seasoned bonds, meaning bonds that have been issued and the interest regularly paid thereon for over five years. Of course when there is a default in the interest on the bonds, the stock theoretically is of no value; and legally the stockholders should lose everything before there is a default in the bond interest. Unfortunately, owing largely to the fact that so many lawyers devote their energies to the miscarriage of justice rather than to the execution of justice, this usually is not the case. Nevertheless, as an illustration, it may be assumed that when bonds have defaulted the stockholders have become tired of paying additional money, and have relinquished control of the property, deciding either to take a total loss or else be satisfied with what the bondholders decide to do after the bondholders have satisfied their own claims. Simultaneously with the stockholders relinquishing their claim in the corporation the bondholders assume control; and when bonds are in default it may be assumed logically that the bondholders are controlling the property.

If all the bonds of a corporation in default should be owned by one man it would be necessary simply for this one man to assume control of the corporation, the same as the mortgagee takes possession of a house upon which he holds a mortgage when the interest is in default. In practice, however, a bond issue of a given corporation is scattered among hundreds and perhaps thousands of individuals, located in different parts of the world. Thus, it is necessary for some of the larger holders to unite and form a committee of about five persons who stand well in the community and are known to be men of ability and integrity.

The Deposit Agreement

In order that their action may be as unanimous as possible, this committee asks for a deposit of all the bonds of the issue; and the small investors with only one bond are therefore urged to deposit with the committee in order that the committee may represent all the bonds of the issue. Such a committee usually assumes no liability, but accepts the deposit of these bonds under a trust agreement, or deposit agreement as it is usually called, which shows just what rights the bondholders still hold, what the committee is to attempt to do and what position the trust company assumes in the matter. I say trust company, because the committee as individuals will not assume the responsibility of holding all these bonds, but insists that some trust company shall be the depositary. Usually the same trust company is selected as depositary that is also trustee for the company; but this is not a necessity and often a different trust company is selected.

It, therefore, will be seen that the four parties to a defaulted bond issue are: first, the corporation, which for practical purposes need not be considered; second, the bondholder, who has money invested; third, the bondholders' committee, which is protecting the bondholders; and fourth, the trust company, which holds the bonds or stands between the bondholders and the bondholders' committee.

Of course, if this trust company is a different one from the trust company that is trustee for the mortgage, there are five parties; for in such a case there would be two trust companies interested in the reorganization.

Naturally, when the bondholder deposits his bonds with the trust company for the benefit of the committee, such a bondholder wishes some receipt; therefore the trust company, on behalf of the committee, issues a receipt, and the following is the reading of a typical receipt:

No. CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT OF ____ RAILROAD COMPANY $ FACE VALUE OF BONDS.

First-Mortgage Refunding Four-Per-Cent Gold Bonds

Issued under the Mortgage dated April 1, 1901, to The ____ Trust Company, of the City of New York, as Trustee, with coupon due July 1, 1910, and all subsequent coupons thereto attached, deposited under an Agreement, dated May 4, 1910, between depositors of the above-mentioned Bonds and ____, ____, ____, ____ and ____, the Committee named in said Agreement.

The ____ Trust Company of New York, as Depositary,

Hereby certifies that it has received from ____ First-Mortgage Refunding Four-Per-Cent Gold Bonds of ____ Railroad Company, at the par value of ____ Dollars,

With coupons thereto attached as above stated; said Bonds having been deposited subject to the terms and conditions of the above-mentioned Agreement, dated May 4, 1910. The holder thereof by receiving this Certificate consents to and is bound by the provisions of said Agreement, and is entitled to receive all of the securities, benefits and advantages to which the depositor is or may become entitled pursuant to the conditions of said Agreement; or the said Bonds so deposited, together with the coupons thereto attached, may be returned to or withdrawn by the holder hereof in accordance with the terms and provisions of said Agreement upon presentation and surrender of this certificate, duly indorsed.

Hats that lead
—backed by a guarantee

Do you know that when you buy a *von Gal made Hat*, a positive binding guarantee goes to you with it? Do you know that the dealer who sells it does not want you to keep the hat unless the quality is right in every particular? And in that assurance we stand behind the dealer who sells

von Gal made Hats

"Correct Styles for Men"

This means that the hat must be right to the minutest detail before you buy. Careful making, rigid inspection, must make us sure that every hat we send out is worthy of our guarantee.

von Gal Styles are correct always—the highest embodiment of hat design and skill in manufacture. Quality of manufacture means that they *stay right*—that they *continue* to give you satisfaction. Whether your choice is a soft or stiff style, it will repay you to insist on this hat—a hat that is guaranteed, but that is so good that it does not *need* any guarantee.

The new spring styles include the smartest and best rough, scratch and bright finish effects. You can't fail to like them.

Prices $3, $4 and $5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Spring and Summer Style Book E, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the Famous Celebrated $3 Hat

Factories:
Danbury, Conn.
Niagara Falls
Ontario, Canada
Straw Hat Factory:
Baltimore, Md.

Hawes.von Gal
INCORPORATED

Offices and Salesrooms:
1178 Broadway
New York
48 Summer Street
Boston

Panama Factory:
New York

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

And this is what he dictated:

"Friend Jack: I haven't any tailor. What's the use when I can get better fitted right out of the Spring stock of the Stein-Bloch dealer? Look him up and invest the money you save by patronizing him in an early visit to

Yours ever, Peter B.

P. S. That suit you specially like cost me just — but what's the use?—you'd never believe me. Go find out for yourself"

Whoever—wherever you are Stein-Bloch clothes are within *your* reach. *Write us for the nearest dealer's name.....* Our label means 57 years of knowing how. Demand it always.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Rochester

The Stein-Bloch Company
Rochester, New York
New York Boston Chicago

This certificate is transferable only on the books kept for the purpose at the office of The _____ Trust Company of New York, upon surrender of this certificate, duly indorsed; and thereupon a new certificate will be issued to the transferee in exchange therefor.

THE _____ TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Depositary.

New York, August 24, 1911.

By _____
Vice-President.

_____
Secretary.

I mention this receipt because, when purchasing a defaulted bond, the investor really does not purchase a bond, but rather one of these receipts. Therefore theoretically we are considering in this article the receipts for defaulted bonds rather than defaulted bonds proper.

As above suggested, it is often the case that an investor may render a service by purchasing these receipts. This will entitle the investor to a profit in addition to the interest on his money; and if this is the case there must be some reason therefor. Briefly the reason why this is possible is because the ordinary individual does not like to hold these receipts; and consequently an investor is compelled to dispose of them for less than their intrinsic value. There are various reasons why the average investor prefers to take a loss on defaulted securities rather than hold the receipts; and among these reasons I mention the following:

1. No such receipts carry interest in the ordinary sense of the word. Until a bond defaults it is sold with interest—that is to say, if you purchase, on April first, a $1000 4-per-cent bond, with interest payable January first and July first, at 101, you will pay $1010 for the face of the bond and in addition three months' accrued interest at 4 per cent, which will be $10, making $1020 in all. If, however, this bond should default, it would no longer be sold with interest. Thus, so long as one holds such a defaulted bond or the receipt issued therefor, he apparently is losing interest. In other words, assume that the above-mentioned 4-per-cent bond should default and the price drop to 80, and continue at this figure. After this has happened, if one should desire to sell the bond or purchase more, it would make no difference what month he purchased it or sold it—there would be no accrued interest to pay, the total amount being simply $800 "flat."

Interest Lost on Defaulted Bonds

Now as money is worth at least 4 per cent, it is apparent that the investor of $1000 in defaulted bonds is losing at least $40, or 4 per cent every year that he holds them. Whether or not this is true, it is apparent that, if the price of these certificates is to remain fixed at said 80 for two or three years, while the property is being reorganized, it certainly would be advisable for the holder to sell his certificates immediately after default and then buy them in again shortly before the reorganization plans are announced. He then could be having his money on deposit in some bank meantime and drawing his 4-per-cent interest, thus saving 4 per cent a year. Of course, as I shall show later, this does not always work out this way; but in many instances it does thus work out, and in all instances the holder of a receipt is obliged to forego receiving the interest each six months, which may be a hardship for many and makes these receipts somewhat unpopular with all.

2. Another reason why the average investor does not like to hold receipts for defaulted bonds is the fact that in many reorganizations an assessment is called for. This usually is because, when the bondholders are obliged to take over the operation of a corporation, they find the treasury devoid of working capital. As working capital is absolutely necessary, the bondholders, through receivers who represent them, apply to the court for permission to issue receivers' certificates in order to raise money for necessary working capital, repairs, and so on. Though receivers' certificates are classed among the very best of investments, combining as they usually do absolute security, a short-time maturity and a fair rate of interest, yet they are dreaded by bondholders. The reason for this is because receivers' certificates take precedence of bond issues and must be paid before the bondholders receive anything for themselves. Now, in order to pay these certificates, the money can usually be raised only through an assessment. Of course these assessments are usually levied on the stockholders if possible—the bondholders saying to the stockholders: "If you will pay these certificates and furnish additional money to put the company on a sound financial basis, we will continue to hold our bonds and will return to you the control of the company." In such a case, though the old stock is entirely wiped out, new stock is given to the stockholders, who will bear their proportion of the assessment.

Unfortunately there are many instances when the stockholders will not pay this assessment and prefer to take a total loss than to bother with the corporation any further. In such a case the bondholders are obliged to assess themselves. This is usually done by wiping out the old bond issue and giving new bonds to such bondholders as will help on the assessment.

The Market Limited

3. These receipts issued for defaulted bonds are usually not payable to bearer and must be forwarded to the trust company for transfer whenever they are bought or sold. In certain receipts listed on the New York Stock Exchange this is not the case, as such receipts are often payable to bearer; but very few receipts issued for defaulted bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Though this is really no objection and is no more of an inconvenience than the transferring of stock, yet for some reason or other people do not like to hold these receipts which are not payable to bearer. Possibly they do not care to have it known that they are holders of defaulted bonds; but, whatever the reason, there is a prejudice among investors against these receipts. They also are rather unsatisfactory collateral. Owing to the possibility of assessment and the nonpayment of interest, banks prefer not to loan upon them. This tends to prevent speculation in the receipts and limits their market. Unfortunately speculation tends to increase prices rather than to lower them. Consequently a security that is not manipulated for speculative purposes often sells for less than its intrinsic value.

Of course there are also other reasons why these receipts are not popular, some of these reasons being real though psychological. For instance, very few securities are considered at the fair average intrinsic value. It is human nature either to be hopeful or to be fearful. Consequently most securities are purchased with the hope of increased prosperity or else are sold on account of fear of disaster. We are loath calmly to consider a proposition on its merits—and either we are enthusiastic or else pessimistic. So long as a bond pays interest regularly we all talk enthusiastically and think well of it; but so soon as it defaults on its interest we all become pessimistic and think evil of it. Consequently, for this and the other above-mentioned reasons, defaulted bonds and the receipts issued therefor usually sell below their intrinsic value.

4. There also is one more reason why this is so—namely, that it is much more difficult to obtain information relative to companies in the hands of receivers than is the case with going concerns. Bondholders' committees usually operate on the "star chamber" principle and often are very loath to give the bondholders the information which is their due. This, to my mind, is absolutely wrong; for certainly the members of a bondholders' committee are purely the servants of the holders of bonds deposited therewith, and it seems absolutely wrong that the committee members should be so secretive.

The very fact that the various disadvantages above mentioned cause the bonds to sell below their intrinsic value often makes such bonds and their receipts attractive to investors who have courage and individuality. Some of the advantages may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. Take the question of interest, for instance. Though no interest is regularly paid upon such receipts, yet, if the property is good for anything more than the face value of the bonds, the bondholders can collect this interest at the time of the reorganization. For instance, I have in mind an issue upon which no interest has been paid for four years—but this is an underlying lien to two junior issues; and when the reorganization is finally completed either the stockholders or else the

IT MUST BE GOOD VARNISH

WHEN a man's building burns and he goes out of his way to hunt down exactly the same varnish as used on the building ten years before, it's strong evidence that the varnish must be good — unusually good.

That happened at the time of the big fire at Chelsea, Mass.

The varnish was one of Berry Brothers' Architectural Finishes.

Some people have an idea that one varnish is about as good as another. Yet experienced men, who have had the opportunity of studying various makes under all conditions, realize there's a wide difference—and that it pays to get the best, regardless of the gallon-price or the difficulty of getting it used.

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ANY dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers Architectural Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade mark—your protection against substitution.

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Established 1858

Factories — Detroit, Michigan and Walkerville, Ontario

holders of the junior issues will be compelled to raise the money to pay the face value of these first-mortgage bonds in full, plus interest compounded at 6 per cent, though the bonds in question call for interest only at the rate of 5 per cent. Therefore, if one has a well-secured first-mortgage bond, he is ultimately sure of his interest, though he may be obliged to wait two or three years.

2. I stated above that one of the objections to these receipts is that the holders thereof are liable to assessment—and assessments are very unpopular. This fact, however, that assessments are so unpopular, makes it necessary to give an exceedingly liberal inducement to holders in order that the assessment may be paid. The result of this is that the investors who have the courage to pay the assessment are handsomely rewarded therefor. The shrewdest investors are continually seeking opportunities for the payment of assessments, knowing that in no other way is it possible to obtain so much for one's money. Moreover, in the case of underlying bonds and other well-secured bonds, it is usually unnecessary even to pay this assessment. If the committee representing the underlying bonds insists on its rights it usually forces the holders of the junior bonds to pay an assessment; while if the holders of the junior bonds have sufficient "sand," and are not also stockholders, they can usually force the stockholders to pay this assessment.

Therefore, in the minds of the ablest investors, the assessment feature is no disadvantage whatsoever.

Bad Trades Made by Investors

3. I stated above that these receipts are unpopular because they do not bear interest, because they must be returned to the trust company to be transferred, and because for other reasons they are so unlike regular bonds upon which interest is being regularly paid. In this connection, however, I should like to ask one question—namely: Even at its worst, why is the receipt for a defaulted bond any worse than a certificate for a non-dividend-paying stock—either preferred or common? I often see unwise investors selling receipts for defaulted bonds because of prejudice and then investing the same money in non-dividend-paying stocks. Personally I cannot imagine a single advantage which a certificate for non-dividend-paying stock has over a receipt for a defaulted bond; though I know many advantages that the receipt for a defaulted bond has over the certificate for a stock which is not yet paying a dividend.

When an investor is assured of the facts he has an opportunity sometimes of using his money in the performance of a real service. This service consists of purchasing these defaulted bonds when the holders thereof are discouraged, panic-stricken and fearful of assessments, disaster or total loss. This is a time when the able, independent investor can perform a real service by stepping into the breach and checking the "panic" in said securities, and for this real service he will, when the reorganization is completed, be paid a handsome profit in addition to a fair rate of interest on the money he has invested.

I have had some requests from readers of this weekly for an article on short-time notes, having been asked to explain the difference between short-time notes and bonds.

In reply, let me say that there is no real difference and therefore no explanation is necessary. Any bond issue for a period less than five years is usually called a short-time note. Therefore the only difference is in the length of time the obligation has to run.

I suppose the same line of reasoning could be carried still farther, with a statement that there is no real difference between a debenture bond, an unsecured short-time note and a piece of commercial paper; but I do not make this statement at the present time, as there should be a slight technical difference in this case. Nevertheless, it can be generally accepted that an obligation issued for less than a year, and especially for only six months, is generally known as commercial paper, while an obligation for a period of from one year to five years is usually known as a short-time note; and an obligation issued for more than five years is usually known as a bond.

The Delight of Instinctive Playing

YOU have watched a fine pianist playing. You have seen his involuntary swaying with the rhythm of the music—his every attitude expressive of the passage which he is playing. He is the incarnation of *untrammeled instinct*.

And it is not alone the pianist within whom instinct stirs. Listening, *you* feel it. Everybody feels it.

And if you could have a player piano which made use of your instinctive musical feeling, instead of *resisting* it, you would be astounded at the music you would play.

As you sit at the Virtuolo with your fingers resting lightly on the four sensitive modulating buttons, a new and unknown pleasure comes, wafting you from the world of mundane things into the empyrean blue of Music.

Guided, not by dotted lines and mechanical devices, but by your own infallible *instinct*, you follow with a splendid confidence the weaving and interweaving of progressive harmonies. For the

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THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

was built around the one idea of *Instinctive Self-Expression*—of forming a quick, sure circuit between the player's feelings and the sympathetic strings of the piano.

You will realize that the Acsolo buttons really do form this circuit when you play on the Virtuolo, either at your dealer's store or in your own home.

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Please send me full information about the Virtuolo and easy buying plan, also copy of the fascinating free book "The Inner Beauty."

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The Camera Man

offers photographic evidence that should lead you to ask your dealer to show you MICHAELS-STERN Clothes

We employ a Camera Man instead of an artist to illustrate our clothes for you, because there can be no better advertisement of these garments than an actual photographic reproduction of the way they look. Either of the suits illustrated will fit you equally well—either *must* give you long and satisfactory wear—*for we guarantee the fabric and the workmanship.*

A Michaels-Stern dealer in your community will be glad to show you a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer models in a wide range of materials. **Write us to send you our book of photogravure illustrations.**

Michaels, Stern & Company

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester Made Clothing

Rochester, N. Y

A REBUILT LIFE

II

"RIGHT next door to the house where I had gone to board after I had started my little kindling-wood agency was a vacant lot, fenced in, which the old man had the use of in return for paying the taxes. He worked part of it for a garden in the spring and summer; it gave him something to do, and he raised all the vegetables they could use and some bushels of tomatoes extra. Of course he did not have anything in it in the winter, except a little patch of winter greens, half-covered with brush; and he didn't really need the whole lot anyway.

"One day when the weather was bad, sleety and raw, when I didn't have any coal or ash work and couldn't do any window or walk work, I got to thinking of Welcome Hall again. It seemed to me they would have a hard time supplying that town with kindling wood; I knew they didn't try to supply it all—didn't supply one-fifth of it. They never tried to get extra helpers, but appeared to be satisfied to sell whatever happened to be cut up by the men who blew in there.

"I thought if I only had some lumber and some place for them to work my men might split kindling in bad weather. The more I thought about it the more I saw in it.

"Not long afterward I saw some contractors wrecking two old frame houses—tenements—a few blocks off and almost giving away the old lumber.

"I had some money saved up by this time. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, for maybe you don't realize how I worked and scraped and saved, but I had about three hundred and eighty-five dollars ahead in the bank by that time.

"I made arrangements with the old man with whom I boarded to use the back part of that lot, and bought some of that lumber—had it hauled and dumped over there. Some of it was broken and in pretty bad condition, but the split and broken part was just as good for what I wanted it.

"Then, with a carpenter two days to help us, my men and I put up on the back part of that lot a building that looked like a cross between a stable and a coal-house; but it kept off the water and a good deal of the wind, and made as fine a kindling-splitting place as we needed.

"I even rigged up a sort of fireplace for an open wood fire to burn the scraps of wood, chips, knots and chunks we couldn't use for the kindling—three rows of brick round five feet square of earth in the center of the room, with a big hood made of old tin roofing and tin pipe leading up through the roof of boards to take off the smoke. It was something like a blacksmith's forge or an Indian tent fire, but it was fine for thawing out the hands and taking the hardest cold off the place even in the worst weather."

A Profit in Kindling Wood

"I got about two dozen old barrels for kindling, and in bad weather we all worked, filled those barrels with carefully sawed and split kindling, and stacked the reserve supply. Then I would take orders for it at the places I worked and get a wagon for half a day and deliver it.

"I found in this way my men were better satisfied by having steady work no matter what the weather was, and I made some extra money too. I called this part of the work the Kindling Supply Company—had two cloth signs painted and hooked them on the sides of the wagon whenever I had a kindling-delivery day. They were pretty classy signs for cheap work; and those signs and the wagonful of neat kindling barrels—I gave all the barrels a coat of green paint, with the hoops painted red—usually sold off six or eight extra barrels before we got round with one delivery load. I got quite a trade for the Kindling Supply Company—which was myself, as I said—before the winter was entirely over. When spring opened I had more work than ever; for I decided to do all the whitewashing I could get and handle—and there were two months of that.

"I took on two extra hands—two German boys, about seventeen years old, who had been working in a box factory for small wages. I started them at five dollars a week—the same as they had been getting in the box factory—and told them I would give them, extra, ten per cent of all over five dollars that the work they did amounted to each week.

"It took them a few days to fully understand this, but when they did they worked the best you ever saw. Besides that, I gave the one of them that seemed to have done the best a little money prize each week. Both the quantity and the quality of the work they did counted, and I often left it to the boys themselves to decide which deserved it.

"In the whitewashing business I investigated and experimented until I got about the best receipt ever used for whitewash, I think, and about the best results.

"Then I made a specialty of whitening stone steps and pavements, and stone posts and yard curbing. I invented a mixture of stone dust, water, glue, salt, whiting, bluing and one or two other things, which certainly did make things look nice. I used a coarse paintbrush to put it on—could do it quickly and most satisfactorily that way, and it looked whiter and lasted three times longer than ordinary stone-dust work.

"By keeping an old piece of carpet along where I was working and taking some pains, I found I could leave the stone white as anybody could want it, without spattering up the walks or ground alongside. You don't know how many housekeepers spoke of that! That neat kind of work and the lasting quality gave me a sort of reputation before the summer had fairly begun, and I charged pretty well for that work. The housekeepers were glad to pay a little extra for work that looked so much nicer and lasted so much longer than the old kind. I kept my two German boys at it about half the time that second summer, and they took as much pride and interest in it as if they were housepainters."

Saving for the Children

"I worked those two schoolboys again all that summer; and the three pairs of helpers—getting work for them and seeing they did it right—kept me and my bicycle so busy I didn't have time to do much work myself. However, they all knew I wasn't above doing it, and they saw every now and then—when somebody got sick or extra work piled in that just had to be gotten through—that I rolled up my sleeves and scrubbed pavements, cut grass and washed windows as quick as I ever did."

"Did you ever hear from your wife during this time?" I asked.

"My wife?" he repeated. "No, I never heard from her; but I heard of her. As I got along better and better I got mighty restless about her and the girls, and I got a lawyer to write and find out from another lawyer where they lived and how they were getting along. I heard they were doing pretty well, considering how little they had to live on; that my wife was working but still kept the two girls in school."

"Didn't you—" I began involuntarily, then realized I was to be a listener and not a questioner, and stopped abruptly.

"Didn't I what?" he asked sharply, pausing for a moment. Then: "Oh, I know what you were going to say," he resumed. "Yes, I did; I sent her two hundred dollars through the lawyer that August; and I tell you I never enjoyed paying out any money more! It was the first time for twelve years I had done anything toward helping support my family and no one knows how much it made me feel like a self-respecting man again!

"No—I see what you want to ask—she didn't write and thank me. That was Jessie all through; she wasn't going to be bought for two hundred dollars.

"'Tell him I will take it and use it for his children,' was the message she sent back through the lawyers. She wasn't going to let me forget that we were no longer husband and wife; that we were strangers in law; that my crime and the law had made her independently free from me; and she was not going to let me put her under any obligations to me again. That was Jessie all right; but she hadn't married again—she wasn't that kind.

"I had a telephone put in that summer and paid the old man I lived with a little to take orders over the 'phone. It meant something to him besides the money—the feeling that he had some occupation, was of some importance again; and it meant a lot to me.

"That telephone paid for itself three or four times over the first month, in orders

gotten and time and energy saved. You have to watch those things, I tell you, and save all the time and strength you can. I wasn't much of a business man—you might think my business wasn't any business at all; but I did a lot of thinking about it, day and evenings too. I hadn't much else satisfactory to think about.

"You may wonder why I didn't go into some other business, into some regular business, after I got a start and some money saved. Yes, I could have done so; but why should I?

"I was making money in this, it was honest and all right, even if it was scrubbing windows and walks and all that. And you may think it's funny, but I got to thinking of it as a good business—one that made the town cleaner and homes tidier and persons more self-respecting and happier.

"Oh, I suppose it's all foolishness and you may laugh at me, but that's the way I got to feel about my business; and I got proud of it and glad I could make money and at the same time do something that was really helping the people and the town."

I did not laugh, but said heartily:

"If we all had that feeling and acted on it, the town sections of the world would be different places—better to live in."

The Intermittent Help Agency

"Wouldn't they though?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "That's the way I feel about it. Well, sir, I was getting along all right that fall until I lost both my colored helpers—one died, and the rheumatic one got so he couldn't work much and went to the country to live with his son.

"The schoolboys had gone back to school, and that left me with only my two box-factory hands and more work than ever. I had to do something—and that quick too—to hold my trade.

"I had been looking out for fellows to work, for good helpers, all along; but they were hard to get. Some felt they were above the work, and others wanted better jobs, where they would have a future—I couldn't blame them for that.

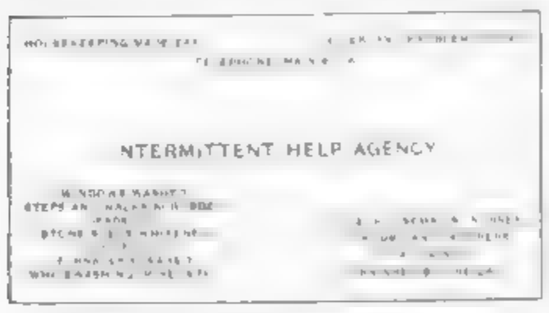
"But I knew there must be some good reliable young fellows who could do the kind of work I wanted and that I could train to be worth good wages to me—boys who had no education or trade and who would make just laborers' wages somewhere. Only those best boys seemed to think my work wasn't good enough for them—was too low down—too—too—what's the word?"

"Menial?" I suggested.

"Menial; yes, that's it—too menial for them. So I studied hard how to make my work less menial and more stylish. Think of making the scrubbing of walks and windows stylish!

"But I did—and how do you think I managed it? Why, by putting uniforms on them and sending them out as representatives of a first-class company—the Intermittent Help Agency. There's my card—what do you think of it?"

He handed me a large business card of good quality, on which was neatly printed:



I looked at it with interest.

"Do you do all that?" I asked.

"I do now," he replied; "I didn't at first. I first called it an agency two years ago, when I had to do something to make scrub and ash work stylish.

"I had those two fine German boys, who were making good wages for themselves and for me, too, and I managed to get a few more like them. I saw I couldn't have white and colored both in my agency, so I took only the white.

"I dressed them in khaki uniforms, with slouch soldier hats; and they had some class to them. In winter I had dark blue uniforms for them, with trousers piped in red, and stiff blue caps. Those uniforms advertised my work a lot and made my helpers feel they were responsible, trusted employees of a responsible agency. They held up their heads about their work; seemed to see all sorts of difference between their scrubbing pavements—in their khaki suits, gum boots and soldier hats—and the old darky scrubbing pavements half a block farther down the street.

"I have several strong intelligent high-school boys, too, between sixteen and eighteen years old, on Friday afternoons and Saturdays. By careful choosing I have been able to select a reliable set who have done good work after I have trained them.

"By picking the most sensible of them, dressing them as soldiers and putting them to work away from their home neighborhoods, I have gotten splendid results—have overcome any fool notions about the work being beneath them. They soon get proud of the work and the organization, with good wages, the per-cent system over wages and the special prizes each week for good, quick work.

"The cooks and maids and nurses? They came later; I've only been furnishing them this past year. You know how helpless some people are and how put out most of them get when the servants get sick and don't come—and cooks will miss a day sometimes, the best of them.

"Well, sir, I got to thinking about it a good deal; you see my work has always taken me round by the kitchen and I could see how each family was getting along. I saw so much inconvenience from servants dropping out that it occurred to me that a lot of people would be willing to pay a little extra if they could telephone and get a supply cook, a first-class one, for a day or two. The same way with maids and nurses and housemen. The more I thought of it the more reasonable it seemed.

"So I looked round to see if there weren't a few good negro cooks willing to go out by the day, two or three days a week—like many washerwomen—who still wanted to keep house for their families and wouldn't live out all the time.

"I found a good many first-class ones, picking them up slowly—cooks and maids and nurses and cleaners—that I could rely upon for occasional work. I did not stop looking until I found enough, so that if one did not want to go out that day I could be sure of another in her place. They, too, felt it meant something a little more than ordinary to belong to the Intermittent Help Agency; they would work for me when they wouldn't work for some other people, and they would get their first-class friends to work for the agency too.

"I found this the easiest and best way to get new helpers, white and colored; to get the good ones I have to recommend other good ones. They know; and in this way I've built up a list of good ones."

Cooks and Maids in Uniform

"I see that they get good wages; and I charge about twenty per cent of their wages extra a day for supplying the help—all paid by the employer. The employer telephones me; I supply the needed servant—capable, neatly dressed in uniform, reliable—delivered at the house within an hour usually.

"I have the women dress in uniform too—a neat gray stripe trimmed in solid dark blue for the white cooks and maids; and a brown stripe trimmed in red for the colored. They like it and it takes well with the employers. It's a little unusual, but so are the servants. I keep only the best on my list, and they have gotten to know it—servants and employers both.

"A year ago I bought a small second-hand automobile for three hundred and fifteen dollars, and learned to run it myself. I use it instead of a bicycle; it is a great help, makes an easy way of carrying brooms and pails and mops and helpers from one place to another, and impresses everybody. A cook or nurse or scrubwoman, in her neat uniform, riding to her work in an automobile, with the backing of the Intermittent Help Agency, feels that she has an important position and that her work must come up to it. The same way with my soldier helpers.

"During these last two years I have also trained two or three understudies to help me train new workers, to run the business, and to carry on things if I am sick or away for a day or two; I am not so strong as I used to be fifteen years ago, and this is necessary if a man wants his business to grow—he mustn't make it a one-man thing.

"The last year I have run an employment agency, too, though it cut into my

(Concluded on Page 58)

YOUR most delicious biscuit will be eaten with added zest when spread with Meadow-Gold Butter. You "smack your lips." Sweetness and fine flavor are there. You say at once "Meadow-Gold's the butter for me."
Meadow-Gold Butter
is made from rich, pasteurized cream and churned under the most sanitary conditions known to the buttermaker's art. It comes to you in the patented, sealed package.
To the Dealer: Meadow-Gold Butter has just the qualities necessary to build up a butter trade. The opportunity is open to you. Address distributing house located nearest you.
MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
The Fox River Butter Company
Albany Atlanta Augusta Aurora Baltimore Birmingham Boston
Buffalo Chicago Charleston Cincinnati Cleveland Jacksonville Memphis
Newark New Orleans New York Norfolk Philadelphia Pittsburgh Richmond
Rochester St. Louis Savannah Scranton Syracuse Tampa Washington
The Continental Creamery Company
Oklahoma City, Okla. Pueblo, Colo. Topeka, Kan.
The Littleton Creamery Company
Denver, Colorado
Beatrice Creamery Company
Des Moines, Ia.
Dubuque, Ia.
Lincoln, Neb.
Meadow-Gold Butter

Suit 36

By Poiret of Paris

Poiret is said by many to be the greatest living artist in dress. His evening gowns and carriage wraps are magnificent. His tailored suits are the acme of simplicity. This is an exact copy of the model which Poiret himself sent to the Wooltex factory—exact in style, fabric, in material and in trimming. The original cost $150 in Paris. You can buy this Wooltex reproduction at $38.50—a saving of more than $100.

WOOL
THE H. BLACK
DESIGNERS
PARIS

Stylish, attractive r
and suits, *guarantee*
and satisfy you for tw

FASHIONS come and fashions go—
the well dressed woman, the whole w
She looks *always* as though she had just s

Her clothes seem ever to have *just* le

You can always have that fresh, nea
Wooltex label in your coats and suits.

For the Wooltex guarantee means m
It means lasting freshness—*certain* sh

Wooltex is *not* a fabric

It means high grade co
and made by The H. Bla
land—the leading desi
women's garments.

Wooltex Styles

Wooltex styles are always fresh, always charming; each one passed upon by Mme. Savarie, head of the Wooltex Fashion Bureau, an institution that spends $50,000 a year for style alone. An institution whose members gather the best styles of France and adapt them to the needs of well-dressed American women.

All this that the Wooltex label may always guarantee authoritative style even as it does superior quality.

Wooltex

Modern methods
and unusual buying
enabled us to give
value in every Woo
or skirt.

Our prices, when
quality of our garm
sidered, are altogeth

Coats $15
Suits $25
Skirts $6

Write to The H. Black Company, Cleveland, Ohio, for a
illustrated. Be sure and see the Wooltex

The Store That

COMPANY
MAKERS
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eady-to-wear coats
ed to *stay* shapely
wo full seasons.

but the one *certain* characteristic of
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ıt, stylish look—if you insist on the

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oats and suits designed
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Prices

of manufacture
facilities have
ou the utmost
ltex coat, suit

the style and
ents are con-
er modest.

o $45
o $55
o $20

Where To Get Them

Nearly a thousand merchants sell Wooltex.

Most of them say, "Mine is 'The Store That Sells Wooltex.'"

Theirs may not always be the biggest stores or the best locations—

But they *are* pretty sure to be thoroughly reliable and to give you good value for every dollar you spend.

That is why we ask you to shop at the Wooltex Store.

Coat 227

An original Wooltex coat

The lines of this original Wooltex model [illegible] one of the [illegible] made [illegible] paid for [illegible] stay at home. [illegible] in the [illegible] among these [illegible] new [illegible] Price $[illegible] and $[illegible] according [illegible]

copy of the Wooltex Spring Style Book, beautifully
spring garments in your own city at

Sells Wooltex

Many a man who would laugh at the idea of putting tin shoes on his horse because they would cost less than iron shoes, thinks nothing of putting poor paint on his buildings. He fools himself into the notion that he's saving money thereby. He isn't. He's losing it. This matter of deciding upon what brand of paint you'll use is too important to be dealt with lightly. You can "bank" on Acme Quality Paints every time. They mean longer life to your property because of their durability. Their use means economy, because of their surface-covering capacity. They are easy to apply, because they flow readily and spread evenly. Dry quickly—look the best.

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Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel
Gives a brilliant enamel finish that withstands the ravages of the weather. Works equally well on wood or metal.

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Imparts a handsome, durable surface—Mission, Weathered, Flemish and other artistic stain effects.

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Gives a hard, durable, lustrous surface that is easy to clean. Spreads evenly, dries quickly.

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ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

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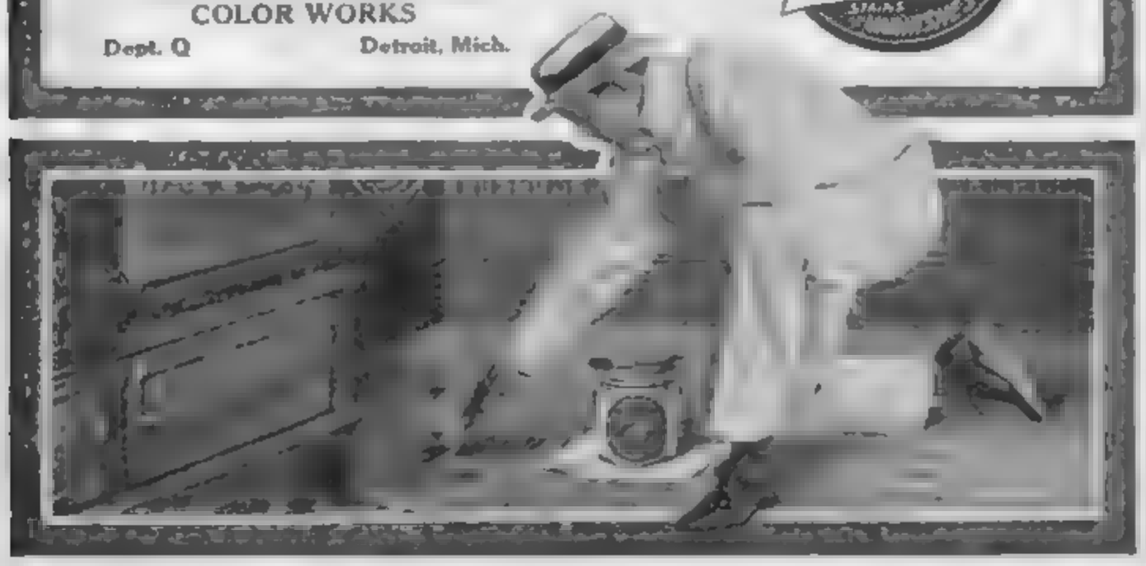


Concluded from Page 33

plans some. I had to do this in self-defense. There were so many persons out of servants who had one of my helpers—neat, capable, trustworthy—supplied to them for a few days, that naturally enough tried hard to employ them permanently.

"Many of these people offered such good wages that they persuaded my helpers to take permanent positions, though I have some on my books who, on account of health or children or almost sufficient support from their husbands' earnings, cannot be persuaded to go out regularly all the time into service. Still, they are glad to take in a few washings or go out for a couple of days each week.

"The employment part of my business supplies only the best help after it has been tested and approved by the Intermittent Help Agency, and after the employer has had a chance to see how she likes the servant. In this way employers and employees know conditions and each other, there are fewer misfits on either side and homes gotten in this way are generally more permanent. I charge ten dollars for filling each position, the employer paying the entire fee when the servant is engaged.

"Yes, I have made some money, but I haven't saved so much, for I sent my wife, through that lawyer, six hundred dollars within the last year and four hundred dollars the year before that—for the girls. No, she has never written to me or said 'Thank you!' I guess she thinks it's no more than I should do for my children—the lawyer reported that's about what she said. She's right—it's not any more than I should do; but she did say last week, after I sent the last two hundred dollars, that I could come on to see the girls if I wanted to. 'Tell him he can come on to see his children,' the lawyer told me were the words she said.

"I haven't seen them for fourteen years; that's a long time—between three years old and seventeen and one year old and fifteen. I haven't had even a picture of them. Do you suppose they look now anything like they did when they were babies? Of course you can't tell that."

A Cloud With a Silver Lining

"She is willing to let me see the children—I am on my way there now. They live in Johnsonburg—we'll reach the Junction in less than an hour. Am I doing right to break in on their life again? They would not know me if they saw me pass. Have I, an ex-convict, any right to come back into their lives now?"

"You are still their father and you've rebuilt your life—they can't get away from those facts. Would they be doing right not to see you?"

"That's not it; my part, what's that?"

"Your wife said see them. You can trust her judgment, can't you?"

"Yes, I can. Of course I would like in a way to see them; but I'd give anything—anything in the world—to see my wife again! I suppose I oughtn't to call her that now though—we've been legal strangers, as my lawyer calls it, so long; but I'd give anything to see her again!" he ended wistfully.

"Do you still love her?" I asked.

"Love her?" he said with a curious, earnest ring in his voice.

We had risen to go back to the sleeper and he did not say anything further until we were seated in the car. Then:

"Love her!" he repeated, as if there had been no interruption. "I've worked and scrimped and saved, and tried to make a man of myself—and, by jiminy, I have done it, too, though it hurt like the devil—for her, for her! I don't think of any other woman, day or night, and haven't these fourteen years; and I'm always thinking of her and wanting to do for her. I'd do anything for her, anything on earth, even—listen!—even to never seeing her again if I was sure that was best for her. Do you hear me? I mean that; but—oh, you're just a bachelor and don't understand. You don't know what that means—unless, perhaps—do you love some woman that way now?"

"Was that the question you wished to ask me?" I replied, smiling.

"The question? Oh, no; I wanted your advice. I have been alone so much these fourteen years—I mean really alone, you know. When you see people you can't talk to, or can say only the things that have to be said, you are pretty much alone; but I've done a lot of thinking.

"I'm on my way to see the girls now, as I said. That's the reason I'm dressed up so: I never had a suit before in all these years that cost over twenty dollars. I've been riding all this way in the sleeper to get used to things, to feel like folks, to get up my courage a little more. It's worth a lot to a fellow to taste a little high living sometimes, only I don't seem to fit in—I can't get accustomed to it; I feel so shut out and so shut up still. That's the reason I felt I must say something to somebody; that's the reason I'm talking to you. I saw you just reading and writing down things every once in a while; and I saw you noticed me—and didn't seem to look down on me.

"Now it's this. I probably won't see her, but I can look her up; I'd follow her to China if I had my way. You know exactly how things are and how I feel about her. This is the question: Ought I—have I any right to go after her, follow her, find her, tell her how I love her and ask her to marry me again? What do you think? Tell me fairly, no matter how it hurts—I'm used to hurts."

I was silent a moment.

"You have no right to keep it from her," I finally replied with conviction. "You have rebuilt your life. Let her have another chance at hers: let her decide."

His face lightened.

Paid in Full

We rode on for some time in silence. At length I said:

"I hope you will find everything even better than you hope. I appreciate your telling me all this; it's fine to know a man has done what you have these last four years."

He looked gratified.

"It hasn't been easy," was all he answered.

We rode a mile or two more without speaking; then he said, as if he had just reached a determination:

"Say, you don't know me, or even where I live?"

"No," I answered. He had not given me that information.

"Well, you can write down what I've told you. I saw you writing things yesterday on pieces of paper when you were not reading—looked like you were making notes. You write, don't you?"

"Oh, I am no author," I protested.

"Aren't you a writer?"

"A little writing doesn't make a writer—that is merely a by-product," I responded.

"You have heard my experience. Write it down, write it down!" he insisted earnestly. "May be some poor devil who thinks he has no chance may see it some time and make a chance for himself."

I did not answer for we heard the porter calling:

"Johnsonburg Junction! Johnsonburg Junction the next stop. Change cars for ——"

He got his things together—I was going on farther—and we sat together silently looking out at the scattering houses on the outskirts of the poor little junction point.

"They say Johnsonburg is only twenty-eight miles from the Junction," he remarked after a time. "I wonder what the girls will look like."

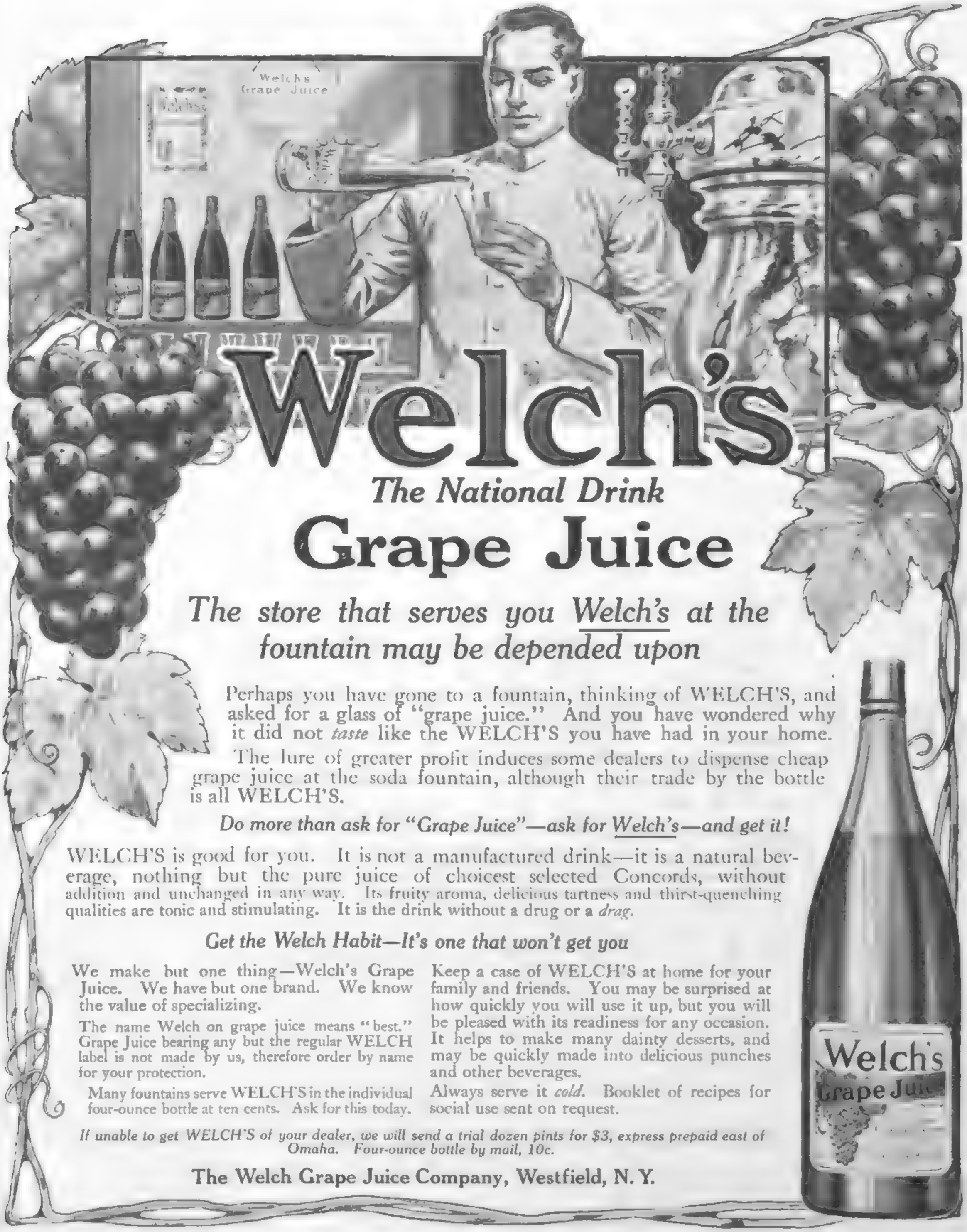
As the final "Johnsonburg Junction!" came in rolling tones and the train drew into the station, he rose and took up his suitcase, saying:

"Here's where I leave you. It doesn't look like much of a place"—we were both looking at the dozen persons loosely grouped on the platform waiting for the train to come to a full stop—"but—Why, there's Jessie!" he exclaimed suddenly, with a new, exultant ring in his voice, and without another word he rushed toward the door of the car.

I looked out and saw among those on the platform a thin, little dark-eyed woman, with irongray hair and a face that singularly impressed me. It seemed a face habitually tired, lined and sunken about the eyes, but now lit up with eager light and hope and loving expectancy.

When my fellow traveler jumped off the car and hastily made his way toward her, she stepped forward with a look meant only for him—a look to cancel much sorrow in the life of any man. Then he dropped his bag and took her in his arms, while—the crowd forgotten—her hands clasped about his neck.

As the train pulled out they moved off together. He did not even look back—he had quite forgotten me. I wondered who he was and how the girls would greet him.



Welch's

The National Drink

Grape Juice

The store that serves you Welch's at the fountain may be depended upon

Perhaps you have gone to a fountain, thinking of WELCH'S, and asked for a glass of "grape juice." And you have wondered why it did not *taste* like the WELCH'S you have had in your home.

The lure of greater profit induces some dealers to dispense cheap grape juice at the soda fountain, although their trade by the bottle is all WELCH'S.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—ask for Welch's—and get it!

WELCH'S is good for you. It is not a manufactured drink—it is a natural beverage, nothing but the pure juice of choicest selected Concords, without addition and unchanged in any way. Its fruity aroma, delicious tartness and thirst-quenching qualities are tonic and stimulating. It is the drink without a drug or a *drag*.

Get the Welch Habit—It's one that won't get you

We make but one thing—Welch's Grape Juice. We have but one brand. We know the value of specializing.

The name Welch on grape juice means "best." Grape Juice bearing any but the regular WELCH label is not made by us, therefore order by name for your protection.

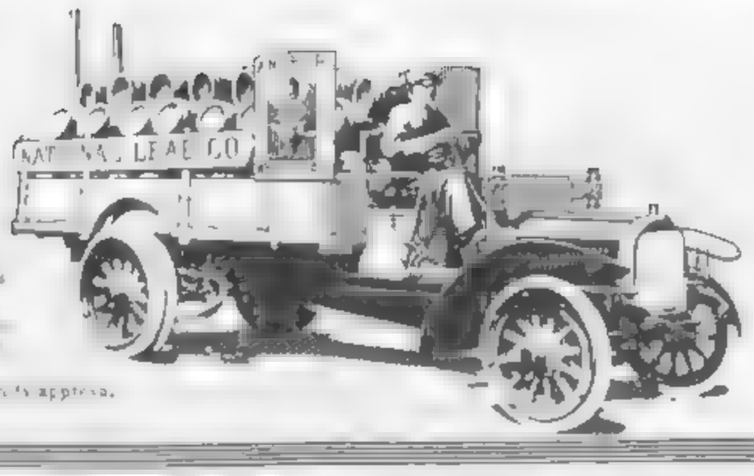
Many fountains serve WELCH'S in the individual four-ounce bottle at ten cents. Ask for this today.

Keep a case of WELCH'S at home for your family and friends. You may be surprised at how quickly you will use it up, but you will be pleased with its readiness for any occasion. It helps to make many dainty desserts, and may be quickly made into delicious punches and other beverages.

Always serve it *cold*. Booklet of recipes for social use sent on request.

If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Four-ounce bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.



National Lead Co
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Furnished, Apr
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Repeat orders in 1912 approx.

Proved by 12 years of real service

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Proved by 17 years of real service

"Leading gasoline trucks of the world"

The important questions about motor-trucks are:

1. Will they last long enough to repay the original investment with profit?
2. Is there a sufficient variety of sizes and styles of body for each individual use?

On these points we give you a complete answer:

1. Saurer trucks have made good consistently for 17 years; Mack for 12 years.
2. Capacities of 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons. Bodies suitable for each owner are built in our own plant.

We have data on the transportation problems of practically every line of business. We shall be glad to send you that referring to your particular line, on request

Our Engineering Department is at your service for determining the value, or variety, of motor-truck equipment for your special needs.

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They Won't Slip

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

The moment you have a pair of CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS attached to your shoes you feel a greater degree of safety.

Because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature which *positively prevents slipping* on wet sidewalks or pavements—and makes them wear much longer.

The extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency. There are no holes in the heels to track mud and dirt into the house.

And—best of all—they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

The name is easy to remember. Get a pair today.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer, and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

To the Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want.
The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.
Order from your jobber today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY, 105 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Canadian Office—Eastern Township Bank Bldg., Montreal.

How's Business and Why

MEN honestly differ in their understanding of the general business situation and the opinions one meets are quite at variance—diametrically opposite in instances. The curious feature is that they are able to fortify their contentions with more or less conclusive proof. As to the facts, it will probably not be doubted that in modern times merchants have rarely carried smaller stocks of goods and wares on their shelves. They buy as they must and are not taking large amounts in order to save on the price; in other words, they are not speculating in the commodities they are dealing in. Perhaps this constitutes the main difference between boom times and ordinary times. Furthermore, this attitude on the part of jobbers and retailers suggests absence of expectation of an advance in prices of certain products. The recent active movement in metallic copper may be worth citing in this connection. The price had been dragging along round thirteen cents a pound, without varying much, and men were wondering whether that was to be a stable price indefinitely. Consumption or buying that passed for consumption had gradually reduced the so-called visible supply until it did not look so formidable as it once did.

There is little question that the long duration of comparatively cheap copper had stimulated consumption considerably. Nobody was better informed on that subject than foreign dealers, who are now credited with instituting buying to such an extent that other interests were impressed and did likewise, the effect on consumers being that they were frightened into taking on a larger supply than they had carried in a long while. One selling agency is reported to have sold eighty million pounds that it did not care to hold longer. There were bookings for January, February and March deliveries, most of them being set down in December; and consumers and others appear to have loaded up in a sort of wholesale fashion. A less amount of copper seems to have been wanted since then, and people who bought to sell again and neglected to sell have had to concede somewhat from the fourteen-and-a-half-cent price. Lately copper was offered under fourteen cents by a prominent producer and seller. There was a suspicion that this offer was not wholly disconnected from the idea of annoying another producer and dealer who got the better of the selling on the advance. Be that as it may, the copper industry received quite an impetus through the shifting of stocks from first to second and third hands, and broke up, for the time at least, the habit of buying from hand to mouth.

The Effect of Copper on Production

If all lines of industry had succeeded, as this industry did, in inducing wholesale and speculative purchases, and if the shares of other industrial concerns had been made as active as were the copper shares, the effect on sentiment in general and speculative sentiment in particular most likely would have been pronounced. It is not shown that copper melting has received any particular impetus from the higher prices of the raw material. There is a feeling that, unless spring shall quicken the demand for manufactured copper, the enlarged buying of refined will not continue, but that the higher price will lead the augmented production after, say, two or three months; for there are mining companies which would starve on twelve or thirteen cent copper that would make a little money with copper at fourteen cents.

Whether the larger producers will see that higher copper does not stimulate production to the point of danger to themselves is an interesting question. The larger producers curtailed production somewhat for a year and longer, and might be tempted to enlarge production if sufficient profits are indicated. The feeling at present is that the outlook is uncertain and that it will be worth while to watch affairs at the opening of spring.

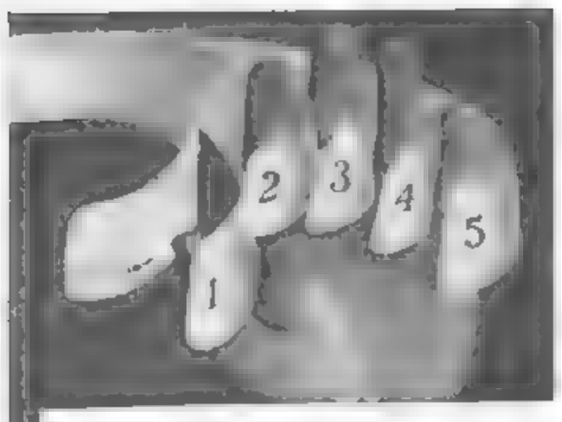
Early February advices were that the Western railroads were having the heaviest traffic in months, the result in part of the interruption caused by bad weather, and likewise the result of pressure to get certain products to market—notably corn—before the breaking up of winter should bring impassable roads, with an excess of grain on hand. Country elevators and those at primary points were reported so full of grain that they had to be closed to other amounts that would ordinarily be transported. A shortage of coal cars, as well as box cars for the transportation of grain, was said to exist. A special inducement to sell corn has been the prevalence of hog cholera in some districts in Iowa and elsewhere, which reduced the stock of hogs to be fattened; and again, the prevailing price of corn—as much as sixty cents in Illinois—led many farmers to part with their supply. Corn arrivals at Chicago for five weeks from January first were 31,677,000 bushels, an increase of 6,542,000 bushels compared with the same period the previous year, when traffic conditions were considered perfect and the crop was the largest ever raised. The price is seventeen to nineteen cents higher than at that time, however, with the weather favorable for handling. Receipts for the last of the five-week period were the largest in over a dozen years, amounting to 9,918,000 bushels. The movement of flour for the period last named was the best in months, and it had been none too good for a considerable time.

United States Steel Earnings

Traffic receipts of some of the railroads, as lately reported, have not compared so favorably with the previous year as could be desired by the managers and stockholders, though in other cases they have been quite favorable. The New York Central road, for example, shows, for six months ending December thirty-first, a gross increase of but $1,589,977 and $826,217 decrease in operating expense, of which no less than $660,352 was saved in maintenance of equipment, suggesting a questionable policy. Lake Shore, the best of the Vanderbilt mileage, found its gross revenues for the same period decreased $91,128, and cut operating and maintenance costs by $3,642,788 in order to secure $3,580,629 improvement in net revenue. The Louisville & Nashville road showed a gross gain in revenue of $378,289 and reduced outlay for operating and upkeep by $157,442; so that the gain in net for the six months was $512,779, outside of taxes. Other and less favorable examples of operations, like the Illinois Central, could be cited, the whole tending to show that railroad managers have been practicing economies at points where they were perhaps liberal in expenditures previously, but where they will be obliged to spend with a free hand hereafter. It may be that the orders for new equipment, rails and other supplies at the close of 1911 and the beginning of the current year are suggestive of a purpose in this direction. These orders, by-and-by, mean—if maintained—improvement in the iron and steel industry—improvement that has already been heralded far and wide by stock-market devotees.

Unhappily the latest information is of lack of supplemental equipment orders, which, however, ought not to excite surprise. Steel men have certainly been more cheerful than for some time. The report of the United States Steel Corporation for the final quarter of 1911 surprised pessimistic prophets by exceeding twenty-three million dollars and showing the quarterly dividend earned, with a modest sum to spare, but with very much less than the usual amount charged off for the quarter. It looked as if the statement was manipulated to sustain the market price of the common stock, which is among the most important pillars in the price structure of the stock market.

As goes steel, so frequently goes the entire market. Steel is supposed to be the pet of certain prominent capitalists; and some people fancy they can discern the market position of these men by the course of steel common in Wall Street. The men in question have many followers at times. Speaking of the United States Steel Corporation, current financial literature estimates that the corporation produced in 1911 ten million tons of finished steel, from which was secured $104,000,000 net earnings, or $10.40 a ton. This compares with 10,733,000 tons that netted $13.14 a ton in 1910; 9,859,660 tons that netted $13.34 a ton in 1909; 6,206,932 tons that netted $14.80 a ton in 1908; 10,564,539 tons that netted $15.51 a ton in 1907, and 10,578,433 tons that netted $14.81 a ton in 1906. The difficulty seems to be less with the tonnage



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They are obviously superior, wear much longer and their eye-catching style won't launder out.

Extra Ply
Adds body, makes shape permanent.

Eyelet Buttonhole
Pliable—easy to put on.

Stout Stay
Prevents buttonhole ever wearing or tearing out.

Notching at Bending Points
Prevents cracking.

If you want the best value at 2 for 25c, buy

Triangle
5-PLY Collars
"The Collars of Quality"

You can buy a regulation 4-Ply collar—our *Century Brand*—for 10c, in all styles and quarter sizes. This establishes the difference in value between 4-Ply Collars (10c) and Triangle 5-Ply Collars (2 for 25c).

THE PAGER (*see illustration*)—a smart style for Easter. 2¼ in. high, snug fitting, closed front. Made 5-Ply with Stout Stay protected buttonhole.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 50c for 4. "Key to Correct Dress" and sample Stout Stay Buttonhole free on request.

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than with profits. In other words, there is business in plenty, but it is done on a relatively small margin for profit. This complaint, it is to be said, is almost universal in the business community. Current report is that orders are not quite maintained in the steel industry but are considerable, and uncertain hope is expressed as regards the outlook.

A person connected with the cotton-mill industry of New England lately observed that his mill never sold so many goods in any January as in the first month of 1912. Other testimony is conflicting.

The high cost of living is challenging deep thought, and the disparity between wages and the prices of commodities is being brought home to intelligent men everywhere. Perhaps the greatest good to spring from strikes of laboring men will be from the illumination of the topic of income and necessary expenditure.

In regard to foreign trade, emphasis is being placed on the fact that for 1911 the exports of manufactures from the United States for the first time exceeded a billion dollars for a given twelvemonth. That this is to be more a manufacturing and less an agricultural country is among the indications regretted by not a few citizens. On the one hand, the development of manufactures brings to the country hundreds of thousands of aliens, who are possessed of habits and temperaments not readily dealt with, and who multiply the difficulties of harmonizing classes of citizens beyond the appreciation of people not familiar with the affair. These difficulties have increased tremendously, and the wisest men are in doubt as to what ought to be done.

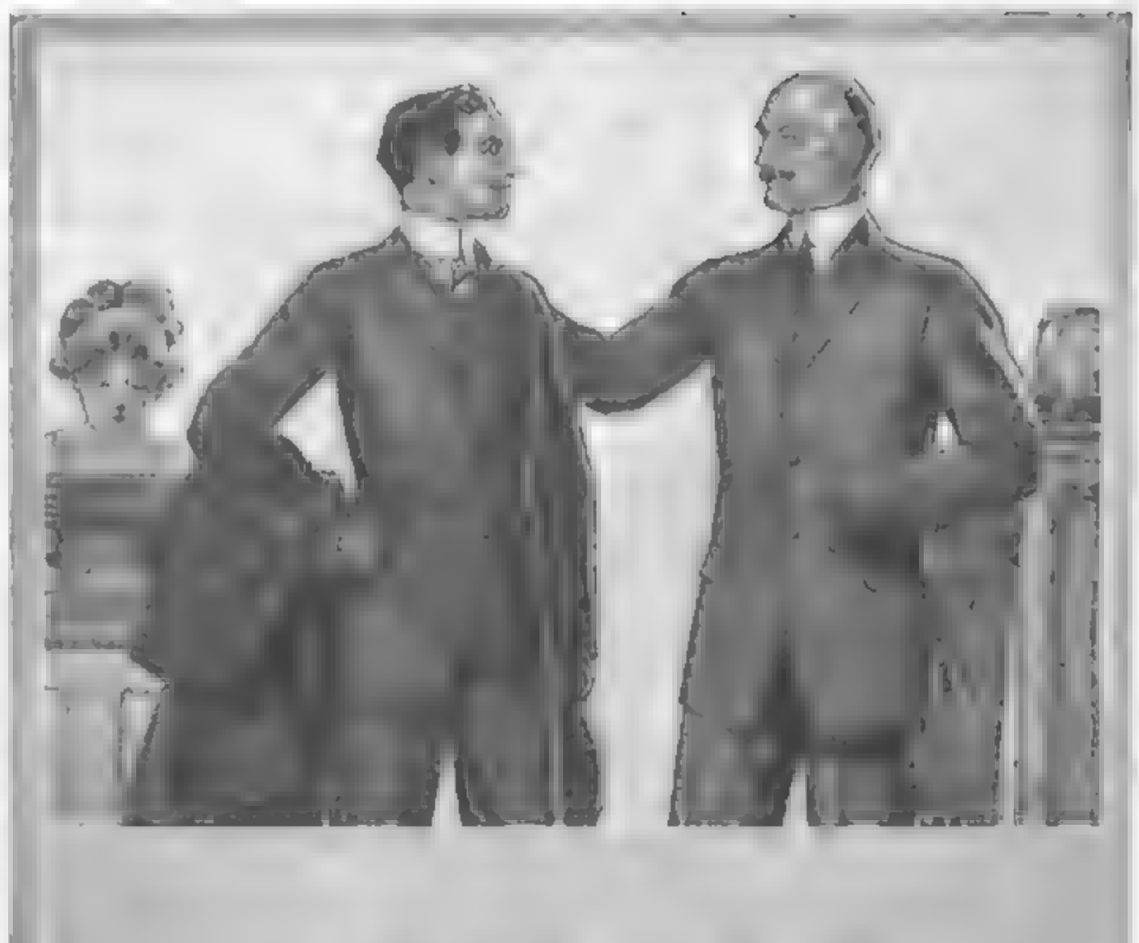
Gold Shipped to Europe

Direct gold exports to Europe set in early in February, and it was calculated they might amount to quite a number of millions before the tide would be reversed. Bankers rather welcome than decry this outward movement. They believe the gold can be spared, as it is not needed either to protect the currency or for the conduct of business. Bankers do not know how to employ in a profitable way the money accumulating in their vaults. They were really glad at the recent reduction of some seven million dollars surplus by the New York banks in a single week. It ought not, perhaps, to be said that there are not openings for the use of money, for these are ever present, albeit the openings may not be such as to appeal to the moneylender.

It seems singular to see a country like this complaining of an excess of cash; but grant that such excess exists—grant, if you please, that the excess may be even larger than at present—it follows that it is a situation that will correct itself by leading eventually to employment, and stimulate a development of confidence to an extent that investments will be freely made and good times be brought round again.

By many, the existing political, social, financial and industrial including labor status is painful if not intolerable; and to this condition of mind largely is attributed the hesitation in the commitment of money and effort in a business direction. Yet business is large, indeed, in volume and men are not going to sulk any longer than in their judgment necessity compels. They may well reason that, given a large volume of business, with a chance of the volume being eventually still further enlarged, it can only be a question of time when consumption will gain on production and the opportunity for enlarged profits will surely recur.

There is an unlimited amount of latent energy in the American people and a genius for governing among them that will assure the successful grappling with the perplexing problems now being faced; and when success shall be achieved—not many years hence—one may be certain that out of it will come a happier and more prosperous and progressive people than has heretofore been met in this or perhaps in any land. It will pay, at this juncture, to devote as much time as shall be required to studying the problems confronting the nation and to adjusting conflicting differences upon a just and reasonable basis, for they will never stay adjusted if left upon a different basis. The immediate outlook is, nevertheless, for the observance of conservatism in business circles generally until the political atmosphere shall become clarified by the selection of candidates for the presidency by the leading political parties, and until it shall appear what interests are to select the next occupant of the White House.



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Our splendid London style is shown on young man in the picture. It's a strictly English style with two button coat, 30 inches long, soft roll lapel. It fits snugly, is narrow-shouldered, makes the figure look long and slim. The older man wears the Universal, a conservative but stylish garment, that is more roomy and loose throughout than the London. Both come in selected fabrics of exclusive pattern and choicest blue serges.

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Out-of-Doors

Your Gun—How and Why it Should Fit You

IN THE colonial days of this country wing shooting was held to be preeminently a gentleman's accomplishment. The hardy rifleman of the backwoods scorned it; but always in this country and in others it has been considered in good classes a desirable accomplishment to be able to shoot fairly well on the wing. There are more Americans who can do this today than there are Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans or men of any other nation.

With professional shooting at the traps we need concern ourselves very little, for that is rather a business than an accomplishment. Neither need we wholly admire the deadly skill of the professional market shooter, for that also is a business and not an accomplishment. All this aside, a great many of us shoot fairly well on the wing and would like to shoot better, even though we have pretty much killed off all our feathered game. We shall improve in this ambition all the faster if we understand some of the fundamental facts governing good shooting. Most of us are astonishingly ignorant of how or why we do things which perhaps we do fairly well. Yet all good art is based on good theory and good fundamental principles.

We are usually disposed to say that we just pull up the gun and swing on or ahead of the flying bird, and so kill it. Most of us learn to shoot by going out with an older shot, and we have few shooting schools in this country as they do abroad. As a result, we Americans begin to shoot usually while young and learn each for himself—hit or miss, bad style or good style, bad habits or good; but most of us are unable to analyze either the reasons why we hit or why we miss.

For instance, you no doubt declare that when you shoot flying you never see the front sight of your gun. You believe this firmly; but it is only approximately the truth. Also, very likely you think that you shoot with both eyes open; but quite probably you do this only part of the time. Very likely you shoot quail and other fast birds with both eyes open and with a quick swing of the gun, not seeing or knowing that you see the front sight at all. Yet, if you should stop to watch yourself shooting ducks coming in to your decoys, you would be surprised to see that you—the same man—were seeing the whole barrel and rib and fore sight of your gun, and sighting with one eye closed. Perhaps you yourself could not tell just how much you shut one eye on even a fast shot. Perhaps you do not shut it at all. Perhaps, also, you do not realize that one eye puts you on your birds and the other eye puts you down the middle of the barrel.

Good Form for Gunners

Almost any one will agree that no man can shoot well unless his gun fits him. To be sure, a really good shot can take almost any gun and, with a little practice, do good work with it; but much of his success will depend upon his personal habit of aiming and aligning. At a time when the writer was good for more than half his quail, and sometimes a dozen or a dozen and a half straight, he went over into Canada; and, using a straight-stocked English gun, he could account for only eight birds out of twenty-eight shots—much to the mirth of his fellow sportsmen. The truth was that the shooter had been in the habit of shooting with a high head, with a stock not quite so straight, and perhaps in reality with an aim rather parallel to the rib than directly along it. The muzzle of the straight-stocked gun stuck directly up in front and the shooter was all at sea. To handle that gun would have necessitated an entire change of his individual style.

Perhaps Englishmen use straighter stocks than we do because much of their shooting is at driven birds, which come in overhead. It is also the case with our professional trap shots that the longer they shoot, the straighter is the stock that they prefer. Trap shooting, however, is more or less a set and mechanical style of shooting. Some of the best English authorities agree that the American style and position in the field, easy and with head rather high, is more graceful and quite as effective as the

What's a "Free Deal" Anyway?

A grocer buys five cases of breakfast food and gets one free. That's a "free deal." It's a common enough term in the grocery business.

The reason the manufacturer gives the case free is not because he loves the grocer, but because he needs the money. If he didn't give the "free deal" he wouldn't sell so many goods.

The fact that the grocer can't sell the packages fast enough to prevent their spoiling on his hands doesn't worry the manufacturer. If it did he would stop offering the "free deal" and sell his goods *on their merits*.

The "free deal" has been denounced by almost every retail grocers' association and by thousands of progressive merchants, but it is still a persistent evil. There is one brand of corn flakes that is *never* sold on a "Deal"—and that is KELLOGG'S, the *original* Toasted Corn Flakes. Every package is paid for and is *worth* paying for. No merchant is ever asked to buy more Kellogg's than he actually requires for his trade. This means constant honest profits for the dealer—fresh goods for *you*.

This signature is a guarantee of quality, freshness and fair dealing.

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Tirenew is a scientific preservative of automobile tires—a liquid unvulcanized rubber coating made of pure para gum—will not flake or rub off and wears like rubber.

Tires are made of layers of canvas, rubber coated to keep out the moisture and resist the direct road wear. The tire, in service, becomes a mass of cuts through which moisture enters and attacks the fabric, causing it to rot. **Tirenew** will flow into these cuts and crevices and waterproof the exposed fabric, adding greatly to the life of the tire.

Tirenew *will also make the tires look bright and new and give the entire car a well-groomed appearance.*

The cost of tires is a large item in the "upkeep" of your car, and a weekly application of Tirenew will be an excellent investment in the added service your tires will give and the improved appearance of your car.

Tirenew can be quickly applied with a brush, and dries in 15 minutes. It does not contain any injurious ingredients and has been endorsed by manufacturers of automobile tires.

Send us $1.00 and your dealer's name and we will send you a trial can of Tirenew, enough for 12 tires, prepaid or through your dealer.

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Our valuable booklet entitled "Tire Care" will be sent free, upon application.

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Are you ready to supply your customers with Tirenew? If you are not stocked up, go to your jobber or write to us for price list of Tirenew. Every automobile owner will eventually become a user of Tirenew.

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cramped and hunched English position, with the head close down on the gunstock and the shoulders pushed forward. The man who wishes good form in the field should consult rather the theory of form than examples of it as seen at the traps.

Some shotguns, more especially those bored for pigeon shooting, are mounted to shoot a foot or so higher at thirty yards than the point at which they are aimed. A high charge is a better fault than a low one, for the force of gravity is always to be overcome and birds are more often rising than dropping when fired at. The consensus of the best authorities on form in shooting, however, is that the gun should shoot but very little high, and that the lead and allowance should be made by the shooter and not by the gun. Pigeon shooting is no longer very fashionable anyhow.

Most men do not stop to think that the eyes have something to do not only with good scores but also with the fit of the gun and its requirements. Normal young men do not know that they have any eyes at all; but as a man grows older he learns that his eyes have very much to do both with rifle shooting and with wing shooting.

In any wing shot you make there are three points of aim—the breech of the barrels, the fore sight, and the bird you want to hit. Now every one of these points is in a different focus. You can't possibly see them all at once in the same focus; and if you do not align with all these three you miss. This is why you think you do not see the fore sight—you do see it, but don't know it. Your gun must help you, with its exact fit, to overcome this inherent optical difficulty, which is present in all wing shooting and always will be.

The question of lead or holding ahead is also closely related to the stocking of a gun. It can easily be figured out that a bird flying sixty to ninety miles an hour requires a lead of from sixteen to twenty-five feet, at a distance called shooting range. All shooters agree that they never hold that far ahead—and, indeed, they probably do not; but did you never have a gun of which you said that you killed all the left-hand shots with it and missed all the right-hand ones? That brings you up to the question of your gunstock and your distance ahead, both at once. You were sighting off of one side of the barrels and not down the middle, and so had more lead than you thought. Your gun was not cast off right for you.

The Importance of Your Cheek

That you get down the center of the rib with your aim is the one important thing in shooting; and, unless you do this—not part of the time, but all the time—you can never shoot regularly, and your kills can only be regular through grace of the spreading shot charge, a very fluctuating refuge. The width of your shoulder, the prominence of your cheekbone, the distance from your cheekbone to your eye, are all things to be considered just as much as the length of your arm and the slope of your shoulder in really scientific gun fitting.

That the question of castoff is a puzzling one—even to gunmakers—is evidenced by freak stocks, comb-pads, Monte Carlo stocks—all sorts of devices that you have seen used. Have you never taken a friend's gun, thrown it up, and felt after a trial or two that it fitted you better than your own? And have you not had your own stock altered to these other lines only to find that it did not come up just right for you—not every time? Have you never taken a try gun and driven yourself and your gunmaker crazy with the variety of places you found yourself aiming at when you suddenly threw up the gun to take sight? The fact is, the first pitch of the gun is the best one. Especially if you are firing, snapshot fashion, at a piece of paper to try a gun for fit, you will unconsciously adjust yourself to the shape of the stock. Pretty soon you will get all at sea and not know what you are doing or why you are doing it. A good thing then is to lay down the gun and cease trying it. Pitch it up once; then lay it down, leave it alone for quite a while and take an average of these first impressions, so that you will not be fooling yourself unconsciously.

Of course regular shooting means a regular position of hands, cheek, eye and both arms. That gunstock is best which gives you this combination with absolute regularity at all times. We rather sneer at the German cheekpiece; but it is a rattling good idea in determining castoff.

How This New Electrical Hearing Device Makes the Deaf Hear Perfectly

A standard of sound is the one unit that Science has not yet furnished. Power, heat, light, electricity, and practically all forces except sound, have had their standard.

One of the latest developments of Science as regards sound will be most interesting to those who are hard of hearing; it will doubtless revolutionize all the instruments now used for this trouble, of which The Acousticon was the original. It is

A Sound Regulator for the Deaf

The Acousticon was the first instrument devised to successfully enable the deaf to hear; so invariably efficient has it been that there are now many thousands of them in use, not only by individuals, but in churches, theatres, and public buildings.

Heretofore the Acousticon has been fitted to the weakness of the individual ear by a personal application, after the manner that glasses are fitted to suit the requirements of the individual eye.

This most recent contribution of Science, however, will bring great relief and convenience to the hard of hearing, for the problem of fitting the ear has been solved so that it will not be necessary for those desiring an instrument of this character to make long, expensive journeys to secure the most satisfactory results.

The One Difficulty

Conditions of the ears vary with weather, health, voices of speakers, and environments, so that while the fitting was perfect under the old system the strength of the Acousticon could not be altered to meet changing conditions.

If a person with a soft voice spoke to you at an ordinary distance you would hear perfectly, but a harsh, penetrating voice speaking at the same distance would be disagreeably loud and discordant, perhaps unintelligible.

The voices of public speakers, actors, and others vary, while the location in a church or theater makes it desirable to be able to adjust the Acousticon instantly to secure at all times the most satisfactory results.

After seven years of incessant endeavor and experiments we have at last succeeded in developing to the highest degree of efficiency

A Sound Regulator

which gives you the same results that you would obtain if you carried six complete instruments about with you.

By the simple movement of a tiny lever from one button to another the sound is regulated to six different strengths, from the loudest to the softest.

Think what this means!

If you are carrying on a personal conversation the mildest strength will be sufficient if you are listening to a general conversation in a room-full, however, you can instantly regulate the strength so as to hear distinctly all that is said.

If you go to a Lecture or Theatre, you can quickly adjust the Acousticon to your exact requirements—The voices of actors are never the same; and if one sounds too loud and another too soft, you can instantly change the instrument to suit those voices.

The same way, but perhaps more so, at the Opera; singing voices vary greatly in their power and penetration, and here again you can change to suit your pleasure and comfort.

If you are deaf you know that both ears are never alike in their degree of deafness—you also know how desirable it is to be able to use both ears. With the Sound Regulating Acousticon you can change from one ear to the other at will, regulating the instrument to the requirements of the ear you wish to use.

HOW YOU MAY TEST IT BEFORE PURCHASING

Our confidence in this new Acousticon is supreme. We invite everyone who is interested to make a thorough test of it before purchasing.

We have many offices at convenient points throughout the United States and Europe—If, however, we find that you are not convenient enough to one of these to call in person and test the Acousticon, we will gladly send you particulars how you may test it at your own home before a purchase is concluded.

To Our Customers

You will thoroughly appreciate, we believe, how great an improvement this Sound Regulating Acousticon is over the old instrument.

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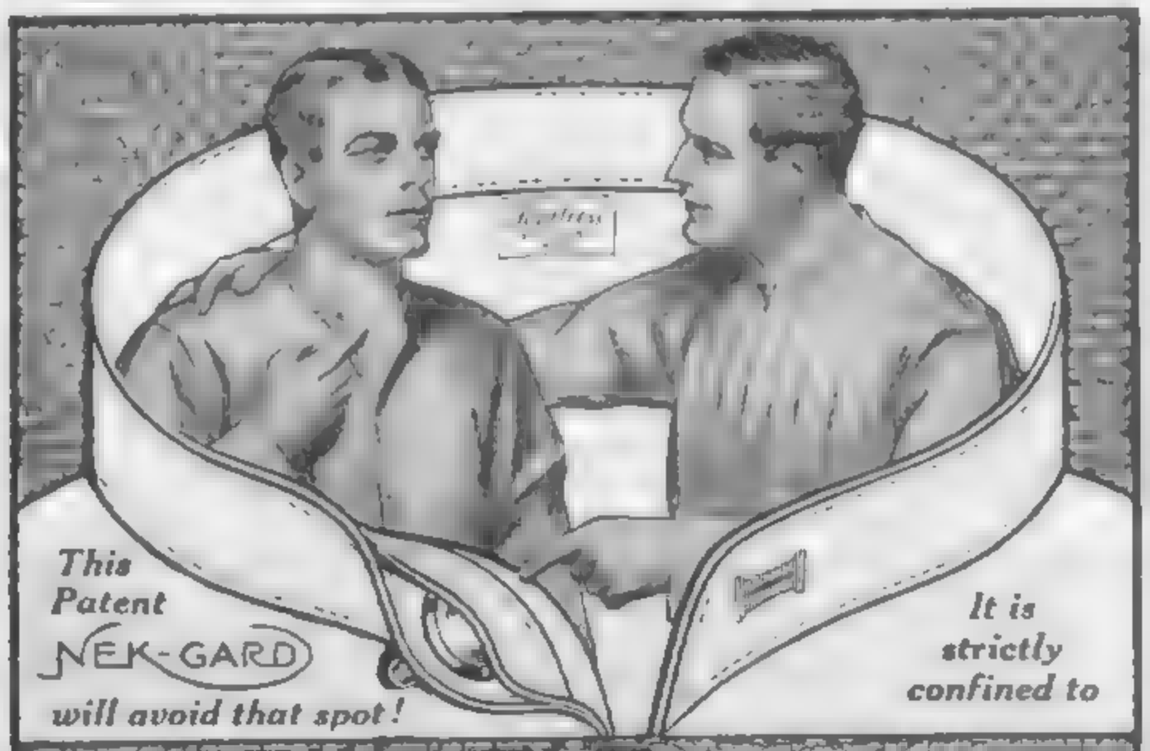

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THE NEK-GARD KIND

It brings the eye to the right place all the time; and it does not pound the face if made properly, for the recoil eases off the contact and does not increase it.

The try gun is no infallible guide to a gunfit, as perhaps you may see. The old-fashioned gunmaker would rather have you throw up the gun—empty, of course—and aim directly at his eye as he stood off a little distance. He could then look down the barrel and see where your eye was hitting it—along the middle or at one side. One thing is certain—if you ever in your practice or in your shooting catch your eye hitting the middle of the inside barrel or the edge of the outside one your castoff is wrong and your shooting is bad. Go, then, to a good gunmaker and let him cure your troubles.

Another thing not always considered by gunmakers, especially of cheap grades, is the form of the hand or grip of the gun. It should be rather small than large, so made that the trigger finger will catch both triggers easily, without changing the aim. Another point is that it should be oval and not round in its vertical cross-section. A round grip slips and turns in the hand. An oval grip is more apt to keep perpendicular. And of course you know that unless your barrels are absolutely horizontal, and not tilted to one side, you are going to have a lot of unaccountable misses. This is one of the worst faults in shooting and one which many shooters never discover in themselves. It is largely corrected by the gunmaker who knows how to make a gunstock.

The castoff of your gun can be at the heel or at the comb. If you have it at the heel to too great an extent you may have a gun the comb of which kicks you. The artist in gunmaking sees to it that the recoil eases cheek contact and does not increase it.

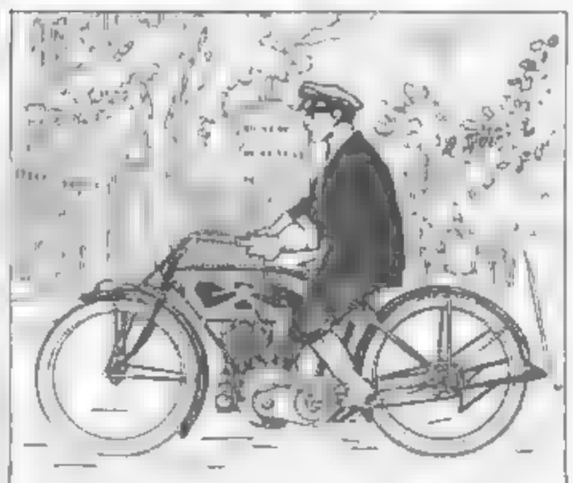
The drop of the stock is what most shooters look at, though it is not of so great importance as the castoff. It is easier to pass from a straight stock to a crooked than from a crooked to a straight one. The correct stock is one which automatically gives you your elevation, just as your castoff automatically gives you your line.

Drops and Castoffs

You are not apt ever to change your castoff, but you may change your shooting style; and that changes the drop of the stock. The surest way of shooting is with the eye low and running the full length of the barrel, but that is not the handsomest and not the most practical way in wing shooting. When you try to watch which way a bird is flying you instinctively raise your head to watch it instead of dropping your head. The prettiest field style is not that of the hunched face and shoulder, but of the erect or half-erect head; and fortunately in that style the left eye, which is the one you unconsciously use in locating the bird, with the head held fairly high is the nearest to the natural style of following a quickly moving object. The combination of this, or the equation of it, with castoff and drop, is what must determine you in your fitting. Don't go to fads or extremes; but take that form of drop which will leave you, in view of your personal habits and style, freest to take an easy, graceful and prompt shooting position. Having determined upon your stock, use it all the time and do not change it. Have two sets of barrels, close and open, but do not change your gunstock.

The length of a gunstock is another factor. Trap shooters need a longish stock to relieve the continuous pounding. The field shot usually prefers rather a shorter stock, as sometimes his clothing interferes in bringing up the gun quickly. The field gun should have a stock rather too short than too long, for the former fault can be remedied by a gunpad. Sometimes, too, a thick leather-covered pad, put on without much plan, has helped the castoff of the gun, much to the shooter's surprise and delight. Many shooters use the permanent rubber pad, shaped and bolted to the bottom of the gunstock.

Having, with prayer and humility, undertaken the subject of the stock of your gun, you should make a study of the other parts—more especially the breech and the rib. Is your favorite gun flat across the breech or hollowed? Is the rib flat throughout or does it hollow and taper and drop in the middle, thinning down and rising toward the muzzle? How much of the rib do you see when you throw up the gun to fire? Is it your habit to hold with the bird



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And with your Excelsior, you're free from the jolts—the balks—the tinkering troubles—that accompany the rider of a less efficient motorcycle.

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has set a pace in the motorcycle world that no other machine has reached. It's more than a bicycle with an engine—it's a two-wheeled roadster. Gives you the ease and comfort of a high priced car—the speed too, *if you want it*, and at a fraction of the cost.

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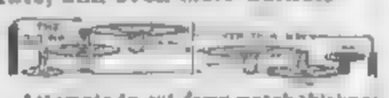

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Production is necessarily so limited that only a few of the *best* jewelers in each locality can be supplied. Only they can show you the genuine Gruen Verithin. Write to-day for their names and [illegible]

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well above the barrel or dead on? Do you see the false breech at all or only think you see it? Do you think you see the front sight or are you sure you do not?

The maker of your gun had a great deal to do with the answer to each of these questions when he fitted the barrels and the rib. You do the rest with your eyes -and probably you do not understand your eyes. Of course you know you must get a clear focus or a clean miss.

What you see—though you do not know it—when you aim and shoot is a very much blurred impression of the breech of your gun—a sharp definition of the fore sight if you shut one eye—no conscious definition at all, if you use both—and the moving object which you want to hit and which you see with the other eye! Now you cover these three points in one swift movement.

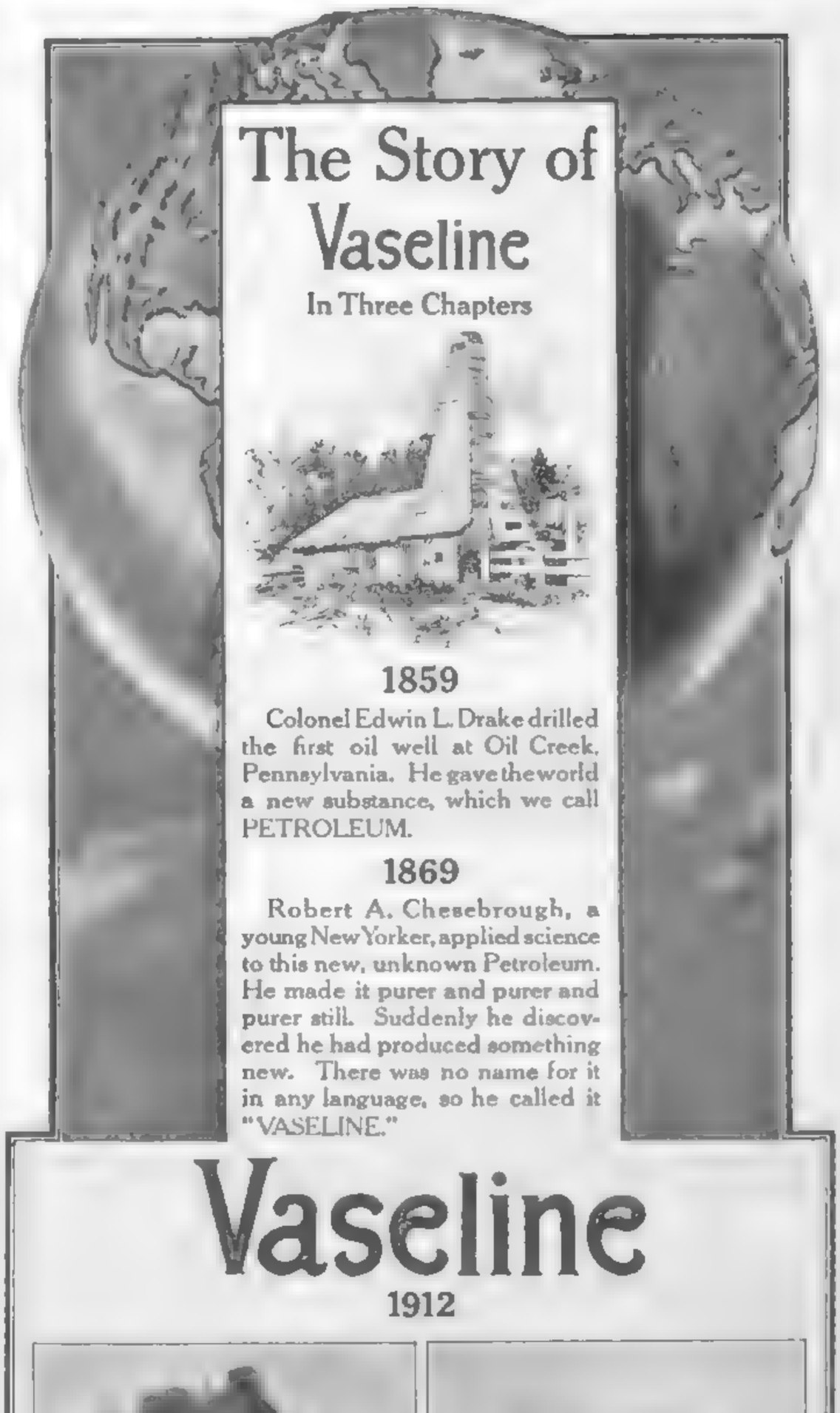
It may be seen, therefore, that the breech and the rib of the shotgun also have much to do with your successful work. Moreover the style of your gun and your style of shooting are interrelated. If you drop your head low along a rib which is deeply sunk, and which tapers up at the muzzle, you catch sight only of the front end of the rib. In doing this you do not align the entire piece so well as you would if you were gazing down the entire length of the rib. Most makers build the rib in this way, however, because they know this has a tendency to make the shooter keep the muzzle rather high, which is a better fault than to have it too low. In theory the flat rib is best, but in actual practice it seems to lead to the rather crooked stock. If it means that the breech of the gun is flat all the way across it is still less desirable. Some good makers use this sort of rib—flat throughout its length; but the average in building is with the hollowed and sunken rib. Of course it really makes no difference what the rib is if you do not see it while you are in the act of shooting. In practice, most of us shoot with the hazy idea that we are in the middle of the false breech of a gun, and in the middle, at least, of the front end of the rib.

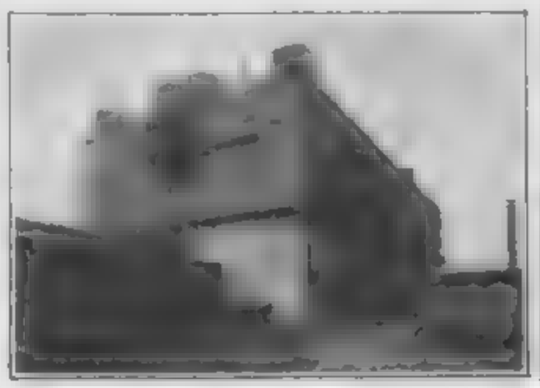
The Gun That Shoots by Itself

As you drop your head low in practice or shoot high-headed, or perhaps level the gun really below the line of your sight, you will see your bird just clean above the muzzle or not covered by the muzzle. And perhaps sometimes, even if you throw the gun high, you may seem to see the bird directly through the stock and the false breech of the gun—a thing impossible, of course, except for the curious construction of the human eye.

Your habit, your desired or acquired style, and your personal equation will govern you in the selection of the rib and false breech of your gun, which have as much to do with your success as the castoff and drop of your stock. Perhaps it will be safer for you to select a gun which has the barrels so fitted that there is a distinct depression between the breeches of the two barrels. Your eye drops into this naturally, as it does into a rifle sight; but, at the same time, the moving object is not in the least obscured, because that, as we shall show later, is very likely seen by the left eye while you are aligning the gun with the right—or vice versa if you be a left-hand shooter. The writer owns a gun made by a once famous American maker, long since dead; and nearly every one who tries this gun shoots it well in the field. It has this depression at the breech and a fairly clear look along the hollowed rib. With a rational drop and proper castoff, it is quite easy to shoot with such a gun; in fact, the gun will almost go out and shoot by itself. The eye naturally catches it in the middle.

Practice or habit may govern very largely in the selection of your gunstock, rib and barrel fitting. As we have pointed out, the tendency is to adjust oneself and one's style to the gun. That is why every one shoots best with his old gun—the one he has had for years and with which he had shot all kinds of game. He has grown used to it. Toward such a weapon the modern sportsman feels as the old warrior did toward his sword—he has confidence in it and knows what it will do. At the same time, if you have not yet perfected your skill in wing shooting to a point where it suits you, you will do very well to go and have a heart-to-heart talk with a good gunmaker—not a rule-of-thumb man, a smith and not a thinker, but some one who has, like yourself let us hope, studied some of the reasons why a gun should fit and why sometimes it does not.


The Story of Vaseline
In Three Chapters
1859
Colonel Edwin L. Drake drilled the first oil well at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania. He gave the world a new substance, which we call PETROLEUM.
1869
Robert A. Chesebrough, a young New Yorker, applied science to this new, unknown Petroleum. He made it purer and purer and purer still. Suddenly he discovered he had produced something new. There was no name for it in any language, so he called it "VASELINE."
Vaseline
1912



Filtering House

Bottling House

Snap-shots of Chesebrough Company's Factory, Perth Amboy, N. J.

We find "Vaseline" bought by 75 nations. We find it used in pretty nearly every part of the world—by peasants and prima donnas, by laborers and scientists. It has been tested for 43 years by the human race, and it has won its way by sheer merit to Universal Use, as a softener and protector of the skin.

"Vaseline" is a product of Petroleum and Science. It is cleaner than soap and purer than spring water. It is one of the wonders of Nature and human cleverness, yet anyone can buy it, in any country, for a few small pieces of copper coin.

If this little story of "Vaseline" interests you, send us your name and we'll tell you about the twelve different varieties. No cost to you—just a post card.

15 State Street New York — CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Consolidated) — Branch Offices: London—Montreal

The Sampler

Shows the Fruits of 70 Years' Growth

Whitman's started in 1842 to make chocolates and confections. In 1912 they have produced this *Sampler*, containing lots from ten of their most praised packages—enabling you to pass judgment on many kinds of sweets with utmost convenience.

Tipped in the package is a loose leaf describing each of the ten packages that is sampled.

The Sampler box is covered with a facsimile sampler in the quaint old-fashioned needlework that has become the prevailing new fashion. All women appreciate its exquisite workmanship.

You can buy the *Sampler* for one dollar at the selected stores everywhere that we supply, by express, direct from headquarters. You can tell the store—usually it's the best drug store—by the sign:

Whitman's

Buy from your local agent. Where we have no agency we will send the *Sampler*, postpaid, on receipt of $1.25. Write for a copy of our "List of Good Things," describing and pricing seventy sorts of sweets in sealed packages.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.

ÆTNA-IZED?

ÆTNA-IZE YOUR INCOME

If you earn One Hundred Dollars or more monthly, why not devote Five Dollars of it to insuring yourself a continuous income of Twenty-five Dollars a week in case of Disability? To do this is to ÆTNA-IZE Your Income.

DISABILITY INSURANCE costing Sixty Dollars a year, payable semi-annually or quarterly if you prefer, will provide an income of

$25 per week while you are disabled by EITHER ACCIDENT OR ILLNESS.

And in addition

$5,000 to your family if your ACCIDENT results fatally.

$5,000 to YOU if it causes loss of both hands; or both feet, or one hand and one foot; or one hand and one eye; or one foot and one eye.

$2,500 to YOU if it causes loss of one hand, or one foot; or one eye.

These amounts (except for illness) are ALL DOUBLED if your accident happens in a public passenger conveyance or elevator, or in a burning building.

If your occupation puts you in the "Preferred" class, and you are under 50 years of age and in good health, send us the coupon and we will tell you more about how to

ÆTNA-IZE YOUR INCOME

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Accident and Liability Department HARTFORD, CONN.

TELL ME HOW TO ÆTNA-IZE MY INCOME

Age

Name

Occupation

Business Address

THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 23)

beginning to shed the deprecating cowardice of his former despair and was developing a little weedy courage as a man. This may have been due in part to the prominence of his position as Bone's right-hand man; but strangely illuminating interpretations he found in the browbeaten, timid virtues of a certain young publican who figured in The Town Testament undoubtedly contributed to his growing self-confidence—which is often the only virtue a drunkard lacks. Meanwhile the piety of Mrs. Martin had undergone an eclipse of singular modesty. The old lady was confused. For the first time in her life she felt a diffidence in her business of holding up sinners and castigating them for faults.

The significance of these and many other changes in the manners of Ruckersville saints and anti-saints did not escape the all-observant eye of Jim Bone. He was very far from betraying Amy's secret, and he was still farther from betraying to her the deception that he perceived Elbert was practicing upon her. He was, in fact, considering the possibility of emulating that worthy's example.

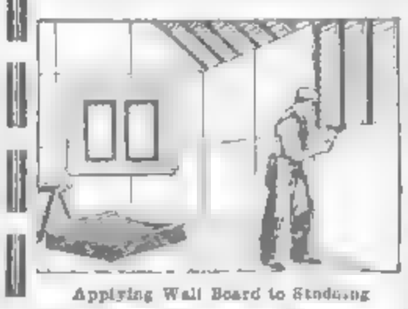
It had been his intention to declare the real nature of the Bone Building gently, as soon as the interior was finished, by putting on an innocent, highly sentimental melodrama. But the more he considered the somnambulance of the town, the more salutary he thought it might prove to give the people a mirror drama of their own existence. Nothing is so startling to a man or a community as a sudden vision of himself or itself from the outside. This is sure to prove a stage in the development of muckraking, which is now being accomplished more or less lamely at a too great magazine distance from the place where obnoxious conditions exist. When some local playwright learns to dramatize diseased municipal governments and puts the play on at home, where it belongs, we shall have more immediate results, and not so many thieves will be retained in office after the next election. There were no thieves in Ruckersville because there was nothing for the town council to steal, no franchise to grant, no water tax to sequester. But there was a criminal amount of negligence to be portrayed and a strain of misleading, vindictive piety to be exploited. Bone desired, with a wit that was half humorous and half friendly, to deliver this community from the bondage of lock-step hypocrisy beneath which so many respectable communities, especially in the South, suffer and decay.

Through Daddisman he collected those issues of The Monthly Mercury that contained installments of The Town Testament. And he spent his evenings during the early part of November whistling and snickering over them in his room at the hotel. The artless veracity with which the author had portrayed life as it appeared and disappeared, modified and accommodated to the varying natures, virtues and vices of different persons, but always the same life of the same town, always dammed and obstructed, seemed to him marvelous. It was not a story, but an unconscious indictment, which he concluded might be dramatized more or less advantageously for the victims.

He was destined never to know how incomplete and partial the record was. If, when he was thus engaged in admiring the fullness and accuracy of details it contained he could have known what was going on in some sacred maiden chambers along Elbert Avenue, he would have comprehended how little is known or can ever be known of men and women as the pitying angels see them. For these were days particularly hard upon certain ladies' complexions already past the satin smoothness of youth and increasingly inclined to shrivel and wrinkle in the frosty winds of approaching winter. Every evening Mildred Percey stood before her mirror, hair brushed up and knotted tightly upon the top of her head so that not a strand could escape. There was a row of cold-cream jars before her, and fastened to the pin cushion was a slip of paper to which she constantly referred as she went through frightful contortions, as she rubbed in the cream and stared at her glowing image in the glass. Presently she laid her head back upon her shoulders, dropped her lower jaw,

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Saved $1200 From the Estimate

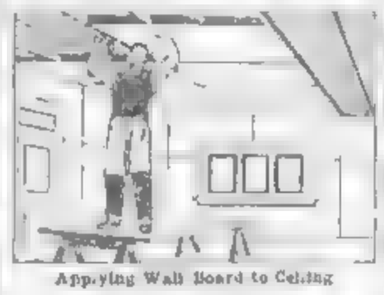


Applying Wall Board to Studding

$1,800 was the [illegible] $1,200 actually saved [illegible] Bishopric Wall Board [illegible] fire-resisting, air-tight [illegible] proof, wind-proof and vermin-proof [illegible] in sheets 4 x 8 feet [illegible] building. [illegible] buildings in any kind of weather.

For Every Kind of Building

Bishopric Wall Board costs less than plaster and is far better. It is used in the finest residences—Cottages, Bungalows, Stores—Offices—Apartment Buildings—Schools—Churches—Factories. Takes the place of paper or burlap as wall decoration or panel [illegible] Many artistic natural grain effects. Makes a smooth wall [illegible] Bishopric Wall Board [illegible] and is [illegible] water [illegible] Sanitary [illegible]



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[illegible] Bishopric Sheathing, $6 per [illegible] of 16 sheets of 32 square feet each. Cheaper [illegible]

[illegible] we will send you a [illegible] sample of the Bishopric Mastic Wall Board. Address

The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co.
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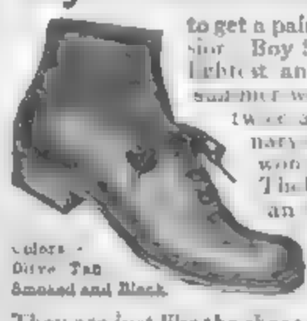
Boys! Here's Your Chance



Colors—Olive Tan, Smoked and Black.

to get a pair of Genuine Excelsior "Boy Scouts" shoes, the lightest and coolest shoe for summer wear. They will last twice as long as the ordinary shoe. They will not wear out the feet. The tops are made of an especially tanned [illegible] with waterproof soles [illegible] no nails in soles. They are just like the shoes worn by big League Ball Players, and are just the thing for all out door sports and uses.

Here Are the Prices

Little Boys' Sizes 9 to 13½	$2.00
Boys' Sizes 1 to 5½	2.50
Big Boys' and Men's Sizes 6 to 10	3.00

Insist Upon the Coin

[illegible]

Write for Catalogue. We will send catalogue showing the different styles of "Boy Scouts" shoes, ordered from us direct if your dealer does not handle them.

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO., Dept. 20, Portsmouth, Ohio

Big $1 Offer—KEITH'S

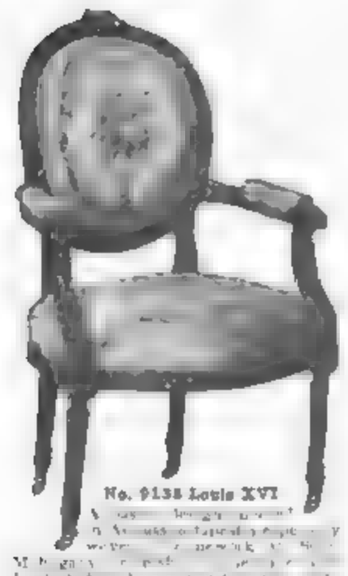
No. 1311 $3250 One of the 100

100 PLANS
Bungalows
Cottages

[illegible] Any one of Keith's Arch Studies giving Views, Costs, etc. FREE with a year's subscription to Keith's Magazine $2

215 Bungalows and Cottages	$1	[illegible]			$	$	$1
" Homes	$1,200-$ 600	$1			$	$	$
"	$1650-$ 900	$1	172	"	$1650	$	$1
"	$2400-$ 800	$1	250	Beautiful Interiors			$1

M. L. KEITH, 604 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



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Nor can the purchaser procure more for a given price among unknown makes than is offered in Karpen Furniture, which is guaranteed

No matter what room you wish to furnish nor what price you wish to pay, you will find in our large and varied line just what you desire. Every piece of

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is trade-marked and guaranteed to be trustworthy even to the least expensive pieces. If not found as represented, your money will be refunded by the dealer.

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SWISS EMBROIDERIES
in latest Paris Styles

Direct From Switzerland.

Delivered all charges prepaid from our stock in New York.

Finest Swiss Embroidery on best wearing and most fashionable materials.

WAISTS
up from $1.75

DRESSES
up from $6.75

CHILD'S DRESSES
up from $4.90

on batiste, marquisette, linen, cashmere, nets, voiles and all the latest silk materials

Ask for actual samples and 1912 Paris fashion plates. *Sent free.*

SCHWEIZER & CO.

Dept. C 105 Fifth Ave., New York

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MORE THAN JUST A POLISHER

[illegible]

THE VAN TILBURG OIL COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS
Salesmen and Special Agents Wanted.

CASH for old gold or silver, diamonds, watches, [illegible] or express. We send full value the day goods are received and if our offer is not satisfactory we return the goods at our expense. We also sell diamonds at one-half to one-third less than others do. $14.50. Write for catalog showing 2000 engravings. Bank reference. Established 1899.

Liberty Refining Co. 431 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

then released it with singular contortions and twistings of her neck muscles, all the time counting:

"One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four."

Next she pinched the soft fold of flesh under her chin till it flamed, and finally she wrung a cloth out of a basin of water and swung it rhythmically in the air round her head before applying it to the afflicted part. One might have inferred that she was practicing the cruel rites of a chastening penance. As a matter of fact she was engaged in the effort to rid herself of a double chin according to the directions of a company in New York that was making a fortune by selling these directions to ladies similarly burdened with this evidence of too many years.

Mildred had accepted her double chin without a murmur until the appearance of Jim Bone in Ruckersville. Now she was passionately determined to be rid of it.

At the same hour Mary Yancey stood before her mirror similarly engaged with the identical directions. Mary's trouble was exactly the opposite to that which made Mildred's days a burden to her. She was so thin that the frame of her chin needed padding. And she believed herself to be laying on sweet folds of pink fat as she massaged her face and neck. One thing to note in passing is the credulity of women, upon which a very profitable business was founded. The beauty company sold the same directions to both fat and lean customers, guaranteeing to each the desire of her heart at the very reasonable sum of five dollars.

Comedy is often pathos turned wrong side out. Nothing could have been more diverting to watch than the switchings, pinchings, pattings, cruel applications of hot and cold water with which the mature maidens of Mr. Bone's acquaintance afflicted themselves. But if you understand the reason it was heart-rending, especially as Mildred's chin remained blandly double and Mary's continued to hint at the narrow pointed shape of her skeleton. However, these secrets of the feminine heart are too sacred to be exploited upon any stage. They belong to tragedy, not to comedy.

Bone's correspondence with a certain playwright in New York ended by his tearing out all the installments of The Town Testament from The Monthly Mercury and sending them to this same address. Then followed weeks when that functionary who combined the businesses of being both the station agent and telegraph operator at Ruckersville, was often puzzled by the hurry-up messages that Bone sent to this person or persons in New York. He was astonished by the extravagant number of words that Bone's telegrams contained and especially by their enigmatical character.

Sometimes Magnis & Luster ordered goods by wire, often cotton buyers sent and received information to and from their firms; but the little agent could make nothing of an order for "stars" and "scenery." The thing that distracted him and excited his curiosity beyond bounds was Bone's repeated wires declaring that he must have "an old star of gentle and agreeable appearance."

"What the deuce is this old star brand of goods?" he murmured to himself.

The agent scratched his head and wondered if he ought to speak to somebody about it, when Bone, who had apparently satisfied himself with a star of sufficient age and respectability, sent another enigmatical message. It read:

"Must have twenty girls, good shapes and limber-legged."

A man might be rich and powerful and industrious, and still be crazy, reflected the telegraph operator as he filed this message. There was no doubt about Bone's wealth or his enterprise. Everybody felt it. He had become the village cocktail. He was the very highball of its existence. The town was beginning to boom. There was talk of a cotton factory in the near future. Strangers were frequently seen on the streets or driving out with Mr. Bone to examine the property of the famous Broad River Power Company, which had bankrupted so many of the descendants of General Joe Rucker in their efforts to harness it for gins and mills. What the poor little old operator could not understand was why a man so much engaged in strictly business affairs telegraphed for twenty good-shaped, limber-legged girls.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tooth Preservation Involves more than Toilet Refinement

It is a Matter of Science

Pebeco Tooth Paste reaches the chief cause of bad breath and bad teeth—it neutralizes the mouth-acids that gradually break down the enamel of your teeth, and it destroys the bacteria that makes these acids. Pebeco Tooth Paste used daily is

Protection Against "Acid-Mouth"

and to remove these mouth-acids means that you have a good chance to keep your teeth for life.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is the most delightfully refreshing cleanser, polisher, whitener and deodorizer; that it makes your mouth a safeguard against the entrance of disease, hardens your gums, purifies your breath and stimulates the salivary glands. And having done all and more than the ordinary dentifrice can do, Pebeco has "just begun to fight." For it is here that science steps in and makes it *the* dental preparation that is able to counteract the cause of 95% of all tooth-decay, by preventing the acids of the mouth from eating into the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist.

Pebeco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold all over the world. Your druggist has it or can quickly get it. The extra large 50c tubes are economical because only a small quantity is used at each brushing.

Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers Mailed FREE

Send the coupon below, a letter or postal request, and we will send you a ten-day trial tube of this scientific tooth paste, with a free package of Acid Test Papers with which you can prove Pebeco's perfection at our expense. "Will your tongue turn the blue test paper pink?" Try the test yourself—it is interesting and scientific.

For Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers address

Lehn & Fink
106 William St., New York
Sole Licensees in America for Pebeco Tooth Paste
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rieeio Talcum

Lehn & Fink, 106 William St., New York

Gentlemen:—Please send me Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste, with Acid Test Papers.

(Write your name and address fully and plainly)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Amatite ROOFING

He Never Paints His Roofs!

A FEW years ago, Mr. George M. Chandler began using Amatite Roofing. Mr. Chandler is the owner of Meadow View Farm in Avondale, Pa.

In 1905, he covered one of his buildings with Amatite Roofing. In 1908, his barn burned down. The Amatite Roofing was literally covered with sparks and burning embers. No harm was done to it, however, owing to its mineral surface. The roof is now seven years old. It has never been painted or received any care and is still in excellent condition.

He rebuilt his barn as a mushroom house and covered it with about 5,500 feet of Amatite. He also used Amatite on his chicken houses, both as roofing and siding, the walls being nearly but not quite perpendicular. All told, he has used 15,000 feet of Amatite during the past seven years.

None of these roofs have required painting or will require it. They take care of themselves. After the roofing is laid, the owner's troubles are ended.

Here's Mr. Chandler's letter:

"I have used a great deal of your Amatite Roofing with much satisfaction, and believe that it gives longer wear for less money than any other roofing made.

"I was induced to purchase Amatite Roofing from the fact that it never needs to be painted. Once it is on the roof it is sure to stay tight without painting or care of any kind. I also think it is the best looking roofing made. When the sun is shining on it the mineral surface sparkles like cut glass, and many of my neighbors have spoken to me of its handsome appearance."

It's the old story—as soon as a practical man realizes that he can get a roofing that will give first-class durability *without painting*, he refuses to bother with the old-fashioned kind

Send to nearest office for sample of this splendid no-paint Roofing.

Barrett Manufacturing Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh Cincinnati
Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans
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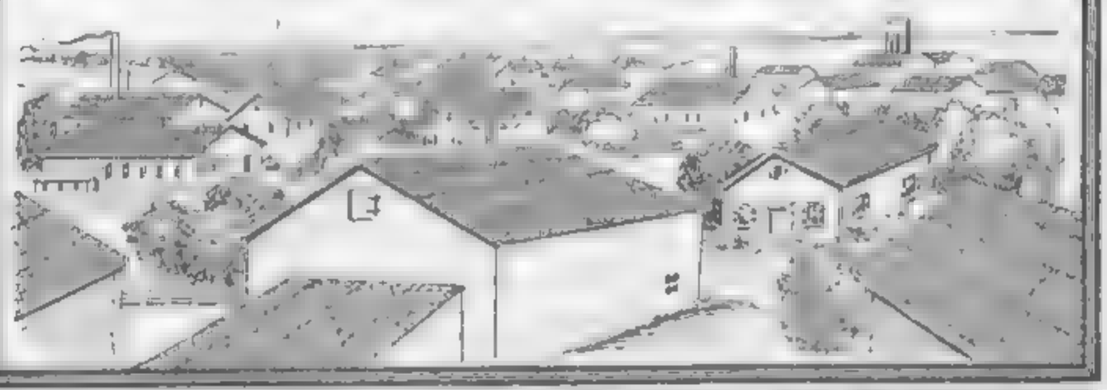
Canadian Offices—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.



1898 1912

John Muir & Co.

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Odd Lots

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We publish the following circulars:

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We shall be glad to send any of the above on request.

Members New York Stock Exchange
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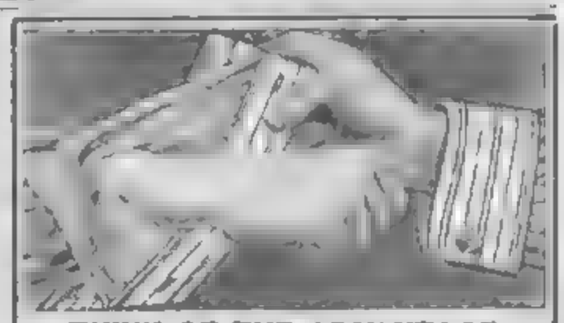

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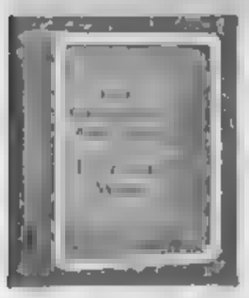
of having an extra pair of cuffs right on the shirt, out of sight, yet always ready, without attaching or detaching. Simply a turn gives you

Columbia "Cuffurn" Shirt

A Clean Cuff for a Soiled Cuff

"Cuffurn" Shirts, $1.50 and $2.00, plain or plaited, colors guaranteed. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to

New Columbia Shirt Co., 729-731 Broadway, New York
Manufacturers of Columbia Shirts since 1874



The Home of Wholesome Food

A Snow-White *Solid Porcelain* Compartment

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome, how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any refrigerator. Every housewife and home owner should have one.

It also describes the wonderful advantages of the "MONROE." The one refrigerator with each food compartment made of a solid piece of [illegible] snow white [illegible]—every corner rounded like above cut. The one refrigerator accepted in the best homes and leading hospitals because it can be made germantly clean by simply wiping out with a damp cloth. The one refrigerator that will pay for itself in a [illegible] food waste and repairs. The "MONROE" is sold at factory prices on 30 days' trial. We pay the freight and guarantee "Full satisfaction or money back." LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS IF DESIRED

MONROE REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Station 9, Lockland, Ohio

The "Monroe"
The Lifetime Refrigerator

Sold Direct

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Continued from Page 17)

"I must say, though, he pays for 'em. Clare got a sketch, you got an apology—and I wonder what Ada got? Too bad I spoiled Clare's sketch; if I'd known he'd come ashore on a kissing expedition I'd have let it alone. But think of Ada! Ada of the serene eyes and steady pulse! I'm beginning to admire this man Lanier. Hanged if he hasn't gone and kissed three pretty women in two hours—and I've lived a kissless life for a month and am nearly starved to death!" He looked at his companion and grinned. It was not often that one got a chance to chaff Mrs. Wilmerding.

Rather to Ravenel's surprise she seemed not to have heard his banter. The little frown still rested on her forehead, but the expression about her eyes was thoughtful rather than annoyed.

"Ravel," she said presently, "we got no more than a glimpse of that tableau down there; but, all joking aside, did anything about it strike you as peculiar?"

"Yes," he answered promptly. "On the breakaway after the clinch it struck me that Ada was forcing the fighting. Didn't stop to make sure, I was that shocked at the spectacle."

Mrs. Wilmerding did not smile. She was staring pensively at the hulk alongside which Lanier's boat was just arriving.

"Those two have met before," said she slowly.

This time it was Ravenel who got the spur.

"What?" he cried sharply. "Met before? Here? You mean that he's been hangin' round Ada? By George, I believe you're right! So that was what made him so sore when the committee turned him down! That's the reason he came here in his old tub and anchored off the reading room! And—" his words came more slowly- "that's the reason that Ada spends so much of her time wandering about alone, down on the end of the point, and taking solitary walks after dinner." He stopped and looked at Mrs. Wilmerding with a scowl. "Look here, Loretta, after all it's none of our business. We stumbled on this affair by accident. Let's stick a knife through what we know and let it expire right here. After all, Ada's had a pretty rough time of it with that old rounder, Stackpole, and if she wants ——"

"Hush, Ravel," Mrs. Wilmerding interrupted; "you are talking like a vicious, modern play! This man Lanier must go! He must go at once! There are plenty of places for such unfortunate affairs, but the Chimney Corner is not one of them! Lanier must go! Of course nobody must ever know what we have witnessed."

"Well, rather not! But don't you think that perhaps you may be jumping to a conclusion?"

"No, Ravel. The whole thing is as clear as the lenses of that lighthouse yonder. It needed only this to explain a deal of what has puzzled me. In the first place, there was Ada's unexpected separation, which she tried so hard to make an absolute divorce. Then her coming here to live with her aunt and uncle all summer, and at the same time Lanier's application for membership. Why should such a person wish to join a quiet, old-fashioned colony like ours? Then his fierce resentment at being refused ——"

"But you told me that it was Ada herself who started that opposition."

"Yes, it was. That is the most suggestive fact of all. At the last moment she saw the folly of it."

"Lost her nerve?"

"Came to her senses," said Mrs. Wilmerding austerely. "Perhaps the kindly and soothing influences about her may have had something to do with it."

Ravenel smothered a grin. Fortunately Mrs. Wilmerding was not looking at him. Her face had assumed the expression of Diana sitting in judgment over the offending nymph.

"I do not wish to make any uncharitable accusations," said she, "but the situation as it now stands is quite impossible. Even in the brief glimpse that I caught of those two on the beach I could see, if only from the expression of the two figures, that it was Ada who was trying to detain Lanier. He is a clever *intrigant* and knows better than to enact a love scene under such

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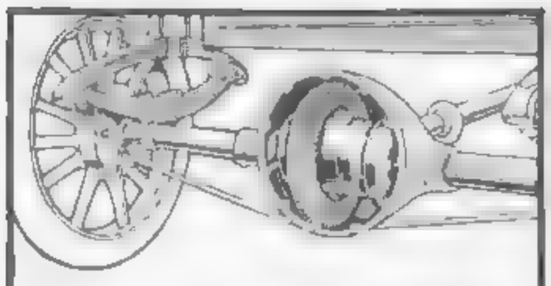

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circumstances, especially now that he feels that he has the situation in hand. The other day he got round the men and today he quite hoodwinked me. I might as well be frank—I was actually very sorry for him, otherwise I should never have permitted his familiarity."

Mrs. Wilmerding's righteous wrath was mounting rapidly. The thought of how she had compassionated Lanier's sad and lonely existence was, under the circumstances, quite maddening. Worse than that was the recollection of his salutation at parting. She bit her red underlip, and her blue eyes flashed.

"Come," said she, "let's go back. I want to stop and speak to Clare."

"You're not going to tell her what you've just seen?" inquired Ravenel.

"Of course not."

"How about Ada?"

"I shall say nothing to Ada. All of my efforts shall be centered in getting rid of Lanier. I shall send him a note tonight that will probably result in his leaving our vicinity without any further delay, if he has any sense of decency whatever."

Ravenel scratched his chin, then turned and gave his companion a rather quizzical look.

"Well?" said Mrs. Wilmerding sharply.

"Strikes me you're forcin' things a bit, Loretta. After all, your evidence is purely circumstantial. You haven't any proof that he and Ada have seen each other here. Besides, it's strictly her affair. Doesn't strike me as quite the thing to act on information that comes from overseein' something by accident. What are you going to say to him?"

"I shall say that his further presence in this neighborhood may result in compromising a woman who has suffered quite enough, and that I have decided to hold him to his statement that he would leave at my request. I shall also apologize for having intruded a second time upon his personal affairs. The main thing is to get rid of the man. We have had quite enough of him!"

"All right," said Ravenel indifferently. "You're the A 1 at Lloyd's—the seagoin' chaperon. Personally I've no reason to love the scoundrel for poachin' on my preserves."

"Don't be vulgar," snapped Mrs. Wilmerding, and turned to retrace her steps, Ravenel lounging at her side. Arrived at the O'Sullivans', Mrs. Wilmerding said:

"I want to see Clare alone. Run along, Ravel."

He grunted and continued on his way down the path. Mrs. Wilmerding went to the stable and up the stairs to the studio, where she rapped on the door.

"Who's there?" came a low-pitched, throaty voice.

"It is I, Loretta. May I come in, my dear?"

"Yes, if you like," was the not too polite reply. Mrs. Wilmerding opened the door and entered. Clare, in her paint blouse, brush and palette in hand, was standing before her easel on which was a half finished sketch. Her face was flushed and slightly puffed about the eyes, and her heavy auburn hair was tumbled about her ears. She glanced half sulkily, half defiantly at Mrs. Wilmerding. "If you've come to scold," said she, "I had better tell you that it's a bad time for it."

"I have not come to scold," said Mrs. Wilmerding gently, "but to apologize. I hope you're not angry with me, Clare, for what I couldn't help."

"Oh, no," Clare answered; "it wasn't your fault. But I've had a fight with Ravel and it's upset me. Did he tell you?"

"Yes. He acted very badly and he's sorry for what he did."

Clare laid down her brush and palette and sank into a big chair. Mrs. Wilmerding had seated herself on the divan. Clare looked at her inquiringly.

"Did you say anything about me to Calvert Lanier?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes. I told him that I was sorry for having unconsciously intruded and went on to say quite frankly that I thought that he had not acted nicely."

"What did he say?"

"He questioned my right to criticise. But that is not what I came to talk about, Clare. I came to apologize to you and to beg of you not to see this man Lanier again."

"Why not? He is a gentleman and a genius, and I like him. What happened this afternoon was entirely my fault."

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of him," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "but for quite another reason. Calvert Lanier is less the gentleman than you think, my dear. I have good reason to believe that his sense of honor is not of a sort to pass muster with people of our class. Please don't ask me to tell you how I know this, because it would not be right for me to tell you. Will you not be willing to take my word for it and agree to have nothing more to do with him?"

Clare made an impatient gesture. "You needn't be afraid," she answered. "I have no intention of trying to see him. The sanctity of the Chimney Corner is safe enough, so far as I am concerned. And there is no possibility of his trying to see me. Calvert Lanier is too busy with his own affairs to bother about ours anyway And so far as his moral character is concerned, I'm not really interested, my dear."

Her violet eyes rested a little maliciously on those of her guest. "It's no worse than Ravenel's, I fancy, and Ravenel is a bit of a brute besides." She slipped from her chair, stepped to a corner of the studio, and picked up a panel that was covered with an excellent background of fresh paint. "That's Ravenel's work," said she. "Calvert Lanier's was a lot more attractive." She placed the panel aside and flung herself back into her chair, then stared defiantly at Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Sometimes I positively hate Ravenel," said she.

Mrs. Wilmerding rose. She saw that there was positively nothing to be accomplished with Clare while the girl was in her present mood.

"I'm sorry, Clare," said she. "You must remember that Ravenel is only a boy, and all boys are savages more or less. But you are not angry with me, are you? Because I really love you. I'm not thinking about the Chimney Corner, Clare, but of you, dear, and I couldn't bear to think of you here alone, hurt and unhappy. That was my principal reason for coming over to see you."

Clare's hot, Celtic nature responded to this touch of sympathy as gunpowder to a match. She sprang from her chair.

"And I love you, Loretta," she answered warmly. "I know that you are sweet and dear. And I'll never forget how you stood by Ravel when everybody was giving him the cold shoulder—and I wanted to kill them for it." The tears gushed into her eyes.

Mrs. Wilmerding kissed her and went out. She was a clever woman and warm-hearted, yet as she walked pensively back to her house and happened to glance in the direction of the summer studio of Calvert Lanier the expression that crossed her face belied these softer qualities. The emotions that inspired this expression took concrete form in a note that she dispatched within the half-hour and that read as follows:

My dear Mr. Lanier: Please be good enough to accept, for the second time in the same day, my sincere apology for the same offense—namely, that of intruding quite unintentionally on your own private affairs.

You will remember having told me that you would immediately leave this vicinity at my distinct request. I did not make the request at the time, but on more deliberate thought I have decided to hold you to your agreement, and therefore ask you to leave our vicinity at the earliest opportunity.

Yours very truly,

LORETTA WILMERDING.

This brief but succinct note she dispatched at once by her boatman, who accomplished his errand in what seemed a remarkably short time, and returned to be met at the boathouse by Mrs. Wilmerding, who wore an air of impatience.

"He says there wan't no answer, ma'am, and that you would understand," was the report of the messenger, who added laconically, "seemed sort of put out when he said it tew."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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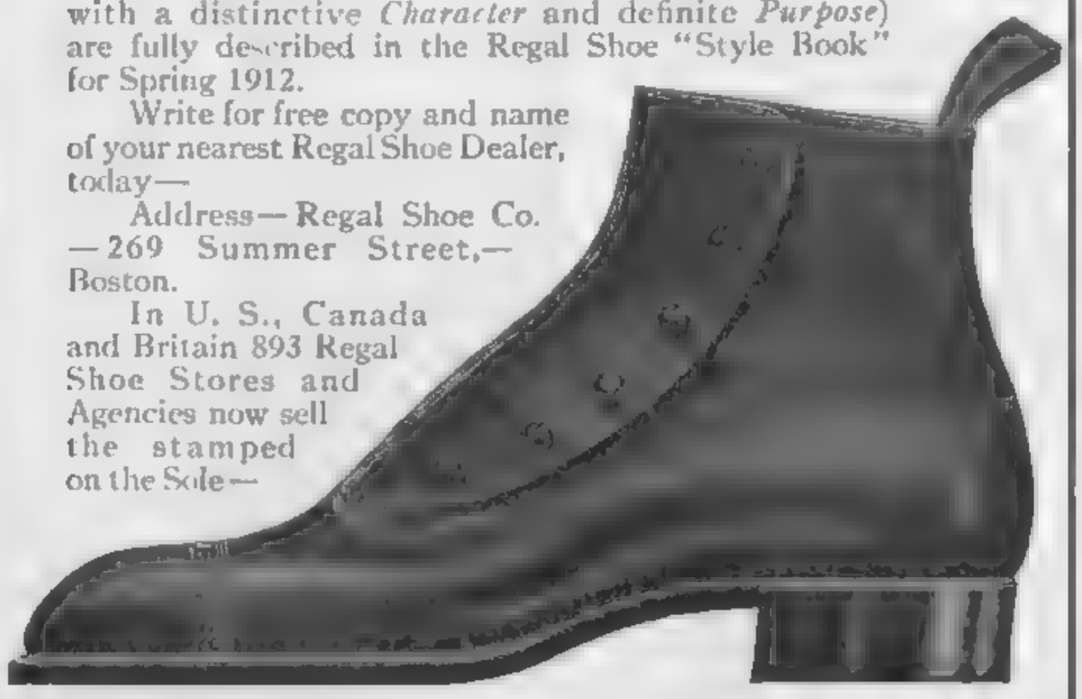

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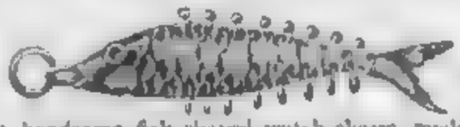

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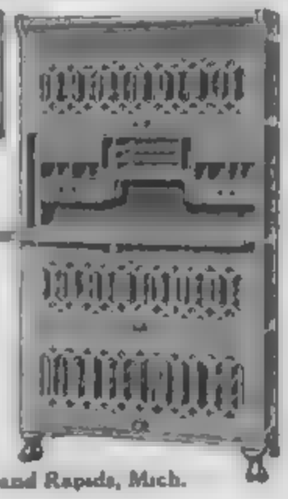

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The Pearls of the Princess Patricia

(Continued from Page 7)

"Tell the chauffeur where to go," said the colonel briefly.

"Yes, sir—very good, sir." The man touched his hat and told the chauffeur. Their motor pulled out of the line and turned to the west.

"Mr. Walton was at Eton with the duke," explained the colonel to Mr. Boon.

"J. G. Walton?" asked Mr. Boon.

"Yes."

"I didn't know he was educated in England," said Mr. Boon in a tone that implied he knew Mr. Walton well.

"Didn't you?" said the colonel more sharply than the occasion warranted.

"But then we never discussed the subject," apologized the jeweler.

"Do you know the house?"

"Yes. I've been in it several times. I understood Mr. Walton was in Florida and had rented his residence for the winter."

"I don't know a bally thing about his private affairs," said the colonel coldly; "but I do know the duke intended to visit him, and I've been told to go there."

It occurred to the store detective that if the Englishman was rude to Mr. Boon it was altogether likely the duke treated his private secretary as a servant. It gave the detective pleasure to imagine this, for whenever the colonel had looked at Mr. Donnelly it was with the casual indifference with which men look at chairs or cobblestones. This made T. Donnelly feel that he was not alive, and he disliked the aristocratic undertaker.

The motor turned into Fifth Avenue, sped northward and halted before a house. Mr. Boon recognized Mr. Walton's residence.

The colonel alighted quickly and said "Come with me!" in the tone foreigners use to menials, and didn't even turn his head to see if he was followed, but walked up to the door and rang the bell.

A man in livery opened the door.

"I am Colonel Lowther!"

"Yes, sir. His Royal Highness said you were to wait in the drawing room unless there was somebody with you; in which case you were to be taken to him, sir."

"Come on!" said the colonel to Mr. Boon and the private policeman. The footman preceded them to a door at the back of the foyer hall, opened it, drew back heavy portières and announced solemnly:

"Colonel Lowther!"

The colonel entered. So did Mr. Boon and Donnelly. A man stood gazing out of a window. His back was toward them. For the first time Mr. Boon—so he said later—felt that something was wrong. Yet he made no effort to protect himself.

"Your Highness, here are the pearls."

The duke turned round. He had a kindly face, had white hair and mustaches.

"Let me have them!" said His Royal Highness in the husky whisper of a man suffering from acute laryngitis or partial paralysis of the vocal cords.

"I know that voice!" shouted Donnelly, and the jeweler knew he might fear the worst; but, before they could put their hands in their pockets for their revolvers, strong fingers took strangle-holds on their throats, a spray of ammonia had been squirted into their nostrils and eyes, and they were helpless. In a jiffy their wrists were handcuffed behind their backs, their feet were fastened with leg-irons, their mouths pried open with a bowie-knife blade that made them cease struggling. Pear-gags were inserted into their mouths. Donnelly squirmed and carried on like a frightened child—but at the same time kept unfrightened eyes on the duke. Not so Boon, who was as pale as ivory.

The duke turned his back on his captives and put on a black cloth mask, but the watchful Donnelly noticed that he put into his pocket what looked like false mustaches. He also donned a pair of black gloves, but not before the policeman had seen a long white scar, beginning at the knuckles and disappearing up the wrist into the cuff. Donnelly recalled having heard or read a description of a professional crook that tallied with what he had seen. It would make the work of capture easier.

The masked duke picked up the precious valise and said: "Take them to the others."

The four men who had nearly strangled the jeweler and the policeman were dressed in overalls and jumpers, had on black masks and wore gloves. They carried the helpless victims into what seemed to be the servants' dining room.

Propped up in high-backed chairs, Mr. Jesse L. Boon, of Welch, Boon & Shaw, saw Mr. Wilfred Gaylord, president of Goffony's, Mr. Percival Pierce, of Johnson & Pierce, Mr. J. Sumner Storrs, of J. Storrs' Sons, and five of their clerks. Beside Mr. Pierce was an empty chair. Mr. Boon was placed on it. The detective was dumped on one near Goffony's clerk.

"Tie 'em in couples," whispered the duke. Each man was tied to the back of his chair—and the chairs themselves were tied back to back.

"That," explained the colonel, "will prevent you from hurting yourselves by toppling over in regrettable efforts to reach the door. We wish no harm to befall you. What?"

The masked men in overalls left the room like perfectly trained servants.

"You are a damned fool!" whispered the duke angrily.

"Why?" amiably asked the Englishman.

"The only people that don't talk are those that can't."

"I know—but murder will out! Never knew it to fail. We have—ah!—you might say—ah!—borrowed a few trinkets from these gentlemen. They may get them back possibly; but you can't ever bring back the breath of life if you decapitate them. What?"

"I tell you I will not leave them here to blab!" hissed the duke; and Boon could not help thinking of the anger of a rattlesnake with laryngitis. "A slight nick in the jugular and they'll bleed away painlessly. Just before the end they will begin to dream. By ——, I'll do it! Right now!"

The duke pulled out a barber's razor, opened it and approached Boon.

Something about his manner told the jeweler that this creature was about to cut their throats as much for the pleasure of it as because of the supposed safety. It was confirmed when the masked fiend wheezed malignantly:

"It's sterilized!"

Mr. Boon was suddenly conscious of an extreme cold, as if he had been thrown naked into an ice-cave. On Pierce's face, grown gray, the sweat stood in a microscopic dew. Gaylord's florid face was livid and tense; J. Sumner Storrs had closed his eyes and seemed asleep, but the breath whistled unpleasantly through his nostrils.

"Stop!" said the colonel so sharply that the duke turned like a flash—to look into the barrel of a blue-steel automatic.

"Drop the razor, old chap! I can't let you kill the beggars in cold blood. Upon my soul, I can't, you know." His head was jerking and twisting at a furious rate, but the revolver was as steady as a rock.

"It's our only chance. It won't hurt them. They won't feel it any more than a feather—it's so sharp," whispered the black-masked devil.

"Drop it, I say!" said the colonel peremptorily. They heard a gritting of teeth from behind the mask as the duke closed the razor and dropped it on the floor. Still covering his accomplice, the colonel put his foot on the weapon.

"Thanks, old chap!" he said pleasantly. At that very moment he could have capitalized the gratitude of the ten prisoners at many thousands.

"Fool!" came in a husky whisper.

"Oh, now! I say!"

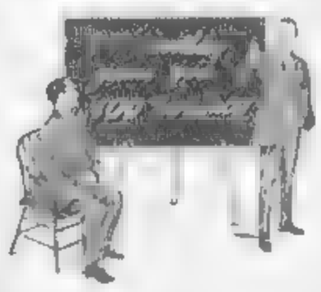
"What's the difference between twenty years in the pen and twenty seconds in the electric chair? I myself prefer the chair. But I'd rather cut their throats and keep out of danger. I tell you, it's tempting Providence to leave these men ——"

"Is it as much as twenty years, old fellow?" queried the colonel, obviously perturbed. The duke nodded.

"I say, gentlemen, I don't want to stay twenty years indoors, you know. Really, it's not a pleasant thought. What? If I give you your lives you must not take away my liberty. So I will go out now and leave you here with my friend, unless you promise not to tell the police anything that will serve as a clew and yourselves do nothing to harm us. If you will act like gentlemen I'll undertake to prevent my friend here from severing your respective jugulars. Nod for 'Yes' and shake your heads for 'No.' Promise not to talk?"

Ten heads nodded vehemently.

"Come, old chap; you must take their words. Gentlemen, you will be released



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this evening without fail. We must have time to leave New York. Avoid the reporters as you would the plague. It would not be wise to publish the facts! Think of it—the heads of the great firms! In parting from you, gentlemen, I wish to thank you in behalf of the Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicate, to the success of whose operations you have in this instance so generously contributed. Gratitude surely is not incompatible with business methods. Gentlemen, again I say: Thank you kindly, and—why not?—*au revoir!*"

And that was the last the captives saw of the man who, on behalf of the Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicate, had reduced the holdings of pearls and trinkets of New York's most famous jewelers by a trifle over one million dollars' worth.

It was nearly closing-time—midnight—that night when two men entered P. T. Ayres' corner drug store. One of them wore a fur overcoat and a silk hat. The other was dressed in black, had a mourning band about his hat and wore black gloves. He carried a bag on which the sleepy lady cashier saw the L and the cabin tags of a transatlantic line. The man in black said to her:

"May this gentleman telephone for me, miss? My throat is in pretty bad shape, and I don't want to use it."

It was in bad shape, indeed. She could hardly hear him.

"But, I say, dear chap ——" remonstrated the fur-coated man, whose collar was so tight that he wiggled his head violently as if in search of comfort.

"This is as good a place as any," whispered the man in black impatiently. "Call 'em up! I say, miss, have you got any slippery elm or some kind of trochees good for laryngitis?"

She remembered afterward that when she said she would call the proprietor he kept her from it by engaging her in conversation, which likewise prevented her from trying to hear what his companion was saying.

The fur-coated man had called up Spring 3100, which is police headquarters.

"Are you there? I say, are you there? Yes, I know this is not London. You know Mr. Pierce and Mr. Storrs and Mr. Boon and Mr. Gaylord? Well, tell your men they are in a residence on Fifth Avenue, in the servants' dining room. It's Colonel Walton's house. Right-O! That's not your business. Go to the devil!"

He came out of the booth with an angry face.

"Confound their impudence! Where is my friend?"

"He's gone," said the cashier. "Here—come back and pay for that call; five cents!"

The telephone clerk at police headquarters promptly told the news of the whereabouts of the missing jewelers—for whom the star men had been searching six hours diligently and secretly—and then tried, through the telephone Central, to get in touch with the pay station from which the "tip" had come, but couldn't, as they would not answer. The reason Ayres' drug store wouldn't answer was that the Englishman in his ignorance had disarranged the connection without betraying that fact, showing a technical knowledge of telephones and their construction.

The news was kept from the newspapers, in the first place, because the jewelers requested it of the Police Department; and, secondly, because it was deemed wise by the sleuths to fight mystery with mystery. As a matter of fact, the detectives were confident of apprehending the miscreants shortly—for had they not left a trail as broad as Fifth Avenue?

The jewelers went back on their words to the colonel, who saved their lives. From their descriptions and the information given by Ayres and the fair cashier, they knew the husky-voiced man with the scar on the back of his hand must be Whispering Willie, a clever all-round crook. The Englishman, they thought, was an amateur. The police communicated with the Ruritania by wireless, and asked the purser if among the passengers were a man of middle height, smooth-shaven, about forty years of age, with paralyzed vocal cords that made him talk as if he had acute laryngitis, and a tall, well-built, blue-eyed, blond Englishman with a nervous affliction of the neck like a mild form of St. Vitus' Dance. Within twenty-four hours the purser had sent the reply: "St. Vitus here, under name of Lewis J. Wright. No trace of Laryngitis."

"Ah, the Girard! That's different."

"JUST *why* is it different? And *how?*"

Because it is made in the only sensible and *natural* way. And it combines full flavor with mildness, *in the same cigar.*

You know how hard it is to find a rich and satisfying cigar that does not get "on your nerves"; or a mild cigar that has any real taste and flavor. Every smoker is up against that conundrum. And this is the answer, the

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Here is a real Havana smoke, with all the full-bodied richness you find only in *Cuban-grown* tobacco; yet free from the slightest trace of rankness; and as harmless as it is delightful.

The ***Girard*** cigar is entirely hand-made. The filler is choice Havana leaf imported by us—and nothing else. We season this pure unflavored leaf slowly and completely, without artificial "sweating;" so that we retain all the original tropic quality and fragrance. And we blend this perfectly matured tobacco by a method solely our own; which insures a cigar uniformly mellow and satisfying.

It is sold by dealers at 10 cents straight. Made in all the regular colors and three standard shapes:

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"Founders" 5-inch Blunt.

Buy them of your dealer. *We do not carry on a mail-order business.* You can probably buy the ***Girard*** cigar where you usually trade. But if you have any trouble in getting the shape and color you want, write us your dealer's name; enclose a dollar; and we will send you a box of ten ***Girard*** cigars *on trial*, or you can send $5 for a box of fifty cigars. If you are not entirely satisfied, we return your money.

We send you this sample-box only for your convenience. And we want your dealer's name, so that we can arrange to have him or *some* dealer supply you regularly in future.

If it means anything to you to discover a cigar that you will enjoy thoroughly *every time*, then write us *today*.

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People ate soda crackers in the old days, it is true—but they bought them from a barrel or box and took them home in a paper bag, their crispness and flavor all gone.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

So headquarters cabled to Scotland Yard to hold the tall blond afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance, who was thought to have sailed under the name of Lewis J. Wright, until the detective sergeant and one of the jeweler's clerks could arrive with extradition papers. And that's how Mr. L. J. Wright was arrested in Liverpool, less on account of New York's request than by reason of the absurd yarn he told. There was no such Dr. Cephas W. Atterbury as Wright declared he was going to see. The letter of introduction to the doctor, moreover, was a blank sheet of paper. The New York police learned about W. W. Lovell in this way and knew they were on the right trail.

Ten days later there was arrested in Paris, at the office of the American Express Company, a man answering the description of Whispering Willie, who had presented some checks signed by W. W. Lowry. The Paris police reported that W. W. Lowry was probably one of a band, because the scar on his hand vanished when washed with alcohol. And his voice grew normal when questioned by the prefect of police. He told an absurd story of having been hired at the rate of one thousand dollars a week to ask in a whisper for eleven letters at the American Express Company's office on February eleventh, at eleven-eleven A. M., and declared that when his employer bade him goodby on the steamer he painted a scar on the back of his hand and told him always to wear black gloves. The employer answered the description of Whispering Willie and also of W. W. Lovell. The police found that the whisperer's trail led a second time to the Herald office. The clerk, Carroll, remembered the mysterious advertiser very well indeed. Messrs. Reese & Silliman, real-estate agents, told the police they had rented Colonel Walton's house for the winter to a Mr. J. C. Atkinson, an Englishman who had given as references a firm of international bankers on whom his letter of credit for five thousand pounds was drawn. The bankers knew nothing about him personally or socially. Mr. Atkinson had drawn the entire five thousand pounds. He had occupied the house two months, paid his rent promptly and had given a satisfactory deposit against possible damage happening to any of the furniture.

The police had lost four weeks of valuable time in following clews that merely led back to the St. Iago Building and to the man with the paralyzed vocal cords and the scar on the back of his hand, calling himself W. W. Lovell, who was probably William W. Long, alias William W. Longworth, alias W. W. Latshay, alias Whispering Willie. The Englishman was not known to any member of the New York police force, but fortunately he had a nervous affliction which would betray him without recourse to the third degree.

Exactly one month after the departure of the real Duke of Connaught from New York, Messrs. Jesse L. Boon, Percival Pierce, J. Sumner Storrs and Wilfred Gaylord each received a copy of the following letter, typewritten on note paper of the Ritz-Carlton:

Having disposed of the pearls of the Princess Patricia at a price only eight per cent below what you offered them for to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, we beg to suggest that it is a waste of money for you to encourage the detectives and downright dishonesty for the detectives to encourage you. You have caused to be arrested unfortunate men suffering from chorea in Liverpool, Bremen, Genoa, Buenos Ayres and Panama, as well as Mr. W. W. Lowry in Paris and W. W. Longman in the City of Mexico. For the last eleven months Whispering Willie has been in the Missouri State Penitentiary, where he is Number 317. Our Colonel Lowther has not St. Vitus' Dance, is not an Englishman and has not left New York! The Duke of Connaught, otherwise W. W. Lovell, of the Acme Vibrator Company, has a fine, strong barytone voice, has no scar on the back of his right hand, is too young to have gray hair, and his nose is not what it was when he was known as Mr. Lovell. We needed time to move unwatched in New York, hence the elaborate false clews. We always plan our deals carefully and we are uniformly successful. We may inform you, in self-defense, that we operate only on the rich enemies of society. Pearls and diamonds have ruined as many women as drink has ruined men or Wall Street has destroyed souls! You may be interested to know that we propose to induce one of our most famous high financiers to contribute a couple of millions to our surplus this month. At the proper time we shall supply the name and the particulars, in order that you may compare notes with the other patrons of

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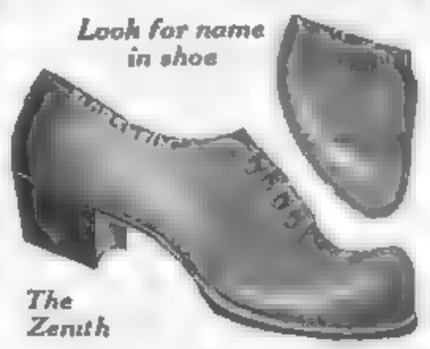

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The name "Oakland" on an automobile has always been respected, for it has always stood for good motor cars, for serviceable cars—cars that can be depended upon at all times, designed with care, along safe and sane lines, and built by experienced men.

Price is no longer accepted in the automobile business as an absolute index of quality. In construction, workmanship, design and finish, the Oakland, with its enormous output, is the superior of other cars selling at a far greater price, chiefly because they are produced in smaller quantity.

Take the Oakland unit power plant, for instance; the motor, clutch and transmission are all in one housing, bolted rigidly to the frame, thereby preventing distortion, securing perfect alignment and delivering the maximum of power to the rear wheels.

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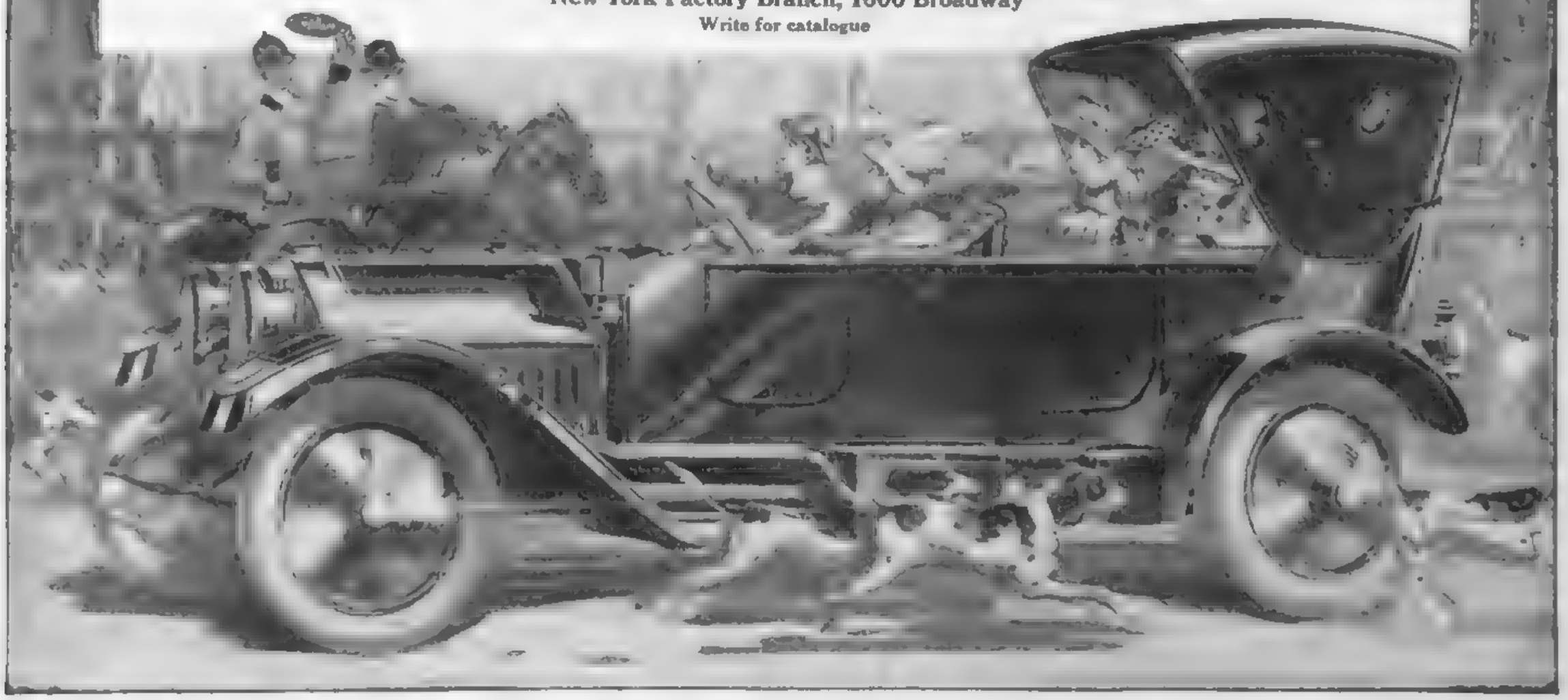

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WE have accomplished the production of Styleplus Clothes $17, by dealing straight from the shoulder with concrete facts and with nothing else.

In presenting Styleplus Clothes to the men of America we shall employ the same simple principle.

And so we have devoted none of this space to meaningless style pictures.

Styleplus Clothes $17 are the result of an intensely concentrated effort by the most highly specialized and the largest individual clothing factory in the world to produce a suit of clothes to retail at $20 that would surpass the best clothes being offered anywhere at that price—or perhaps at $25.

When we computed our costs, estimated probable sales, taking into account our tremendous buying power and manufacturing capacity, *we found that this suit of clothes could be retailed for $17.*

In analyzing our new product we found it to contain far better than the average fabrics found in $20 and even some $25 clothes—*plus* all the way through. Our designers, than whom there are none higher in their craft, had produced styles that, line on line, reflected the best thought of the season—*plus* all the way through. Our highly trained and efficient workmen had produced finish and fit that ranked with the $25 grades—*plus* all the way through again. Our experience, workmanship and fabrics guarantee better than the usual wear—service-*plus* all the way through.

And so this line came to be called Styleplus Clothes. It means

Style + Values
Style + Workmanship
Style + Fit

Style + Quality
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Style + Service

The production of Styleplus Clothes $17 is a new milestone in the progress of good clothes development in America. It is nothing short of a great victory. It is recognized as a wonderful accomplishment by all men who know anything about the making of clothes. It means more to the everyday man than anything that has ever before happened in the clothing world.

This accomplishment would not have been possible but for our 63 years of conscientious study and work. It would not have been possible but for the 50,000,000 suits and overcoats that we have made and sold. From every one of these 50,000,000 garments, we have learned something and this something is embodied in every suit of Styleplus Clothes.

This accomplishment would not have been possible but for our tremendous buying power, which gives us the first choice of the fabric market and often the whole output of a mill.

It would not have been possible but for our immense manufacturing facilities that insure superior tailoring, highly specialized skill and exact uniformity, the concentrated efforts of thousands of skilled workers and the entire organization of the largest individual clothing factory in the world.

It would not have been possible but for the fact that we employ and pay inviting salaries to the most proficient designers in the trade.

We guarantee Styleplus fabrics to be all wool or wool and silk, thoroughly shrunk, every Styleplus coat to be strictly hand-tailored, and guarantee the perfect wear of every Styleplus garment and a new suit where satisfactory wear is not realized.

Styleplus Clothes are so well made, of such superior materials that we can afford to make the following additional and unusual guarantee.

Style + Service *Whenever a purchaser of Styleplus Clothes finds a button gone, or loose, or a tear or in need of repairing, he can walk into the nearest Styleplus Store and this repairing (other than pressing) will be done for him free of charge.*

You should find a Styleplus agent near you. If you have any difficulty, write to Henry Sonneborn & Co., and we will send you a style folder, factory booklet and samples and see that your needs are supplied by the nearest Styleplus distributor. **Look for the label in the coat. Look for the guarantee in the pocket.**

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Baltimore, Md.

BLUE BLOOD AND PIRATES

(Continued from Page 11)

got down behind the taffrail and blazed away with rifle and Gatling gun. We hammered away at the decks of both junks as they came crawling up on us at the ends of that hawser. How the yellow dogs did howl when the first blast of the Gats came over their rail! They ducked below, waiting to get even when the junks should be laid alongside the Star of Chile. The Gats didn't stop 'em from coming on—not for a minute, for all that we dropped the men like dead flies round the windlasses. There was always more to take their places. It wasn't a pleasant sight to see them two junks coming on, steady and easy, with the pirates blazing away at us with their old horse-pistols and blunderbusses; and we knew that if they ever got alongside, the Star of Chile was headed for the port of missing ships, and Three-Fingered Jack—I had four fingers in them days—wouldn't be here tonight selling liquor and telling you about it.

Pretty soon I missed the old man on deck, but in a minute or two he came up, carrying a case of dynamite in his arms. Him and the carpenter had bored a hole through the top of the case, stuck in a fulminating cap and led a fuse to it through the hole in the box. Also, they'd jammed a four-foot section of half-inch brass cylinder down through the hole, and the fuse led up through this brass cylinder and burned free of the water, when the old man walked to the stern railing and threw the box out as far as he could. There was a hundred sticks of dynamite in the case and it floated handily. The strong flood tide swept it away from us and it bore down on the port junk, which was less than forty fathoms away. We watched it bobbing along until it disappeared under the arch of her stern, when it exploded.

The force of that explosion lifted us all off our feet and I've been a trifle deef ever since. The Star of Chile shook like a wet dog and the air was just filled with pieces of junk and Chinamen. There was a waterspout a hundred feet tall, and half a minute after the explosion the tail end of that waterspout came down on our decks and nearly drowned us at the guns. We saw that junk rise in the air for a split second and when the water settled she wasn't there any more!

"Well," says Tod Beasley, spitting the salt water out of his mouth, "we've freed one end of that hawser anyhow. Number two junk can't haul herself in on it any more; so take the wheel, one of you men, and let's move along out of this piratical goulash."

The minute we were under way the old man went down on the main deck forward with a length of marline, tied Captain Foster hand and foot and left him lying in the scuppers. Then we wore ship and came about until we had the long six pointed at the disabled junk. We put thirty-two round shot through her before she sank; and then we sailed away for the West Coast leaving the pirates to Joss and the sharks. We were glad to get away, for there had been a fair collection of stinkpots aboard the junk that was blown up and the fumes that hung over the ocean in the immediate neighborhood had made us deathly sick. Savvy stinkpot—eh? We feared 'em worse than we did the horse-pistols and blunderbusses, because if a pirate could chuck a stinkpot aboard a vessel and it broke on her decks the fumes would suffocate the crew in that part of the vessel.

The entire row hadn't occupied more than an hour; and no sooner had number two junk gone down and the brig was bowling along on her course again than the old man went down on the main deck to see his passenger, who had just come to. Tod Beasley untied his hands and Captain Foster wiped the blood out of his eyes and glared at us all. Without a word Tod Beasley reached down, grabbed Foster by the nape of the neck and, big man though he was, slammed him up against the front of the house.

"Pipe all hands to muster," he ordered, "and let them have a look at this man!"

The bo's'n piped all hands to muster except the helmsman and four men who had been shot in the fight, and they all stood round looking at our old man and his passenger.

"Men," said Tod Beasley, "this man says his name is Captain Foster and he is my guest on this ship. He came aboard at dusk last night and went to his stateroom, saying he had a bad headache; and to my knowledge he hasn't been on deck. Yet he must have been on deck last night, for the long gun and the howitzers were spiked; and, judging by the pretty manner in which you all behaved during the late festivities, I will not insult any man of my crew by suspecting him of this dirty trick. Moreover, the first mate and I both saw him signal those junks so they wouldn't mistake him for one of the crew and take a shot at him. It isn't so confounded hot that a man must wipe his head with a red handkerchief three times to port and three times to starboard. He was telling them that the guns were safe and to haul away. Now then, a month's extra wages to the man that tells me who this fellow is."

The crew crowded up and took a look at the prisoner. Suddenly one of them, a half-breed Maori boy, let out a yell and made for Captain Foster with his cutlass. Tod Beasley hit the Maori boy a backhanded slap across the mouth that sent him spinning six feet.

"I'm in command here," says Tod very pleasantly, "and I didn't ask you to execute him. If you know who this scoundrel is say so, but leave the killing of a white man to white men."

"Him very bad man," sobbed the Maori boy, coming back and struggling with the old man to get at the prisoner. "Him kill my father! That man name Captain Tom Devine—and him kill my father."

"And who the devil, may I ask," said Tod Beasley, "was your father?"

"Jock Wilson," says the Maori boy, making a jab with his cutlass at our passenger.

Tod Beasley motioned me to take the cutlass away from the Maori, and I did it. The old man was a trifle pale and I thought his hand shook a little as he walked up to the prisoner, lifted the black hair from behind the man's right ear and felt with his finger.

"Yes," says he very quietly, "it's Tom Devine." He reached down with his knife and slashed the rope at Devine's ankles. "Stand up, Tom, you hound, and look a man in the eyes!"

Tom Devine dropped his lower lip in a snarl, but he couldn't meet Tod Beasley's eyes. He shifted his glance to the half-breed boy instead and lunged out to hit him. Tod Beasley struck him a pleasant smack on the nose with his big fist and the pirate settled back against the house again.

"Well, Tom," says Tod Beasley, "have you anything to say?"

"I have not," says Devine, flushing red in spite of his hard nature; "and if I did it's too late to say it, Tod. I know the breed."

"You've changed a lot, Tom," says our old man. "I hadn't the least suspicion it was you."

"Parallel case here," says Tom Devine. "If I'd known I never would have dickered with Wong Chu for the swag below. He put me up to it—the cunning beggar! Those were his junks and their crews drew pay from Wong Chu."

"They'll draw no more," says Tod Beasley grimly; "and as for our friend Wong Chu, I'm coming back to Amoy and I'll settle with him; but first I must settle with you. Perhaps it might interest you, Tom, to know that in five minutes you'll hang from the stuns'l boom."

Tom Devine threw back his head and tried to laugh, but he made a horrible failure of it.

"Hang, and be damned to you, Tod!" says he.

"Ain't you the cheerful soul!" says Tod Beasley, very sarcastic, though his voice was trembling like a girl's. "I like to hear a man talk like that when he's in your fix. Nevertheless, I'll bet you're still a coward at heart. You always were. You'll wilt at the finish and howl like a whipped dog. We've all heard of you, Tom, but none of them know you like I do. You've been quite a case, you have, Tom. I suppose it would be cleaner and easier to drop you over the side, but you were never that kind to your victims. The law says that a pirate must hang—and hang you shall! In the old days a pirate made his prisoners walk a plank, but you butchered them like you were a Malay instead of a white man; so it's hanging for you. Lay aloft, one of you men, and fasten a double block to the end

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of that stuns'l boom—and lead an inch rope through it."

The order was obeyed; and in five minutes Tom Devine stood under the rope's end; and Jock Wilson's half-breed Maori son made the hangman's knot and drew it taut under the pirate's right ear.

Tod Beasley walked up and stood in front of Tom Devine, looking at him for all the world as if the pirate was an animal in captivity. For quite a while he looked him over; and then, as he started away, Tom Devine fell on his knees, groveling at Tod Beasley's feet.

"I wish you wouldn't beg and plead, Tom," said the old man; "it only makes it harder all round. You've got to swing. There ain't no getting round that point; so remember the blood you sprang from and die game. You're white. Don't whimper like a coolie, you coward! And don't ask mercy of me. Did you have any mercy on the master of the Hebe and were you gentle to that missionary's girl that was aboard the Stormy Petrel? No, you wasn't; so let go my knees and swing off like a gentleman, even if you ain't one."

He shoved the pirate away from him, turned and walked away.

"I'm going below," says he very quietly, "and I won't come on deck again until I shoot the sun at noon. That leaves you half an hour to clean up decks. You will attend to this matter for me and favor me to the extent of not referring to it again."

He went below and we hanged Tom Devine as neat as you please. Twenty minutes later the half-breed Maori cut him down and two of the crew carried him to the rail. With a splash the body dropped into the China Sea and the Star of Chile went rolling home as gay as a girl to a wedding.

I had the decks washed up and everything put shipshape, and when that was over it was long past the noon hour and the old man had clean forgot to shoot the sun. I knew he would; so I shot it myself, worked out our position, told the steward to serve a glass of grog to all hands and went below to report to the old man. As I entered his cabin he was crying—big sobs that would have wrung the heart of a graven image.

"Oh, Tom! Tom, my boy!" he was saying as I came to the door. "Why couldn't that job have been left to somebody else!"

I stood there in the doorway, so surprised that I didn't have manners enough to back away and leave him to his own troubles. He cried a lot and called on God to witness that he had to do it; and then he said something about his mother and that the blood was clean again, and that he would have done the same by any other pirate. I got the whole story squared round in my thick head an hour later, when I knocked at his cabin door and found him looking at an old daguerreotype of two pudgy little boys, with black hair and eyes and wide, old-fashioned, white sailor collars, and tassels on their little boots.

Well, sir, the knowledge took me fair under the fifth rib. I handed him a slip of paper with the ship's position worked out on it and backed out of that man's cabin with a bigger lump in my throat than ever I was born with. Well! That big, long, sad, hard Puritan face—and the suffering of the man! I was for quitting him the minute we dropped anchor in Callao, but he wouldn't listen to it. And, as I said before, he was that fine a man I didn't have the heart to oppose him.

. . . . . .

"But what had he done to make him feel so badly?" I asked.

"Just hanged his twin brother!" said Three-Fingered Jack. "Tom Beasley was that pirate's real name. When the skipper felt back of his ear that time he was feeling for an old scar that he'd given Tom in one of their boyish fights. They hadn't met in twenty-five years or more; but when they did Tod Beasley did his duty as he saw it—and it takes a man to do that. He was a little proud of the Beasley blood and he could never hold up his head after Tom turned bad. It hurt him a lot.

"Yes, sir; this is a mighty small world after all and some queer things do happen in it once in a while. I guess it's my treat, boys. Same thing? . . . No, no, lad; you can't get a cocktail in this house. . . . No mixed drinks after six o'clock. . . . All set? Then I'll propose a little toast:

"Here's to Tod Beasley that's dead and gone! He washed his own dirty linen."

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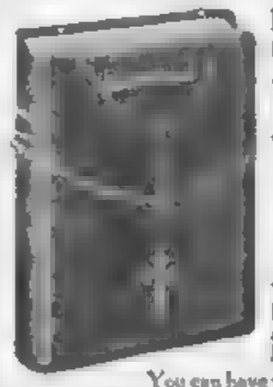

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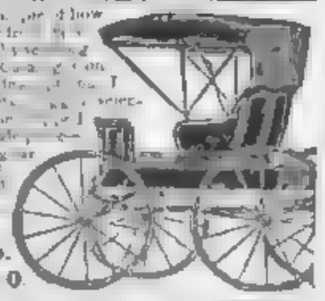

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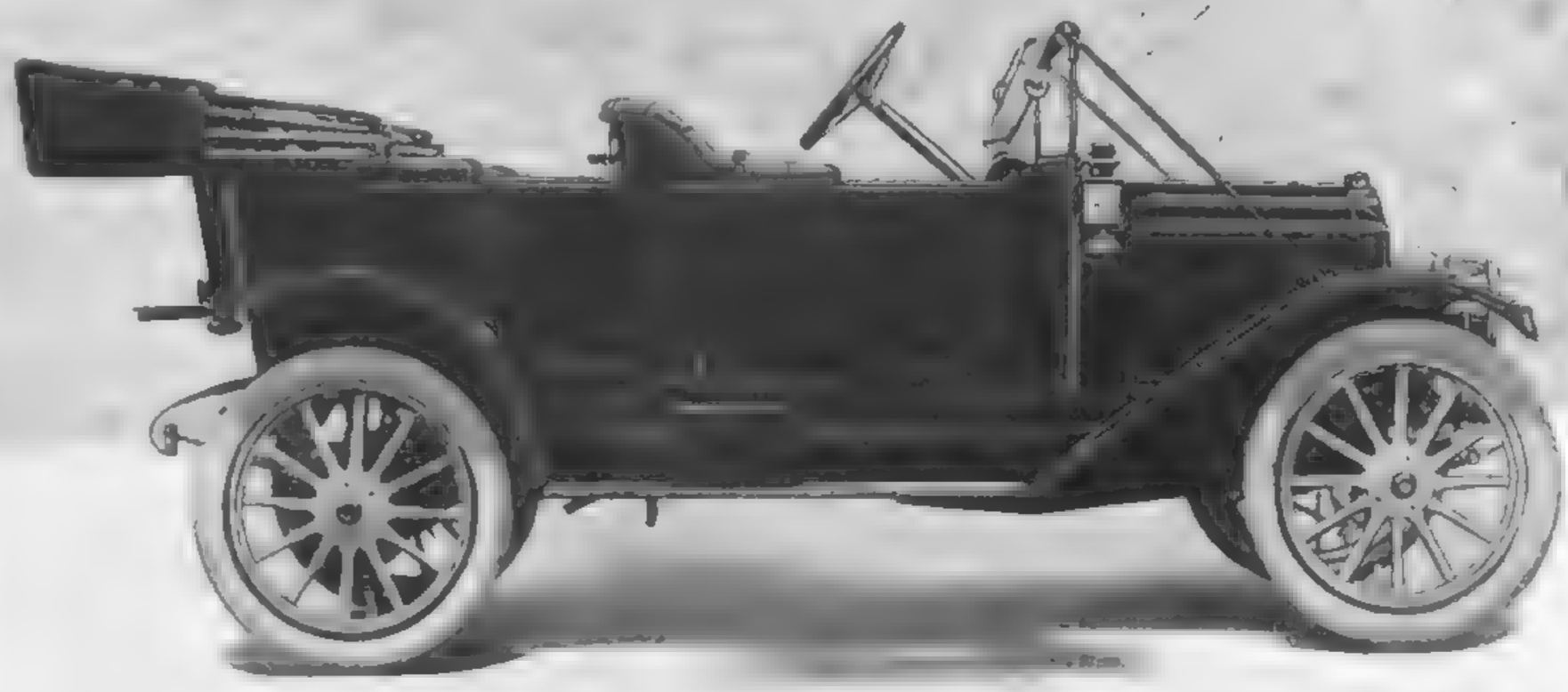

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Now, in the ordinary 4-cylinder engine, only every fourth stroke of the piston has power behind it. Out of sixteen piston-strokes making up one complete operation of the four cylinders, there are four power-strokes. That is far from continuous power-impulse and far from smooth-running.

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But in the six-cylinder engine it is still true that only every fourth impulse is a power-impulse—six in all to each complete operation of the engine.

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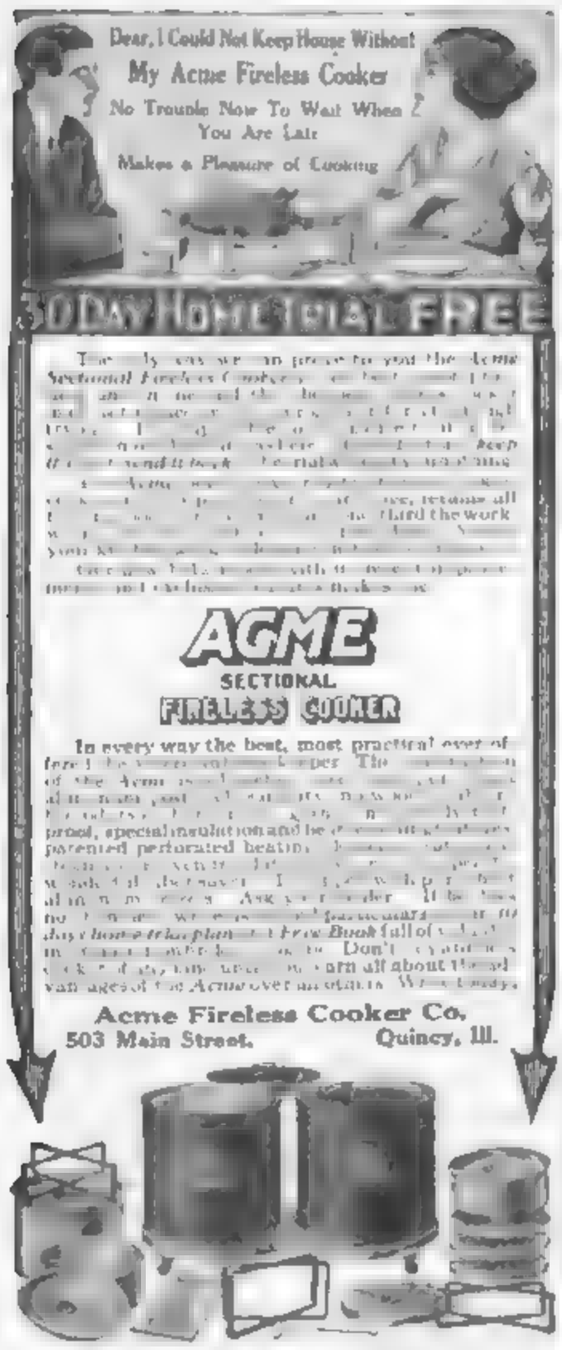

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TRUST FALLACIES DISPELLED

(Continued from Page 4)

"More than that, combination has not materially developed the capacity of production in the industrial world any more than it has the extension of transportation facilities in the transportation world, since the era of great combination began. Though, of course, there has been some extension of transportation facilities, yet combination has exerted itself more in the absorption of the agencies already existing than in extending new lines of transportation. The same is true in the industrial world. Since the era of great combination, this so-called dynamic force has spent its energies more in the consolidation and absorption of existing agencies than in the establishment of new. Though there has been some growth, the great fact remains that the instrumentalities of America's vast and almost inconceivable transportation and industrial activities were in the main the products of smaller units.

"The real dynamic force thus sought to be interfered with by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is that force which finds its outlet in seeking high-finance exploitation and the stifling of competition.

"We are constantly reminded, with a precision of assertion, that we must recognize the great combinations or return to what is termed 'ruinous' or 'disastrous' competition. Every suggestion of competition is coupled with the assertion that competition always was and necessarily must be ruinous; in fact, nearly every time the word 'competition' is used it is prefaced with the word 'ruinous,' making a compound word with a special emphasis on the 'ruinous.' Of course there may be methods or practices employed which are ruinous to those against whom they are employed. Such methods and practices are calculated to suppress—not develop or keep alive—competition. On the other hand, the desire for profit will, as a rule, protect competition from becoming ruinous, as far as mere margin or loss of profit is concerned.

"Again, it is a matter of common knowledge that, in the case of some of the larger combinations, such great aggregations of capital were largely inspired by men who were outside the particular industry until the combination was consummated."

The Results of Competition

"It is manifest that in dealing with this subject it would hardly be proper for me to use any particular combinations as illustrations, especially as some are now the subject of Governmental challenge; but, pursuing the line of my observations in regard to the effect of the elimination of competition as a factor in lessening the dynamic force, we have this state of facts:

"Small units, under the inspiration of competition, developed the separate agencies of production. Now, calling attention to the great combinations which were formed to absorb the agencies already existing, and which had been created by the smaller units of capital, it will occur to the unbiased mind that, in the case of such combinations which have most attracted public attention, great fortunes were already the result of such independent agencies before the present combinations resulted—fortunes that were hardly compatible with the idea of ruinous competition among the smaller units. Of course a certain percentage of failures attach to all forms of activity; but, taken as a whole, the success of those men who had established and were administering the affairs of the smaller units absorbed by the trusts absolutely negatives the suggestion that there was then existing a general and continuous ruinous competition. Even the failures which came to the smaller units were the result of those periods of depression which harass the industrial world at intervals

"It is within the knowledge of every one who has seen the growth of combinations that, prior to their formation, independent units had established the agencies of production; and that the men administering such units were, in the main, enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. This being true, it is proper to assume that, so far as competition can be maintained, instead of being ruinous *per se* and disastrous in

Anthony Redelberger has smoked a pipe for 86 years

Anthony Redelberger will be 100 years old April 12th next. The photograph published above was taken a few days ago at his Pottsville, Pa., home. Mr. Redelberger enjoys good health, and—he smokes his pipe first thing in the morning and last thing at night.

Mr. Redelberger began smoking a pipe when he was 14 years old—in 1826—and he has smoked a pipe ever since—86 years. For a long time he has smoked Prince Albert because it gives him more enjoyment and solace than any other tobacco he has ever used.

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"the national joy smoke"

is just *the* tobacco for thousands and thousands of men; it has the *right* flavor; the *right* aroma; the *right* long-burning qualities and *it won't bite the tongue*, because *that bite* has been removed by a patented process.

Ask Mr. Redelberger what he found so different in "P. A."; ask men you meet every day why they are so fond of "P. A." *Know yourself* the wonderful qualities of this *real* pipe smoke! Give it every test you know—fair and unfair. *It just can't go wrong!*

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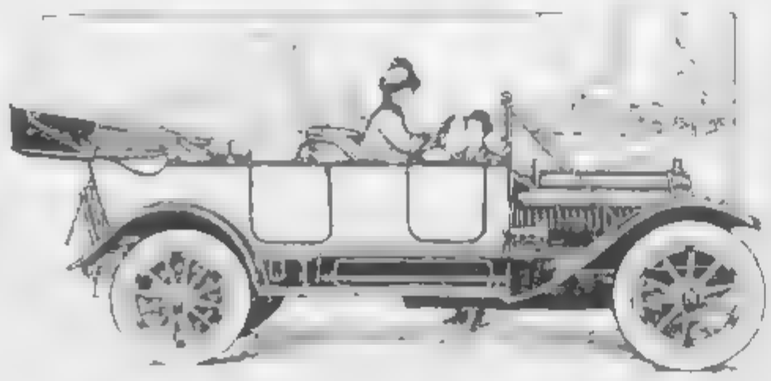

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The White Self-Starting Six presents a striking contrast to the conventional types of six-cylinder cars.

Absolutely the latest in every detail of body design, with lines unbroken by hinges and handles, the White Six incorporates the new and extremely convenient combination of the left-hand drive with a thoroughly practical and efficient electric starting and lighting system, making it possible, for the first time in motor car construction, to reach the driving seat, start, and light the car without the necessity of stepping into the street.

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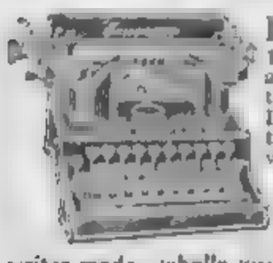

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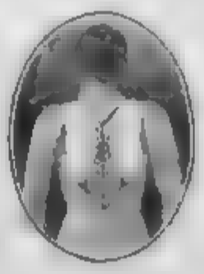
Trade Mark **NULIFE** Patented
DOES THE REST
FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WEARING IT
NULIFE
COMPELS DEEP BREATHING



STRAIGHTENS round shoulders, expands the chest and develops the lungs, reduces the abdomen, supports the entire body and prevents tired feeling. Through chest expansion slim people developed, stout people reduced, short people increased, without any effort or injury. Gives every man an erect military carriage, every woman the perfect curved lines of beauty demanded by health and fashion. Makes children grow strong and erect without attention.

Our Offer to Readers of this Weekly. Send me $2.00 at once, with your height, weight, chest measurement and sex, and I will send you my latest and best model NULIFE, prepaid, and Guarantee You Instant Bodily Improvement.

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My illustrated book, "Self-Development Without Exercise," sent to you Free upon request.
Inquire for Agency.

every case, it would follow the line of former activities. And there seems to be no ground for the oft-reiterated assertion that we are face to face with the alternative either of a continuation of the trust system or of a return to so-called 'ruinous,' 'destructive' competition; in fact, the terms 'trust system' and 'ruinous competition' are not antithetic terms, but rather in a broad sense synonymous; for the trust, so far as it has resulted in an elimination of competition, outside the direct absorption of competitors accomplished that elimination by ruinous or destructive competition.

"The trouble is that a discussion of the whole subject is obscured by a too general belief in the fallacies which I have discussed, and our first endeavor should be to clear them away. How far new legislation may be necessary to cope with the situation and how far competition can be restored are questions which, in view of the Interstate Commerce Committee's inquiry, I could not be expected to debate at this time. But that great combinations are essential to efficiency, or that they are demanded as a medium for the outlet of the dynamic force of the country, or that the only alternative is the trust system or 'ruinous competition'—these are the three major fallacies that ought to be challenged.

"If the trust hearings have the effect of dispelling these fallacies the time expended will be of incalculable value to the public; for no legislation could be economically and socially sound that rests upon a fallacy as the necessity for action by Congress."

. . . . . .

When the session's harvest of laws has been stored away in the statute-books, provided there is no call from Macedonia, Ohio, to come over and help in the speaking, Senator Clapp hies himself to his farm in Pine County, Minnesota, which is across the Snake River and borders on Lake Pokeguma. The Senator calls it Wabeek, which is Indian for The Best Place; but his constituents call it The Black Eagle's Roost.

Opinions differ regarding the Senator's genius for farming. Some aver that he couldn't do worse if he had served on the Agricultural Committee. Others say that he occasionally digs up the potatoes to see how fast they are growing; others, that he keeps continually busy from very early morning but that he appears to be "just puttering round, digging here and there." Senator Clapp smiles whenever he is confronted with these criticisms on his method, and makes reply:

"I devote a good deal of valuable time to uprooting fallacies. Some statesmen who are farmers for political effect believe in cover crops. I don't—never have—never shall! Farming is like lawmaking. If the fundamentals in the congressional field are all right then all you have to do is to plow and harrow, sow good, clean seed, and work early and late to keep out the tares. And if you do all that your crop is pretty certain to be Number One Northern Hard—but you must root up the fallacies!"

A true farmer is one who belongs to the land; an absentee agriculturist, one who imagines that the land and the fullness thereof belong to him. Senator Clapp belongs to the land!

Cornell's Comeback

IN 1897 President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, now of the University of California, was faculty representative of the Cornell navy. Cornell and Yale had had no rowing relations for twenty years, and through the efforts of Professor Wheeler a race was arranged.

When the crews of Harvard, Yale and Cornell met at Poughkeepsie in July of that year there was much rowing excitement, and a great crowd was present.

Wheeler was aboard the Cornell launch at the starting-line. Harvard and Cornell were ready, but Yale had not appeared. The Yale launch shot out and a man in it shouted: "Yale cannot be here for twenty minutes. Will you wait, Cornell?"

"We have waited twenty years to beat Yale," Wheeler replied, "and I guess we can wait twenty minutes longer," which in those days and at every Cornell banquet since has unanimously been considered a glittering example of the ready comeback, the quick-as-a-flash stuff, to say nothing of repartee. It is always produced just after the close-harmony boys at Table G have yanked the excelsior out of the Stein Song.

Smoke Talk No. 1

Don't smoke at all—

if smoking means rich, strong, oily cigars all the time. They'll sap your health—"drive" your heart, "jump" your nerves and affect your throat. But if you must smoke, remember: The only sensible smoke for any man is a light, domestic blend—a

Robt. Burns

MILD 10c CIGAR

Made by STRAITON & STORM since 1857

Ask your Doctor

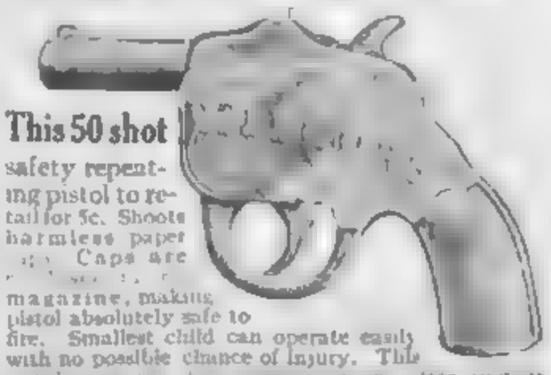
BECOME A NURSE

THIS school prepared these three women in their own homes, to become successful nurses. One writes, "I have more work offered than I can accept." Another, "I have worked for eight different physicians." The third, "I receive $20 to $30 a week."

Our method of training has made it possible for thousands of women, with and without previous experience, to earn $10 to $25 a week as professional [illegible]

Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse" and [illegible] Year Book explaining method. 142 pages with [illegible] Eleventh Year

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
305 Main St. Jamestown, N. Y.



This 50 shot safety repeating pistol to retail for 5c. Shoots harmless paper [illegible] Caps are [illegible] magazine, making pistol absolutely safe to fire. Smallest child can operate easily with no possible chance of injury. This [illegible] to dealers only and do not accept orders or ship our pistol direct to user. Merchants and agents, write for proposition.

Pittsburgh Cap Pistol Co., Inc., Homestead, Pa.

The largest number of *successful* clients is our *proof* of

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For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 6c stamps for our new 128 page book of interest to Inventors.
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The smooth, clean-cutting, slanting stroke of the old-fashioned, straight razor, plus the guarded blade features of all safety razors—that is what we offer you in the

Young Any-Angle Razor

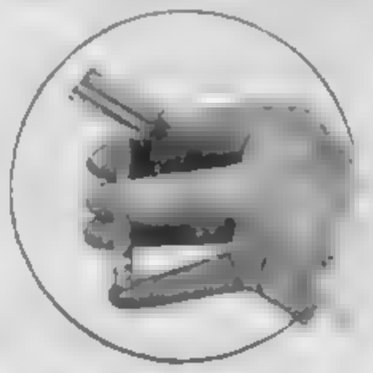
Don't mistake this announcement, you men who have tried them all and found them all safe enough, but—

The Young isn't "just another safety." It's safe, it's simple, it's compact; its shape is the shape you are used to; its blades hold their fine, cutting edges beyond what you have been led to expect. But the dominating appeal of the Young is its *any angle* feature—the feature that gives you—any man, the old timer or the beginner—that slanting stroke which is absolutely essential for a perfect shave.

There is nothing to learn. The barber's skill is in the Young. A touch turns the blade at any desired angle and you shave as with any safety razor. The Young is finality in razors. You'll come to it sooner or later. Do not defer your shaving comfort and satisfaction!

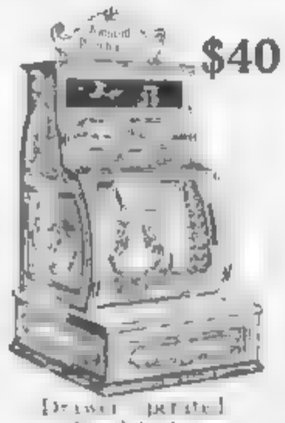
Free 30 Day Trial

All dealers are authorized by us to take back the Young Any-Angle Razor and refund the purchase price, if after using it for thirty days you wish to return it. If your dealer cannot supply you, order from us, with same return privilege. The price of the Young Any-Angle Razor, including 12 keen blades, with genuine leather case is **$3.00**



Young Safety Razor Company, 1709 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

$20
Detail Adder


$40
Drawer Operated
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

$100
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

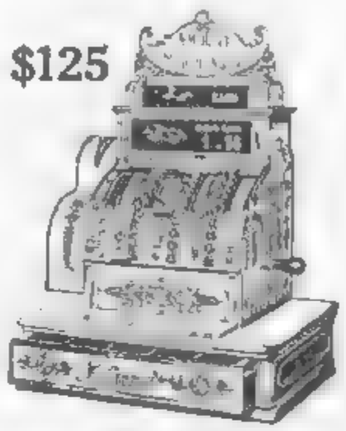
$75
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

$100
Drawer Operated
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

$35
Total Adder

$50
Total Adder

$75
Total Adder
Autographic Attachment
Drawer Operated


$125
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

We Make Them for All Kinds of Business. Prices $20 to $765

All sorts of stores, factories, garages, dining cars, county and city offices, commissaries, public service offices, hotels, theatres and newspaper offices are included in the list. They are used in the largest stores and on the smallest corner stands

They are used in the store farthest North and the store farthest South.

Certain kinds are made especially for department stores, railroads and banks. They give quick service and protection and do things no other machine sold can do.

Our office registers certify and classify accounts and records. They give the most positive checks for bookkeepers, auditors and managers. No other machines sold give so much information and protection with as little work and in so short a time.

We have spent 30 years in studying the needs of all businesses where money is handled and records kept. We make cash registers to fit every need and that is why we make over 300 styles and sizes.

Our registers safeguard all transactions occurring between employes and customers. They save time, work and worry and insure to proprietors all their profits.

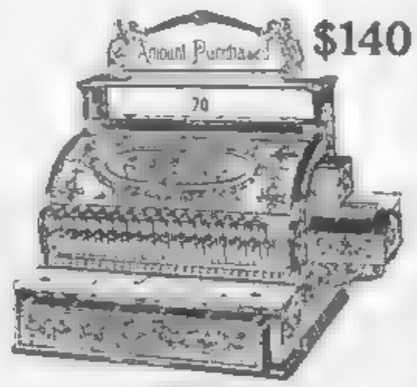
They cost so little and do so much.

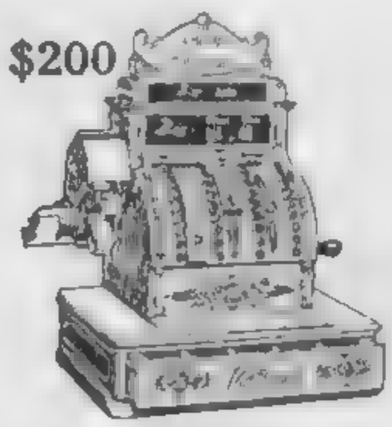
Write or call and have the kind of register suitable for your business explained to you. Investigation will cost you nothing.

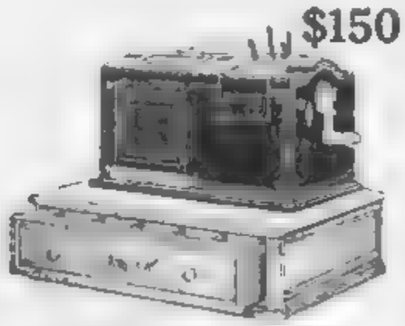
We have a representative in your vicinity.

The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio

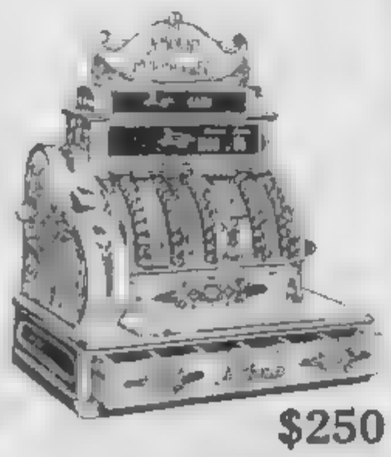
$100
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip

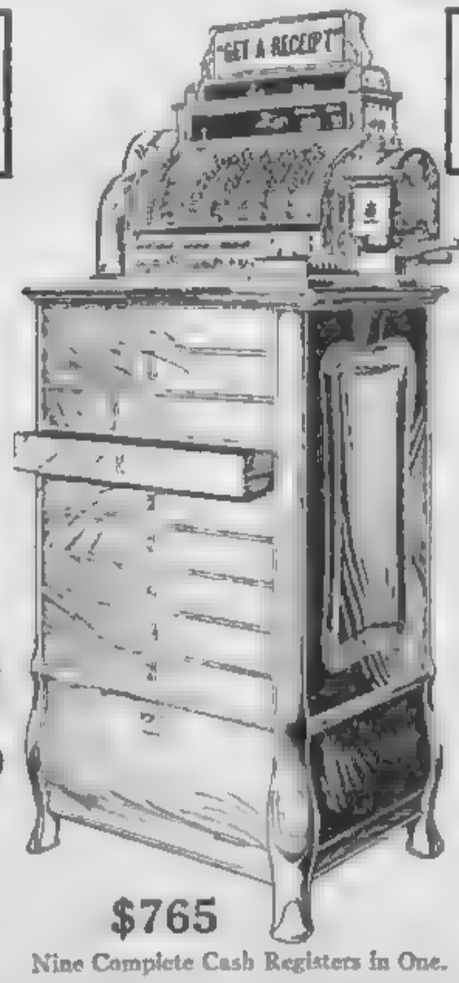

$140
Total Adder
Autographic Attachment

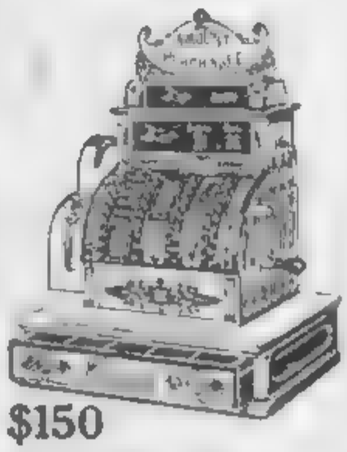

$200
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Sales-Slip

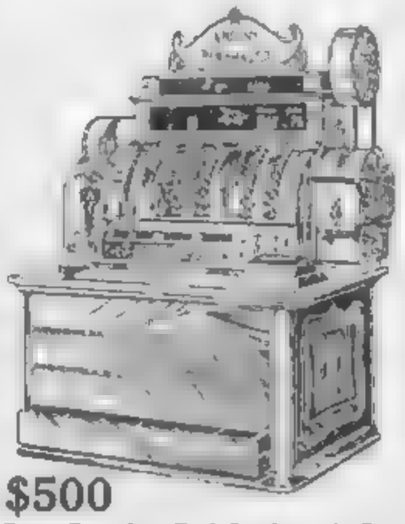

$150
Department Store Register

$380
Shows Four Separate Totals
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Receipts, etc.


$250
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Receipt


$765
Nine Complete Cash Registers in One.


$150
Total Adder
Prints Sales-Strip
Prints Receipt


$500
Four Complete Cash Registers in One

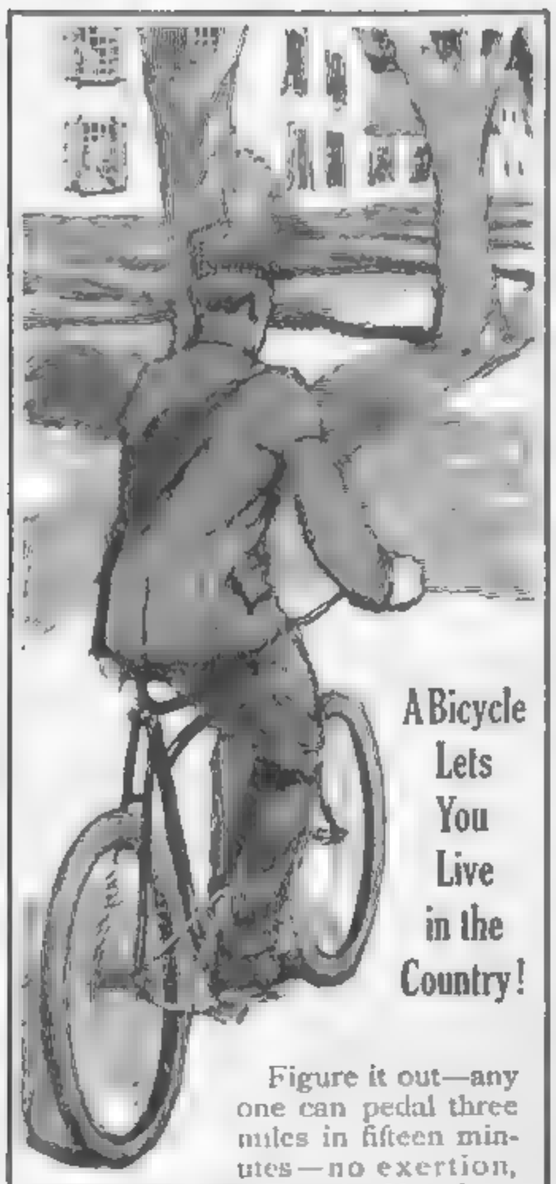


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Figure it out—any one can pedal three miles in fifteen minutes—no exertion, just an appetite bracer. How long does it take to walk home now?

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As to the bicycle—the Iver Johnson costs $30 and up. You can buy for less, but our better tires, accurate and durable bearings and reliable frame are worth the difference

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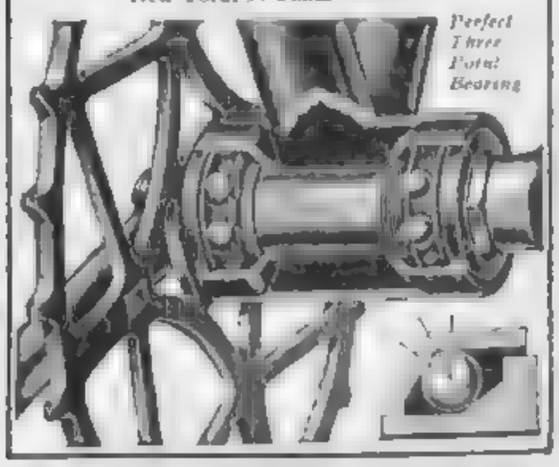

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for this Craftsman settee—
fine quarter-sawed oak—morokene leather cushion—67 inches long, 37½ inches high, 21 inches deep. Strong, handsome. *Guaranteed.* Finished as you wish. Shipped in complete sections. Easily assembled in a few minutes.

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Illustrated. Buy direct from factory and take advantage of the big saving. Mail postal today for book.

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THE BUSINESS SIDE OF OPERA

(Continued from Page 21)

Tomorrow's opera demands consideration, and so does that for the evening after and the matinée following—to say nothing of the bill for the week to come. Further attention—and close attention too—is required in the preparation of a novelty which keeps every Metropolitan department moving, with senses alert; but that is not all. Usually there are four or five new operas to be produced every season; and while one is in rehearsal the next in order is being tuned up and prepared for public hearing.

Into this maelstrom of musical endeavor now come the directors, the boxholders in the parterre and grand tiers, the other subscribers, and that part of the public which buys tickets for such performances as appeal to its whims. General Manager Gatti-Casazza has many people to please and considerably more than two varieties of tastes to think about.

If Madam Jewels dotes on Tosca, Miss High-and-Mighty cannot endure any Puccini music. And a soprano who causes one set of opera patrons to rave ecstatically is quite apt to be the innocent cause that sets the sensibilities of another faction aquiver. The manager's daily mail is laden with complaints and an occasional suggestion sometimes as long as a lawyer's brief. All these communications require a courteously worded reply.

Perhaps there has been some difficulty in obtaining desired seats at the box office, or a clash with one of the gentlemanly and patient ushers. And there is the bothersome individual who has a young friend worthy of a place among the principals. Again, some one writes frantically that a set of tickets has been lost or stolen, and begs that if they are presented at the door they shall be "taken up." The written yes, and the telephoned—"kicks" are innumerable; but once in a while a bit of balm is provided in praise for some work genuinely merited.

Toscanini's Remarkable Memory

Twice a week the executive committee of the directorate—Otto H. Kahn, chairman; Clarence H. Mackay and Henry Rogers Winthrop—is supposed to meet with Mr. Gatti to go over necessary matters. The general manager has a free hand; yet he makes frequent reports despite the authority given him by the millionaires who have just engaged him and Conductor Toscanini for another three years following the season now nearing its end.

Mr. Gatti is a mild-mannered, suave gentleman who believes in harmonizing his subordinates. There is no friction permitted in any Metropolitan department. The chief executive moves deliberately, with light step and a quiet smile. He seldom scolds and rarely praises. His hobby is thoroughness, long working hours and results.

He has an efficient "side partner" in Maestro Toscanini, whose coöperation has done much to bring him the success that carried him up from the ranks to the post of boss of La Scala, in Milan, which place he exchanged for the bigger position in New York. Before turning to opera Manager Gatti was a naval engineer—and a good one.

Together, these men—Mr. Gatti and Mr. Toscanini—form a practically unbeatable combination. Mr. Gatti will accept no impresarioship without a contract engaging Mr. Toscanini as principal conductor; and as the latter is looked upon as the greatest all-round musical director of opera living it can be seen that there is method in such insistence. Each of these Italians receives a salary of $30,000 a year.

Arturo Toscanini is the conductor with the marvelous memory. This musician never leads with the aid of a score. He doesn't have to; for every note, rest and word in the music of the many operas he directs is firmly fixed in his mind. The extent of his memory may be better comprehended when it is understood that the pages of Tristan und Isolde, Die Meistersinger, The Girl of the Golden West, Falstaff, Otello, Tosca and Le Donne Curiose are some of the numerous operas he has learned. It is as surprising to contemplate

10 Shots Quick

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Shuster

When in Peril

Had his Savage

DURING the latter part of his stay in Persia, when peril became actual, Mr. Shuster and [illegible] Americans [illegible] close to each [illegible] with 10-shot Savage Automatics.

Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, staunch in his integrity as Treasurer-General of Persia, braved the wrath of Russia to the last hour of Persia's independence. For weeks an army of 4000 Cossack raiders and a horde of hired Bakhtian assassins menaced Mr. Shuster's life.

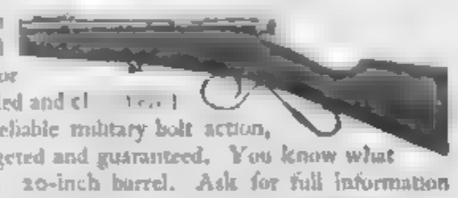
The Savage Automatic with its ten powerful shots is the greatest weapon ever invented for protection, either home or abroad. It aims easy as pointing your finger. Gets into action quick. Shoots only one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all ten can be fired in three seconds. Reloads and recocks itself automatically.

Every property owner knows in the bottom of his heart that the unseen peril of the burglar may become a reality any night. He knows as well as Mr. Shuster knows, that if he has a Savage Automatic he is a match for any emergency, that even in his absence his wife and family are protected. That he has placed in his household the greatest weapon ever invented for protection—The Ten Shot Savage Automatic.

MORE ADVICE AND "THE TENDERFOOT'S TURN"

Send 6c in stamps for books telling just what to do if you wake up and find a burglar in your *room*—advice given by best authorities, taken from magazines, etc.

A 20-SHOT .22 REPEATER



Here is a .22 repeater that is different. It weighs less. It costs less. It uses cheaper, lighter ammunition. It needs less time for care and cleaning. But—it holds more cartridges—20 shots. It shoots better, for the .22 Short is deadly accurate in this barrel, which is specially rifled and chambered for it. It is stronger and more durable, because it has a simple, reliable military bolt action, built to stand wear and weather. Each rifle is tested, inspected, targeted and guaranteed. You know what SAVAGE quality means. Price only $6.50. Weight 4 pounds. 20-inch barrel. Ask for full information about the new Savage 1911 Repeater. Savage Arms Company, 73 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York

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SPRAY FRUITS AND FIELD CROPS
and do whitewashing in most effective, economical rapid way. Satisfaction guaranteed. Brown's HAND OR POWER **Auto-Sprays**
No. 1, shown here, is fitted with Auto Pop Nozzle, does work of 3 ordinary sprayers. For [illegible] over night. Starts on pull. Will not clog. 40 styles and [illegible] sprayers—also gal. engines. Write postal now for guide to our Free Book. Write postal now.
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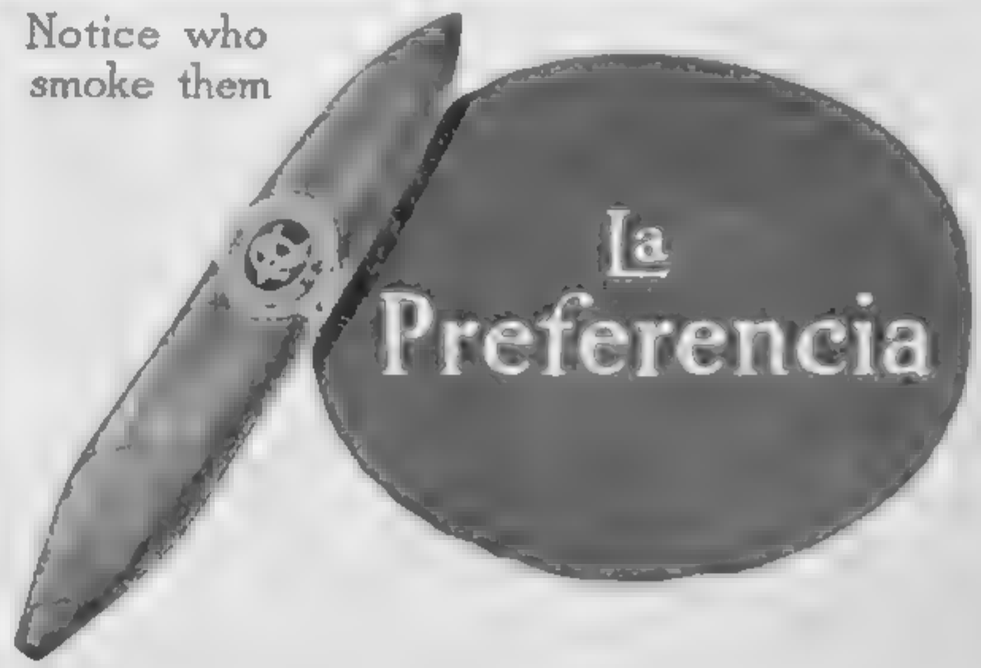

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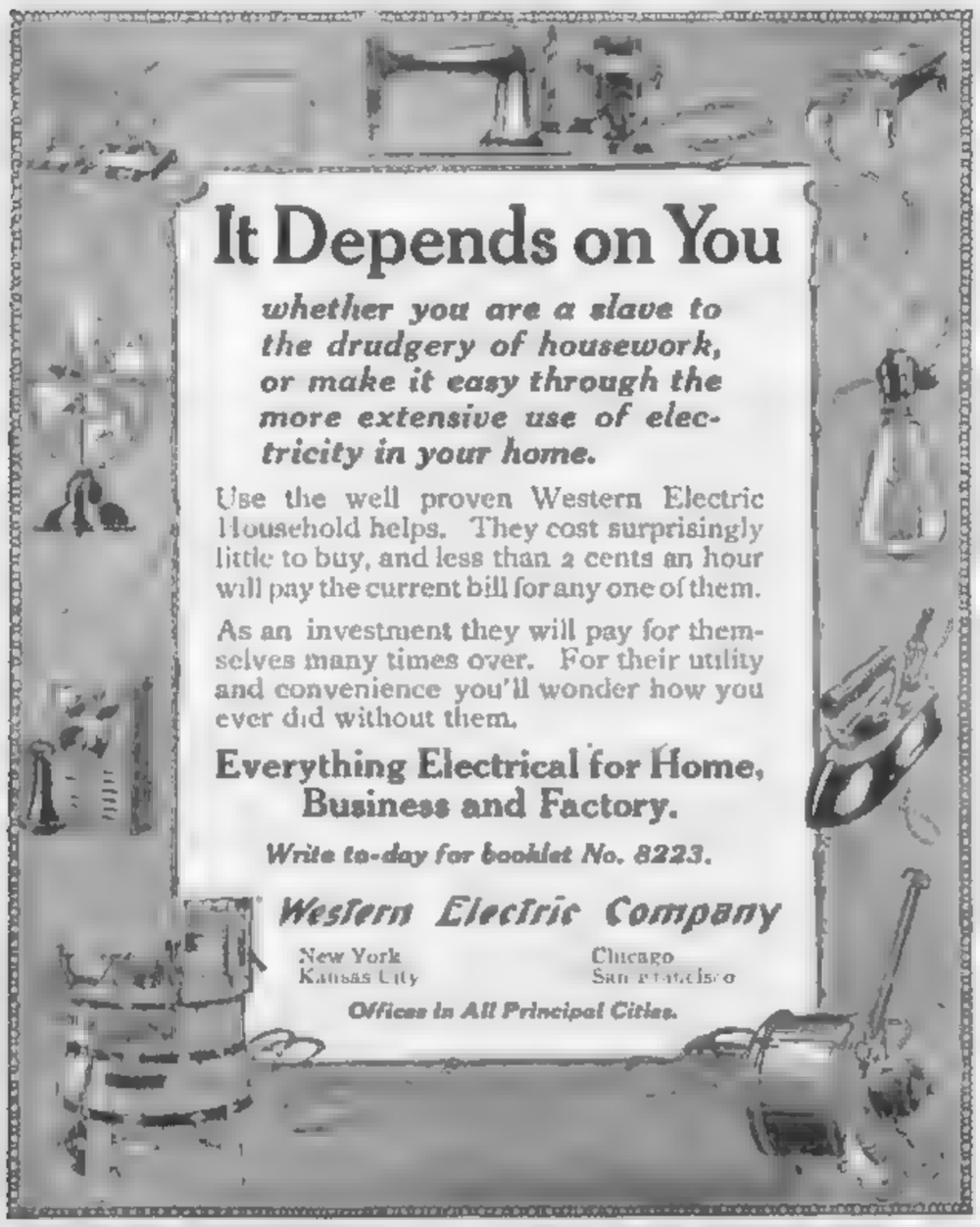

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the ease with which he has memorized these scores as it is to see him actually on the firing line in the orchestra pit.

What Messrs. Gatti and Toscanini don't know about opera isn't worth knowing. They form an operatic team that has not been surpassed and one unlikely to be in this generation. These gentlemen are responsible for bringing to this country for the first time the celebrated dramatic soprano, Emmy Destinn, and that great artist among barytones, Pasquale Amato. They also engaged for next season Frieda Hempel, a distinguished *coloratura* soprano, now singing in the Berlin Royal Opera, and caused to be produced for the first time on any stage Puccini's The Girl of the Golden West.

The American premières of Humperdinck's Koenigskinder, Le Donne Curiose, Lobetanz and Versiegelt must be credited to Mr. Gatti, who also made such important revivals as Falstaff, Otello, Armide, and Orfeo ed Euridice. This enterprising and progressive manager likewise has caused to be designed and built new and improved scenery, wholly or in part, for Aïda, Siegfried and other operas in the Metropolitan's répertoire.

The recent competition of American composers and librettists for the Metropolitan Opera Company's ten-thousand-dollar prize for the best opera produced by native talent—won by Dr. Horatio W. Parker and Mr. Brian Hooker with their Mona—was advocated by Mr. Gatti. He has had his failures and temporary setbacks too.

Germania, and some other novelties he was responsible for, did not meet critical or public approbation. One or two singers whom he has engaged have shown nothing beyond mediocre abilities, and now and again he gives a performance that does not hit the high-mark standard established by the Metropolitan.

However, one must make mistakes to succeed; and, as Mr. Gatti is only human, he takes on errors to which flesh is heir; but if he makes mistakes he also scores triumphs.

In the light of the account already given it is not remarkable that business should rule opera. "We are not in business to make money," said Mr. Otto H. Kahn just before his recent departure for Europe. "Our aim is an artistic one!"—which appears to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

How to Start a Coöperative Store

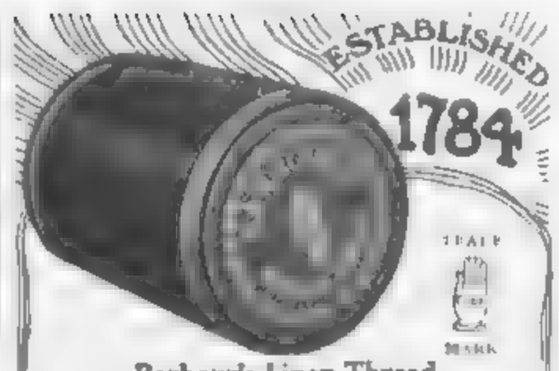
(Continued from Page 9)

exactly how much you have bought. You do not need to, however; for in giving you the slip the storekeeper writes down in his book "161—forty-seven cents," and makes the total himself. Your pink slip is merely a check—a means of verification.

All this seems easy, but it must not be forgotten meantime that there is plenty of hard work. Coöperation is a job—like other jobs. You may dream of the vast coöperative movement to which your store may give birth. You may picture a network of "coops" in all the cities and towns and villages of the country. You may visualize these stores developing, expanding, experimenting in one line after another. You may dream of allied cooperative butcher shops, bakeries, millinery shops, clothing stores, coal depots. You may picture great wholesale cooperative stores, linking all these retail cooperatives into one vast, wonderful, ramified cooperative structure sprouting from your single store; but meanwhile you must tie up one-pound packages of coffee and must sweep the floor every morning. You may dream all you wish—and be better for it, but you may not dream during business hours.

Let us assume that your first three months are over and that your policy is to pay quarterly dividends. The first thing to do is to take an account of stock, marking off a reasonable amount for depreciation. Then the executive committee should appoint two of the cooperators to act as auditors, who will go over the books, examine the vouchers and, if necessary, compare the sales with the members' checks.

The net profits should then be calculated and distributed as follows: A certain proportion should be placed in the reserve



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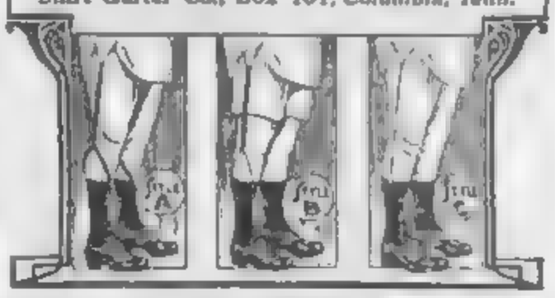

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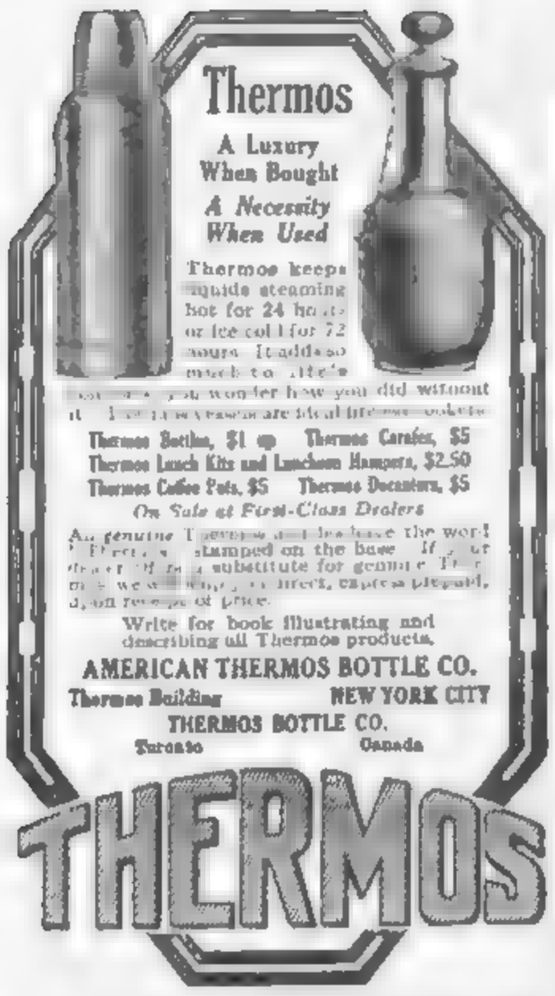
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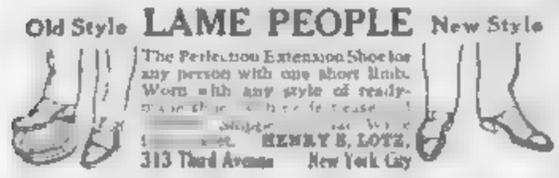
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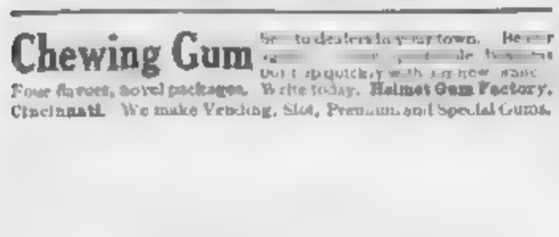
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fund to provide for future contingencies. In good times the coöperative should prepare for bad. A certain sum should be laid aside to pay off the expenses of floating the society. Then the interest should be paid upon the capital. If two thousand dollars represents the capital and the rate of interest is six per cent a year then the interest charge for the quarter would be one and one-half per cent of two thousand dollars, or thirty dollars. A small sum should be laid aside for propaganda and educational purposes. To do this diminishes, of course, the dividend to members; but it pays in the long run. It increases your own membership and it increases the number of stores.

A coöperative store is more likely to succeed if other coöperatives are formed elsewhere, since the success of a large number of such stores hastens the time when they can unite their forces, give mutual aid and advice and buy jointly in wholesale coöperatives. For somewhat simular reasons, and because the coöperative movement has always had democratic and humanitarian impulses, a certain proportion of the earnings of the British stores has gone, in the shape of bonuses or dividends, to store employees.

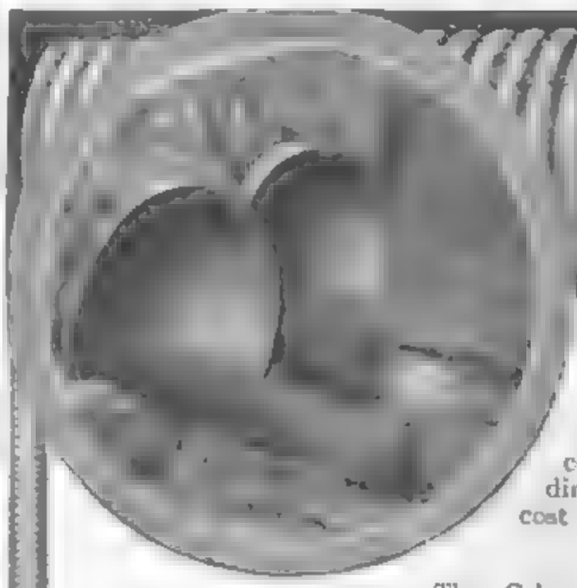
Suppose after all these charges have been paid there remains a profit of three hundred and twenty dollars. The sales during the quarter are added and are found to amount to four thousand dollars. On the principle of dividends according to purchases the rate of dividend is calculated by dividing the total dividend by the total sales, as follows: $\frac{\$320}{\$4000} = \frac{8}{100} = 8$ per cent. At the quarterly meeting this dividend of eight per cent is announced and each member is credited with eight per cent on his purchases. Smith, who has bought ten dollars' worth, is credited with eighty cents; Brown, who has bought twenty dollars' worth, with one dollar and sixty cents; and Robinson, who has bought one hundred dollars' worth, with eight dollars. The member is permitted either to draw out this money or to add it to his capital account, upon which he draws a regular interest of six per cent.

Mistakes Some Stores Have Made

It is not to be assumed that the store will invariably earn eight per cent upon its business, though that is less than the average of all the British stores during a very long period. It is likely that costly errors will be made, especially in the beginning. It is always possible that the storekeeper may turn out to be inefficient or even dishonest, or he may be given too much leeway or be hampered too continually. Other mistakes may be made. Expenses may be too high for the business done; the purchases by the store may be excessive or unwise; the store policy may be too fluctuating; the members may be quarrelsome or unreasonable or may purchase at rival stores; there may be bad bookkeeping or stocktaking or waste behind the counter through careless weighing. Or there may be inattention or inefficiency on the part of the executive committee or of the members, with resulting losses and deficits.

To avoid such errors the utmost vigilance is necessary. The individual coöperator must be interested in his store. He must thoughtfully decide upon candidates for the executive committee. The store manager and all other employees should be carefully chosen for their honesty and capacity, with a clear understanding on all sides of their duties and rights. Members should work together amicably and the utmost impartiality should be observed toward all members in all the business of the store. There should be careful regulation of stock, and purchases should be made judiciously and for cash. Expenses should be kept down rigorously; surplus capital should be wisely invested, and a full and frank explanation of all important matters should be made by officials and employees at the regular members' meetings. All of these rules are self-evident, but it is the neglect of these very self-evident truths that is responsible for so many coöperative failures in the past.

Today the coöperative store is not an American institution. Tomorrow it may have become one. It can only become one by the union of a tempered enthusiasm and a knowledge of the causes of failure and success. It must be built—if it is to be built at all—upon the ground of mutual confidence, neighborliness, thrift, intelligence and other humble virtues.



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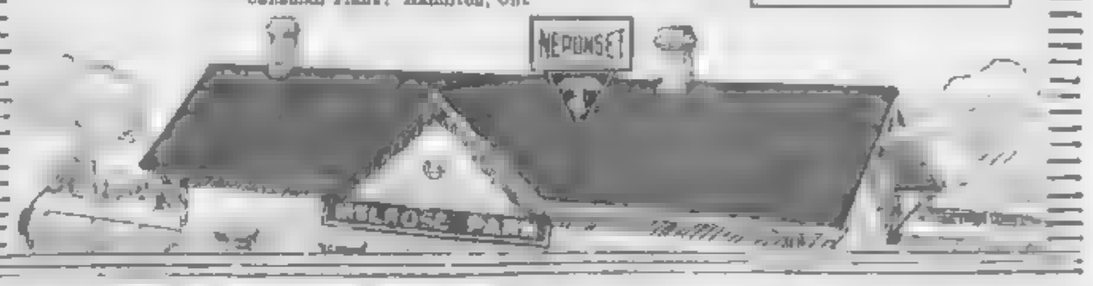

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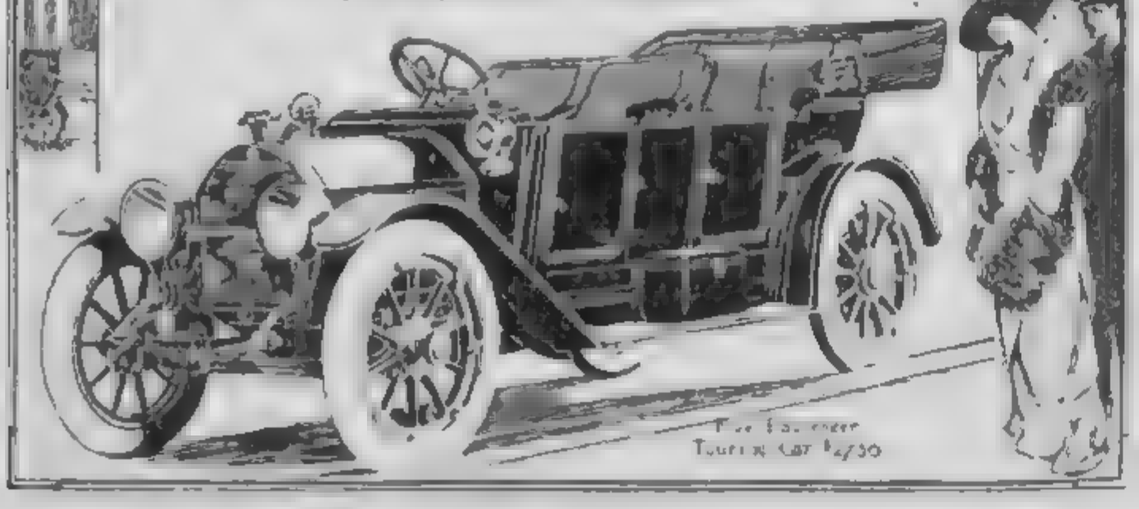

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"'TATERS"

(Continued from Page 18)

It was no less than a call to arms in defense of freedom of speech in the land of the free and the home of the brave. The grub-tent became a storm center of expletives and question marks; the air grew thick with flying bits of potato, aimed at the top of the tent mostly, just to show how high freedom of speech could soar when she tried; and every nice soft piece that stuck to the canvas brought forth howls of:

"'Taters—'taters—'taters—who says 'taters?" Plop! "I do—there's my say!" Plop! "Per-taters!" Plop! "Po-taters!" Plop! "Po-ta-toes. Spell it, Roddy!" Plop! "I don't say it"—Plop!—"because actions speak louder than words!" Plop!

With this the hilarity reached the point of fermentation where fermenting spirits are apt to turn sour. All the boys were on their feet but Roddy, who had sunk down when his gun was snatched away; and he naturally didn't get up again to join the jollification at his expense. He sat off to one side on a bedroll and gloomed.

Suddenly the words hurtled across the tent: "It looks to me like they wuz only one person in this here outfit dassen't say 'taters when Roddy's round!" All eyes instantly turned on Roddy, glooming aloof—he was the one person who hadn't said 'taters!

It was a joke to appeal to that audience, and jeers of derision burst forth:

"Why, Roddy! Dassen't you say 'taters?" "Say it, Rod—'taters!" "Dassen't y', er can't y'?" "Go to it, Roddy—take yer medicine like a little man! Say 'taters!"

Roddy went on glooming and the fermentation soured fast.

"Where does it hurt you, dearie?" teased Hank Homans, taking off Miss Gilbert screamingly. "Now, dear, po-tatoes. Say it."

Breathless silence. Roddy didn't budge. Hank put his hand behind his ear and leaned toward Roddy.

"A little louder, darling," Hank entreated. "Try again, sweetheart. Listen! P-p-p-po—t-t-t-ta—toes! Yer little tootsie-wootsies—toes, not ters. Don't be afraid; it's an easy word—po-ta-toes. Potatoes—say it, precious love; just this once, to please mamma."

Roddy never lifted his eyes—but can't you just see him sitting there, glooming and fuming!

"Baby can't say it—he's lost his little tongue!" announced Hank solemnly.

"Open yer mouth, Rod, an' lemme see if y' hev any!" demanded Kinky.

Roddy's scowl was greeted with yells of: "Open yer mouth!" "Lemme see yer tongue—if y' got any!" "Go to it, Roddy; show yer tongue like a good boy when mamma tells y' to!"

Roddy disdained even the reply of a look; and all at once the fermentation turned to vinegar. A man who gives forth a flat like that to a crowd—and they'd taken it personally, every one of them—and then refuses to take his medicine, needs a doctor; and he's bound to find one at a round-up. Kinky told him: "Rod, I guess you need a doctor now fer what ails you." And his words were hardly out when "Make hum!" electrified friends and foes alike.

"Make him swally a hunk!" hissed the original victim of the flat; and he was greeted with the snarly "Yes!" of those whose exasperation was ready for quick action.

Roddy sprang to his feet.

"You dare!" he cried furiously. "You dare ter make me swally a 'tater! You dare t' put yer hands on me!"

If Roddy had had his gun at that moment, Kinky told me, "there'd have been six of us fellas livin' with the daisies!" And I think it was very likely so, for Roddy was beside himself—he'd have aimed for killings; but the boys were pretty thoroughly roused too. It wasn't only the outrage he had put upon free speech in a free land—it was, more than anything, the way he'd "acted up" afterward. If there's anything a cowboy hates it's a fellow who "acts up" in taking medicine when he has offended against the prevailing civilization.

"Why, he jest natchelly had to be doctored!" explained Kinky to me simply; which meant that the crowd was going to make Roddy a target for potatoes—plaster him up and force him to swallow a platterful. This would be resisted by Roddy and his friends, and the affair was bound to end in bloodshed. And they were in the very act of starting the doctoring when the camp cook bounced into the grub-tent with a shout:

"Here, you young rapscallions—quit it! Them's new pertaters, an' pertaters costs money! You throw one more chunk"—he threatened Kinky with his long spoon, just out of the gravy in the stew-kettle—"you jest throw one little scrap anywheres but down yer throat an' I cook no more fer this here ungrateful outfit! I quit cookin' altogether fer y' right now—an' y' can git yer own supper!"

Awful threat! In two blinks order was restored. Kinky gracefully swallowed the piece he was aiming at Roddy's head and the example was ostentatiously imitated by friends and foes; for it is a dreadful responsibility—one that no sane man will assume—to deprive an outfit of its cook. But that cook! The man that did it might as well say "Lynch me, please!" and snuff out gallantly.

The victory in saying potatoes was obviously with the cook, which everybody immediately granted as the most graceful way out of the affair; and yet it somehow left Roddy in possession of the field, though he hadn't won the day; they hadn't made him "eat his words," and the very amiability of his silence flaunted it at them that they couldn't do it anyway. Perhaps not.

The episode hung in the atmosphere like a charged cloud; and when the cattle came back from the round-up to the home ranches, and the cowboys with them, the slumbering belligerency of the whole community awoke—which shows how dangerous it is to play with loaded jokes that are liable to go off any time. 'Taters, a joke, had been a mere challenge to tell where you stood in the scale of cherishings: 'taters as the Forbidden Word became a moral dare to all your courage and defiance.

The funny thing was how everybody exhibited the symptoms the same way: first, the round-up yarn would be recounted in detail; and then: "So you can't say 'taters any more in this state—you can't say it! You can't say it!"—as if you couldn't even mouth it to the naked breezes!

And instantly a very devil possessed everybody to say it! You just had to say it to show you could, any time and any place you darn pleased—so there! The minute anybody said 'taters to you another devil-spirit moved you to retort: "You can't say that word to me!" I did it once myself to a sheepherder—I detested the man anyway—when he yelled: "Well, you betcha I can say 'taters—say it all I wanta; an' they ain't nobody to stop me!" I barked back at him, "You can't say that word to me!" and stared him out of countenance; so he got up and left the room.

. . . . . .

About a week after the round-up civil war seemed imminent. Old McQueed was reported as "wearing his gun to bed," and Roddy as carrying two; and the moment this got about everybody over three hundred square miles of sagebrush began daring everybody else to "say 'taters to a McQueed"—that representing the acme of danger in the state at the time, not counting the tame Yellowstone Park bears. And if you didn't take up the dare—Pooh-pooh! Just as lief as not!—why, there you were, a 'fraid cat, in glorious, bold Wyoming! Nobody likes to be called a 'fraid cat, even for not walking up to instant death at the movable parts of a grizzly or a gun.

All this while little Geraldine went on with her work as quietly as though she were not the arbiter of our destiny; and Jim went bravely to his desk each morning and watched with anguished eyes until the clock said five minutes of closing-time and Miss Geraldine said: "Po-tatoes. Spell it, Jim!" He gulped the potato that came into his throat at ten minutes of and answered, "'T-a-t-e-r-s!" and sat down. Then he gulped two more potatoes unexpectedly in his throat before he could tell her why he spelled it with a t; and afterward he heard her "Oh, very well!" through a mashed-potato fog.

Little Gilbert's voice grew softer and sweeter and her smile softer and sweeter as the days passed; and she meant them to when she spoke to Jim, for she grew sorrier and sorrier for him all the time. She read his young heart to its innermost workings easier than she read her dictionary, and she knew how he hated her and how he—loved

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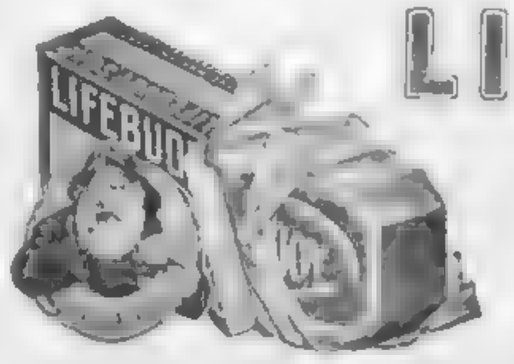

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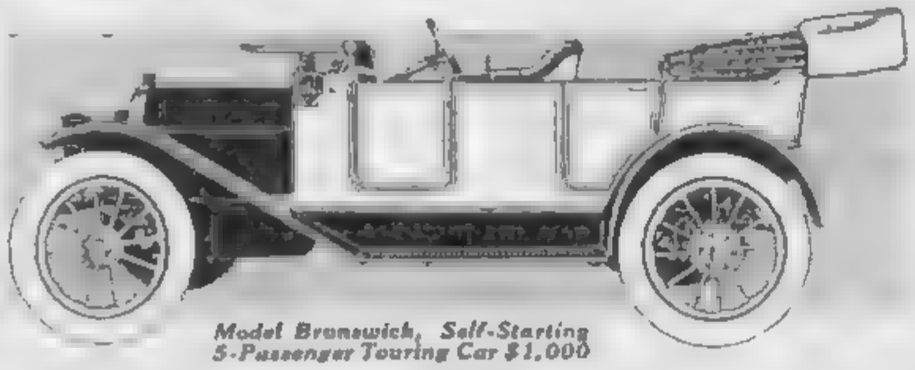

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her! He did. He adored her for the agony she caused—it was his proof that he could stand up to things like a man. It gave him a soul-satisfying, Daniel-in-the-lion's-den feeling to be there every day, waiting for the bite of her words—"Po-tatoes!" and "Oh—very well!"—and know he could meet them without a quivering of the flesh. He'd show her she couldn't hurt him anyway! And she—just a teacher—had turned up her nose at his father—just a dear, sweet little Jenny-Wren teacher! And she'd turned up her little Jenny-Wren nose at his father! Didn't he hate her, though, for that? What sort of a man would he be if he didn't? However, if she would call him dear just once more! And if she did call him dear just once more wouldn't he show her? Yes—he'd show her, all right, what she dassen't say to—a man. Nobody cared how he was suffering! Perhaps he'd better go live with the Indians or join the Mormons—his father hated Mormons; or maybe it would be easiest jest to go up in them rocks behind the schoolhouse an' give that ole growly wildcat one acrost the jaw in earnest. Then she'd feel sorry when they found him there with his insides all tore out an' scattered on the rocks—an' his heart et up, most likely—wildcats alwuz eat that part the fust-off. She'd faint—and she'd know then she'd done it herself, because she'd driven him to it with her everlasting "Po-tatoes!" and "Oh—very well!" She'd be a murderer all right, all right!

And so, while all the rest of us were daring all the rest of us to say the Forbidden Word to a McQueed, little Gilbert was soberly doing it every day of her life—and then going home and washing out her sin in secret tears for her dear victim.

What else could she do? Discipline must be maintained in any school; and how much more vital is it in a school where your front yard ends forty miles away and a hundred longhorns may decide any minute to go to school instead of going to blizzards, or a growly wildcat may hop on to your roof from your back-yard racks and spit at you down the stovepipe! Discipline there meant more than a chance to teach in peace—it meant life and death to eighteen little trusting pupils confided by Providence to a teacher's conscience. At least, Miss Geraldine looked at it that way.

With this state of affairs—with civil war loose in the land, only wanting a leader for the other side—Toddy saw he must get rid of Miss Gilbert or die in the attempt. The whole state was now too small for both of them: and being a woman she had to go—not Toddy, of course; men aren't expected to move out in a case like this. He owned his homestead, besides, and homesteaders don't go for teachers.

Still he couldn't just carry her off and dump her out of sight on the plains, or in the big reservoir by McGill's—she was much too popular. A little act of bravery like that—and he'd be glad to do it too—might spell a quick lynch for him. However, where there's a will there's a way; and by the same token, where's there no schoolhouse there's no teacher. So Toddy carried off the schoolhouse for her and dumped it on the plains.

Geraldine brought the news to the ranch herself Saturday morning early. I was at work at my desk in the front room when the clatter of hoofs and her loud "Hello" stopped at the door. I ran out to answer.

"Oh, have you got a camera? Haven't you got a camera? You have—I know you have; and I must have it right away!" she panted, swinging off her horse and seizing both my hands.

It was much like telling a mother you've got to have the baby; but she gave me time to get my wind back by rattling on as fast as her tongue could gallop: how she'd gone over to put her Monday's work on the blackboard—she was coming down to us for over Sunday—and how she saw Toddy, with a four-horse wagon-gear; and how the roof was already off and loaded; and the rest was going as fast as Toddy could get it on the gear.

"And I must have a camera—I must!" she cried. "This is simply too grandly good to lose!"

I agreed with her it was—no more or less than the opportunity of a lifetime; and she rode away with my camera on her saddle-horn.

. . . . . .

We developed the films that night and I made quick prints with my electric torch. Oh, they were immense! Log by log—almost—they showed the hall of learning

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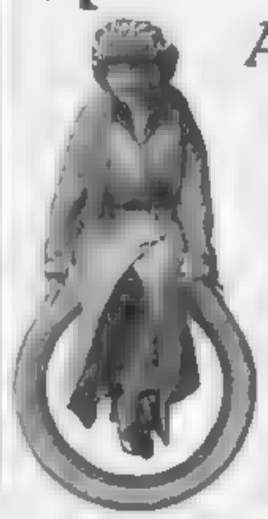

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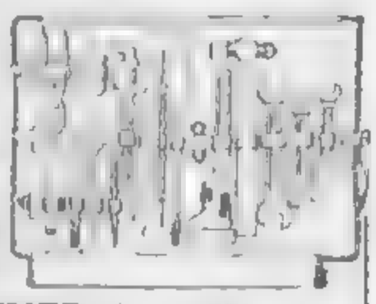

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disintegrating, moving off on Toddy's strong shoulders and piling up inchoately behind four droopy horses hooked to a wagon-gear. Even the foundations he carefully obliterated; and then—the school was gone! It was—and was not. The magician's deed, likewise the magician in his glum self-satisfaction, unconscious of the glass eye and the two bright ones peeking at him from under the high sagebrush a quarter of a mile away, came out of the developer simply perfect beneath our rapt and amused gaze.

"Gee! Gee!" cried little Gilbert. It was her near-swear, made of her own initials; and, with that, she up and gave me a kiss. She was a kissful little thing. I always suspected it was part of her popularity with the children that she thought kisses were made to give away and squandered them even on dirty little faces.

"Oh, gee-e-e-e!" Then she irrelevantly sighed: "Oh, poor Jim!" Though what poor Jim had to do with it I didn't see until she told me how he loved her—and how she doted on him and admired and respected him too; and that he'd miss the school and her more than all the goody-goodies put together. I knew she was right. Boys are funny things!

She rode off with poor Jim very much in her heart and our prints and films very much in her pocket; and in this frame of mind—sadly glad—she galloped into Toddy's ranch.

Toddy was cleaning a gun in the bunkhouse. She swung off her horse and they exchanged a "Good morning!"—not as a cold social amenity, but with the affable feeling of the cat that has eaten the canary.

Purred little Geraldine, feeling the canary warming her insides:

"I was out taking photographs on Saturday. I thought you might like to see them."

Said he, still easy on the canary:

"I suppose y' wuz fortygraffin' some 'taters?"

She disposed of this with a pussy smile, remarking, as she drew the pictures from her pocket:

"I thought maybe you might like to buy the original films." A snort from Toddy. "Here are the sample prints."

Another snort from Toddy; but he took the prints to show her he bore no further ill feelings—since he'd eaten her canary.

She says he turned the color of sudden murder first; then the color of death on the high seas—whatever those hues are—and then the color of a wax tombstone. He looked at the prints from one to fifteen, and from fifteen to one; from eight to fifteen, and then backward again to one. She looked out over the plains, golden calm, with a little serene white splotched here and there from a recent snow-flurry; she saw three antelopes running with a bunch of cattle and thought she couldn't—she just simply couldn't—give up her school now—and Jim!

Toddy spoke first.

"When'll y' deliver the goods?"

It came to her in a flash:

"As soon as the schoolhouse is back where it was." Then her little heart stopped and missed a beat.

"It'll be back thar—lemme see—tomorrer night. Will that do y'?"

Her heart started up again like a hammer. Was Toddy giving in? Was he trying to make terms with her?—satisfy her?

Now the truth is, Toddy had given up! He was scared half out of his wits at what she'd done and what she was likely to do next. He knew by this time precisely how the community felt about changing P's to T's on steers' sides, and what happened when you got caught with the steer on you, so to speak—you got the pen in Wyoming. He could only give writhing guesses, however, at how the county would feel about the carrying off of the public school; there was a dangerous lack of precedent in dealing with school-rustling—the crime is so very rare and the rule is: "When in doubt shoot!" Toddy had helped to establish the rule.

Said little Geraldine doubtfully:

"Y-es, I suppose that will do—if you can't get it there tonight." And she added sweetly, seeing him shake his head: "It will have to do if you positively can't."

"I'm 'fraid it'll hafta do. I—er—hauled them there logs off about ten mile," he admitted; "an' mebbe I can't git her quite done in time fer school Wednesday."

He looked at her appealingly and she said it would be all right. Her amenability gave him courage to ask the price of the films; but when she said twenty-five dollars—I'd told her to stick out for that, no matter what—she says he died the deaths all over again.

"Twenty-five dollars—fer a fillum—that didn't cost more'n fifty cents!" he gurgled. "Twenty-five dollars—as much as fer a horse!"

"Twenty-five dollars," she repeated dryly, holding out her hand for the prints; "but, of course, Mr. McQueed, you're under no obligation to buy them. I was merely offering them to you—first."

She packed the word so full of subtle suggestions that Toddy couldn't help thinking: "I wonder what she means—an' who she's goin' to next!" She didn't tell him what she meant; instead, she took a step toward him with her hand out and said:

"Oh—very well! Only you can't say afterward I didn't offer you the—evidence. No harm's done, though, if you don't feel like paying what such pictures are worth, and your time's too valuable to spend arguing about a thing you don't want; so ——" she broke off and tried to take the prints away from him.

"Who says I don't want 'em?" he grumbled. "The price is a little mite steep when you compare 'em with cattle on the hoof; but then ——" He put the prints in his pocket.

"I'll take the money now," said the undaunted one.

He caught his own "Now!" just as it was jumping through his lips—at least, she shouldn't think he hadn't any money; and he fished out some bills of doubtful chastity, demanding suspiciously, before he gave them to her:

"How do I know y'll bring me them fillums? What guarantee air y' givin' me?"

The hauteur with which she drew herself up made her feel as tall as he was, though she barely reached his shoulder; and she answered proudly:

"Because I spell potatoes with a p!"

He put the bills in her hand without a word. I have always thought that prompt, silent act was Toddy's acknowledgment that there was, after all, something to people who held by the customs of an effete East.

"And one thing more, Mr. McQueed," she rippled at her sweetest: "after this, I wish Jim to spell potatoes right—and he will if you tell him to." She accompanied the "you" with an ingratiating smile; adding, with enthusiasm: "He's a splendid boy—about the brightest boy I ever taught!"

Her appreciation of his son finished Toddy's undoing.

"I'll l'arn Jim tonight to spell 'taters like the book!" he said grimly, "an' I'll l'arn him at the same time that what his teacher says goes in this here district!"

His mouth looked poor-hurt-child at her, but his eyes looked great-big-man; and, seeing that face just as she was taking her horse, she ran back, holding out her hand, to where he loomed in the bunkhouse door, stooping his great height under it.

"Oh, Mr. McQueed," she flashed tremulously, "I do just want to be friends with you and have you friends with me! Will you? And I'll prove it ——" She whipped out the bills he'd given her and the films, too, and thrust them into his hand. "There! I know you'll put the schoolhouse back—and I don't want your money anyway. I just want you to be friends with me—if you can."

Toddy crumpled the films into his pocket, but pushed the money back into her hand.

"No—I won't take it!" he told her. "Little girl, you air a dead-game sport, an' I'm proud to be yer friend; but the money's yourn—y' won it off me fair an' square, an' y' couldn't make me take it back!" Then he, too, drew himself up proudly and said: "Old Toddy McQueed can pay what he owes!"

She says he "looked simply too perfectly fine!" when he uttered those words, and she was afraid not to take it—she was nearly ready to cry over him; but, like a woman, all she could think of to say in this starlit moment was:

"And you'll teach Jim—won't you?"

"You leave all that to me," Toddy waved loftily. "I'll l'arn Jim ter spell 'taters right ef it uses up muh hull blacksnake t' do it! Only fust lemme see ef I got her right myself." And he painstakingly spelled out: "P-a—t-a—t-e-r-s—paytaters. Is that right?"

The minx smiled approval in his face and said:

"Yes—that's right!" And never batted an eye.

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Land from $10 to $30 an Acre
Ten Years in Which to Pay

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company offers you the finest irrigated and non-irrigated land along its lines at low figures, and on long terms of payment—lands adapted to grain growing, to poultry raising, dairying, mixed farming, and to cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising—in the Prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Select your own land. Decide what kind of farming you want to follow, and let the Canadian Pacific Railway put you on the road to fortune. Magnificent soil, good climate, good markets, excellent schools, good government, all are awaiting you in Western Canada; and a great Railway Company whose interest it is to help you to succeed, is offering you the pick of the best. *The best land is being taken first.* Don't wait. Ask for our handsome illustrated books and maps, with full information, free. Write and investigate this great proposition today. Address

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FOR SALE—Town Lots in all growing towns

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(Make a cross in the square opposite the book wanted.)

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Please send me the books indicated above.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

Why Reliable Auto Dealers Suggest the Warner FIRST

There is a logical reason for the Dealer urging you to pay the few dollars extra for a QUALITY Warner. It is important to you—and almost as important to him—that your speed indicator be Accurate, Reliable and Good.

When the dealer from whom you purchase your car insistently urges you to take a Warner in preference to any other speed indicator, please believe him sincere in his desire to serve you—

He is.

Take the trouble to investigate and you will find he can make a bigger margin of profit on several other speed indicators. The dealer's discount on the Warner is small by comparison.

But when he sells you a Warner he knows you will be pleased and satisfied, that you will not have a minute's trouble or bother with the instrument as long as you drive the car to which it is attached.

And because you are satisfied with the car and everything with it, you will naturally continue to be a *regular customer* of that dealer. For it is human nature to cling to those whose judgment is proved to be sound and whose recommendations are found to be sincere.

If you decide against the Warner you cannot justly blame the dealer if you are dissatisfied.

There are always those who confidingly look for real values on the bargain counter—who persist in believing that it is possible to secure more than they pay for—or deludedly imagine that a cheaply made and hurriedly-thrown-together speed indicator will prove "good enough."

These will naturally not care to pay for Warner QUALITY. But the dealer soon finds that such buyers *expect* Warner Accuracy, Reliability and Durability, notwithstanding. And if they don't get it he (the dealer) is blamed, especially if he has been unwise enough to make no protest when the inferior indicator was bought.

Every buyer of a Warner secures a perfected speed indicator.

We point with pride to the fact that the Warner (except in the way of refinements) is made exactly the same today as when first put on the market in 1904. It was not an experiment then—nor is it now.

The fact that other speed indicators are redesigned, remodeled, and even changed in principle from year to year—and that each year it is announced that "troubles experienced *last* year will not be found in *this year's* remodeled indicator," give the true idea of how reliable such speed indicators really are.

When you buy a speed indicator ask yourself this question:

"Shall I pay a few dollars more and secure a trouble-proof, perfected Warner which will give an accurate indication of speed and distance for ten or fifteen years at least—

—"Or shall I save a few dollars and become part of the experimental force of a speed indicator maker who is changing designs every year in his search for something reliable and worth while?"

Then, remember this— The Warner guarantee means more than it says.

Such Warner Auto-Meters are repaired as needed (and the percentage is very, very small) and adjusted absolutely free of charge for a year from date of purchase—accidents and self-evident abuse excepted. It is not necessary to argue, quibble or threaten to get this service. IT IS YOUR RIGHT. Warner branches are located in all the larger cities for the convenience of motorists. This means that a Warner need never be out of commission for more than a day or two at most—no matter how severe the accident.

Users of the Warner Auto-Meters need not therefore suffer the inconvenience and delay which often occur when it is necessary to do business at a distance with the factory.

No car costing $1,000 or more is complete without a Warner Auto-Meter on it.

The choicest, highest-quality cars manufactured either have the Warner attached as regular equipment—or their makers recommend it through their dealers and agents as the speed indicator of even quality with their royally good cars.

But, when deciding on your new car, don't be satisfied with the salesman's assertion that his car is equipped with "A Speed Indicator." That means that it is NOT Warner-equipped. The maker who uses a Warner has nothing to excuse or apologize for. It is BEST and he knows it, so he takes pride in pointing to the Warner as a proof of the QUALITY POLICY which maintains throughout the entire car.

Even if you have to pay for it—don't be without a Quality Warner on your 1912 car.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Co. Main Offices and Factory 1261 Wheeler Avenue Beloit, Wis.

NOTE TO DEALERS—When suggesting a speed indicator always recommend the Quality Warner *first*. Then if you finally have to sell something inferior because of price, your customer can't blame you for his dissatisfaction — he refused the Warner against your judgment. (175)

Branch Houses Maintained at

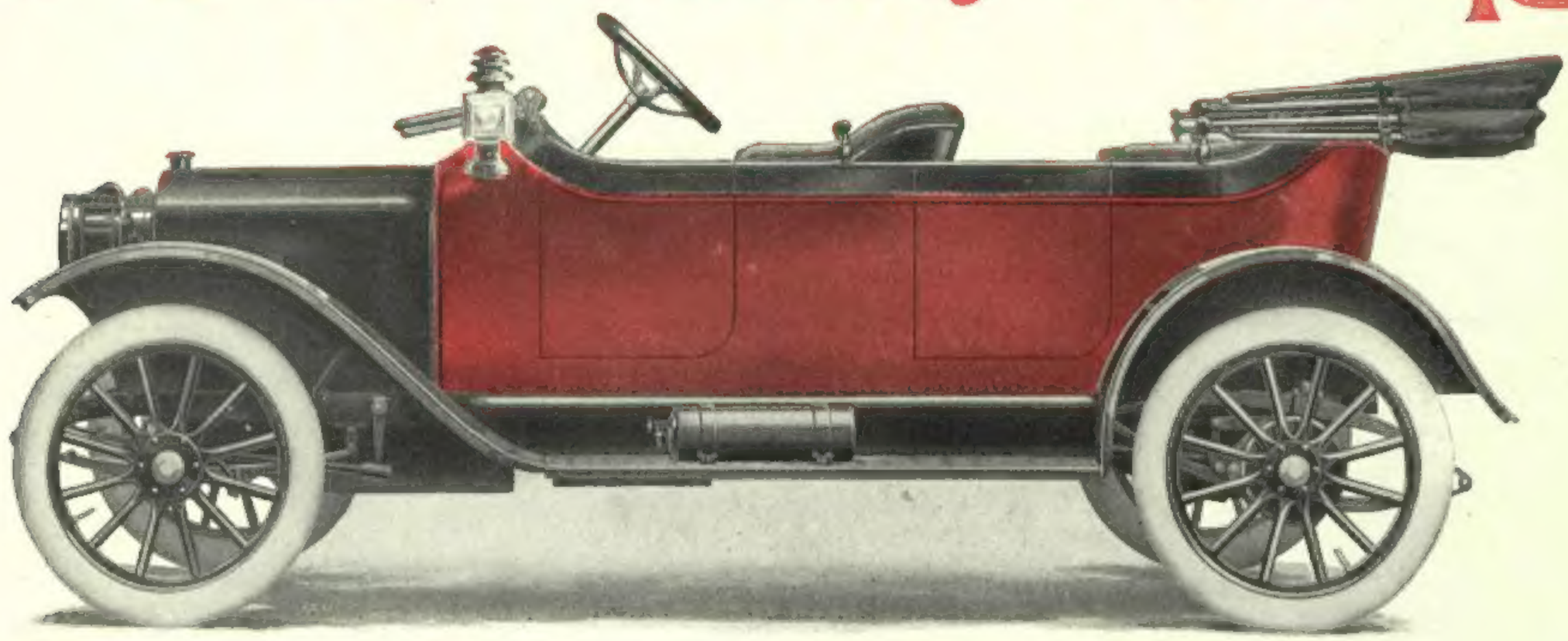
Atlanta	Cincinnati	Kansas City	Portland, Ore.
Boston	Cleveland	Los Angeles	San Francisco
Buffalo	Denver	New York	Seattle
Chicago	Detroit	Philadelphia	St. Louis
	Indianapolis	Pittsburg	

Canadian Branch: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Model M2, Price $125

Other Models from $50 to $145. See Catalogue

R-C-H "Twenty-Five"



Model S S — 5-passenger touring car — 110-inch wheelbase

$950 F. O. B. Detroit

Equipped with Hanna self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit, long-stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

Over 12,000 Bona-Fide Orders in 5 Months

Other R-C-H Models

S S Cars

Self-starter and other equipment same as Model S S Touring Car quoted above.

English-Body Roadster
$800 F. O. B. Detroit

Touring Roadster
$900 F. O. B. Detroit

Colonial Coupé
$1150 F. O. B. Detroit

Wheelbase of roadsters and coupé 86 inches—other specifications same as touring car. Coupé has enclosed body, drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery; 2 electric lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps.

Standard Models

Completely equipped with top, side-curtains, windshield, lamps, generator, horn, tools and kit, but do not have the self-starter or other special equipment mentioned of the S S models.

5-Passenger Touring Car	**$850**
Touring Roadster	**800**
Roadster	**700**
(Equipped for 4 passengers)	**750**
Colonial Coupé	**1050**

CANADIAN PRICES
F. O. B. Windsor, duty paid.

S S Models	
Touring Car	$1175
Touring Roadster	1125
Roadster	975
Roadster — 4-passenger	1050
Coupé	1425
Standard Models	
Touring Car	$1050
Touring Roadster	1000
Roadster	850
Roadster — 4-passenger	925
Coupé	1300

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

It's just a short time ago that we were impressing on the motor-car buyer the merits of the R-C-H. Today, so tremendous has been the country-wide appreciation of the wonderful R-C-H value, that we are forced to come to you with another message: "Speak quickly if you want one."

No other car in the history of the industry has ever approached the record made by the R-C-H. A few short months ago the R-C-H embodied a personality, a factory and a car-name. Today we have cash deposits on thousands more cars than were ever sold by any other organization during its first year. And every day dealers are writing, wiring, telephoning—imploring us to increase their allotments.

Frankly, we underestimated the wide-awakeness of the average buyer. Of course we realized that a car with R-C-H construction and equipment would be a big seller at the R-C-H price. But where we figured in thousands, we find a demand for tens of thousands.

Many of our friends—more's the pity—will be disappointed. And so we want to impress upon you again the necessity for prompt action. Get in touch with your nearest R-C-H branch or dealer at once. For if you can't get an R-C-H, and want a car as good, you'll pay a thousand dollars more.

A Car That is Cheap Only in Price

That's the one fact we want to impress upon you. And we ask nothing more than your own judgment after you've seen the R-C-H for yourself—after you've made your own comparisons with other cars at double the price.

It's hardly necessary now for us to go into construction and equipment details—the R-C-H has been the sensation of half a dozen shows and the country is ringing with its merit.

But there are a few facts that will bear emphasis, even now.

The First Real Long-Stroke Motor

Some American designers have tried to achieve the much-desired long-stroke effect of the best European engines by lengthening the stroke and widening the bore in proportion. That is about the same in principle as trying to make a thin man by doubling the height and width of a short, stout one.

The R-C-H has the first adaption in this country of the long-stroke idea so successful abroad. A study of the best European models and thorough engineering tests determined its dimensions (3¼ x 5). Of course, with the public demand for this type of motor, the selling arguments of some manufacturers will eventually resolve themselves into: "My motor is longer-stroke than any other." But it is well to remember that it is readily possible to overshoot the mark; and that the bore-stroke ratio of the R-C-H motor has been proven to produce the maximum of power efficiency per fuel unit.

Left-Side Drive With Center Control

Any other than a left-side drive is not natural under American road rules. It is a wonder that American motorists tolerated a right-side drive for so many years; a greater wonder that American manufacturers retained it.

The drive on the R-C-H is left side; the control is center lever—out of the way, yet convenient to the operator's right hand.

The body is the graceful, roomy English type, recently made a feature of a few of the highest-priced American cars.

Greater accessibility; greater interchangeability due to the extensive use of drop forgings; ideal spring arrangement; perfect braking system—there are dozens of R-C-H features that must be seen to be appreciated.

Let us show them to you.

General R-C-H Specifications

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. **Two-bearing** crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive**—Left side. Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch wheel. **Control**—Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full-elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide front seats. **Wheelbase**—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

R-C-H CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches: BOSTON, 563 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.; CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.; CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.; DENVER, 1520 Broadway; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.; KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.; LOS ANGELES, 1242 South Flower St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; NEW YORK, 1589 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 330 North Broad St.; ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.

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Be exact in little duties

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Its presence in the home will prove a wonderful source of cheerfulness

Over 40 million packages helped to make homes more cheerful and kitchens brighter last year

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